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Three Excellent Tragœdies.

Viz.

THE RAGING TURK,
OR,
BAJAZET the Second.

THE
COURAGEOUS TURK,
OR,
AMURATH the First.

AND
THE TRAGOEDIE
OF
ORESTES.

WRITTEN,

By THO. GOFF, Master of ARTS,
and Student of Christ-Church in *Oxford*;
and Acted by the Students of
the same House.

The second Edition, carefully corrected by a friend of the Authors.

LONDON,
Printed for G. BEDELL and T. COLLINS, at the
middle Temple Gate *Fleet-street*. 1656.

144874
Nov 1873

THE RAGING TURK, OR, BAJAZET THE SECOND.

A Tragedie Written by THOMAS GOFF, Master of ARTS, and Student of Christ-Church in *Oxford*; and Acted by the Students of the same House.

Monstra fato, scelera moribus imputes,
Det ille veniam facilè cui venia est opus.

The second Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for G. BEDELL and T. COLLINS, at the middle Temple Gate *Fleet-street*. 1656.

TAMERLANE
OR
BAJAZET
THE SECOND

TO THE

No leſs ingenious then zelous favouorer of ingenuity, Sir RICHARD TICHBORNE Knight, and Baronet.

SIR:

THis Tragedy, a manuſcript, with another of the ſame Authors, came lately to my hands; He that gave them birth, becauſe they were his Nugæ, *or rather recreations to his more ſerious and divine ſtudies, out of a nice modeſty (as I have learnt) allowed them ſcarce private foſtering. But I, by the conſent of his eſpeciall friend, in that they ſhew him rather* Omnium ſcenarum homo, *to his glory then diſparagment, have publiſhed them, and do tender this to your moſt ſafe protection, leſt it wander a fatherleſſe Orphan, which every one in that reſpect will be apt to injure with calumnious cenſure. Now if you vouchſafe to receive and ſhelter it, you will not onely preſerve unblemiſh'd the ever-living fame of the dead Author, but aſſure me that you kindly accept this humble acknowledgement of*

Your moſt obliged and
ready reall Servant,

RICH. MEIGHEN.

The Names of the Actors.

Bajazet, *Emperour.*
Mahomates
Achomates
Corcutus
Selymus } *his Sonnes.*
Thrizham
Mahomet
Achments *a Generall,*
Cherſeogles *Vizerory of* Greece.
Iſaack
Meſithes } *Baſſes.*
Muſtapha
Solyman Selymus *ſon.*
Cajubus, Achmates *ſon.*
Alexander *Biſhop of* Rome.
Zemes, Bajazets *brother.*
Tartarian *King.*
Armenian *King.*
Aſmehemedes Mahomets *followers.*
Hamon Bajazets *Phyſician, Jewiſh Monks.*

Herauld.	Ambaſſadors.
Dwarfe.	Janizaries.
Nemeſis.	Souldiers.
Captaines.	Nuncius.

THE

THE RAGING TURKE,
OR,
the Tragedie of BAIAZET, the second of that name.

Actus 1. Scena 1.

Enter Bassaes, Isaack *with a Crown in his hand,* Mustapha *with a Scepter,* Mesithes *with a Sword, they Crown* Corcutus *youngest son to* Bajazet.

Isaack.

LEt the world feel thee, and those Demigods,
Proud with the name of Kings, debase themselves
To honour thee; this Crowne commands as much
He crowns him.
Wherewith I do invest thy happy brow,
Happy indeed, if that succeeding times
Shall set up vertue, so to lessen crimes.
Thus from the ashes of dead *Solyman*
Is rais'd another Phœnix, great *Corcutus*;
Live equally adored: when Princes bend
To better courses, all their subiects mend. (ing shew
Must. Crowns make not Kings, nor can that glitter-
Perfect thine honour, take another signe

Of thy Imperiall dignity, tis thine.

Gives him the Septer.

That addes a God-like grace unto thy brow,
This binds due honour, that proſtrates every knee
Before thy throne: then live, and may that arme,
Secure thy ſubjects from all forraigne harme.

Mel. What ſeaſoned knowledg, learnings prudent
Hath bleſt thee with, muſt now initiate thee (Queen
In the pathes of warre. All ſtudied Arts
Are but degrees unto ſome wiſhed end,
And ſteps of hope whereby we do aſcend
Unto the top, and levell of our thoughts.
But Kings then prove moſt happy when they are
Watchfull in peace, and provident in warre.
Thoſe are their utmoſt ends, which that they may
O'retake, Art and the Sword make faireſt way.
The Muſes nours'd thee up, and thou didſt draw
The pleaſant juice of learning from their breſts
In thy firſt nonage, here then we beſtow
The ſecond help, to which good Princes owe
Much of their welfare; Swords are the firſt ground
Of peace and war; they both defend and wound.
Thus are we vow'd to thee, let thy dread fame
Thunder amazement through the ſpacious world
That when thou lifts thine arme, thy foes may ſay

Showts 3.

Not *Jove*, but great *Corcutus* rules the day.

Cor. Which that applauſe hath crowned, and with it
Will ever, ſpight of traytors, joying ſit
As now we do; nor ſhall my watchfull care
Be wanting to you, whilſt this ſubtil ayre
Feedes mine induſtrious ſpirits; I ſhall fill
The good with joy, by cutting off the ill
Corrupted rags of men; *Jove* let me ſtand
An object in thine eye, when thy ſwift hand
Fails in the ſtroke of Juſtice: Vertue, returne

From

From thy sad exile, I will purge the walls
From spotted vice, and make this city free
To entertaine so faire a Queene as shee.
Then (*Bassaes*) I embrace what you have throwne
Upon me, and these signes of honour thus
Gives them back.
We re-bestow; their power still stayes with us.
Could this vast body of the Common wealth
Stand fast without a soule, each man should see
I am not greedy of this dignity,
This burdenous weight which some must undergoe:
The gods are busied with diviner things,
And put Earths care into the hands of Kings.

Actus 1. Scena 2.

After some clamors of applause. Enter Chersogles, *and* Achmetes *at several doores.*

Ach. And is *Bajazet* arriv'd? *Che.* So fame reports
Yet how he doth digest *Corcutus* Raigne,
That every Bird sings not; but sure with paine.
A *Turkish Bajazet* and suffer wrong,
May for a time conceale his griefe, not long.
Eagles soare high, and scorne that shorter Plumes
Should reach the clouds, which their proud wings can touch
Corcutus must not raign to keep the right
Due to his father, nor will he if he might:
Enter Isaack.
Hee's learned, therefore just; Arts not allow
To weare a Crown due to anothers brow.
Isa. Dar'st thou oppose his greatnesse? is not *Greece*
Already wrackt enough? have thy proud Towers

reard up their loftie ſpires? which ſteep'd in blood,
threw a reflex of red backe to the clouds,
and bluſh't at their owe ruins? are thy crude wounds
already ſtopt, and is that day forgot,
in which the *Turkiſh Mavors Ottoman*,
wielded a ſword of death within thy Walles?
Charon grew weary with hurrying ſouls to hell,
when threeſcore thouſand Greeks in one day fell.
Cherſ. We know their force, and ſad experience ſays,
Move not again. Greece welters ſtil in blood,
and every crackling thunder of the heavens
ſpeaks the ſhrill eccho of the Turkiſh drums.
Then are we drawn by you, ſo let it be,
about theſe great affairs as you decree. (ſtates
Ach. This phraſe becomes the Greeks, ſubmiſſive
muſt bend, the Conqueror muſt rule the fates.
Cherſ. And ſuch are you, our vanquiſht hearts muſt bend,
but bad beginnings have a fatal end.
Me thinks I ſee great *Bajazet* in armes,
ſpreading his fearful Enſignes in the ayre,
like ſome prodigious Comet: we may feare
ſpeedy revenge, unleſſe ſome quick advice
works a prevention of his future hate.
Tis he muſt ſway the Scepter, or we ſhall heare
a dreadful defiance ratled in our eare:
hee's ſtrong in friends, and power; we muſt deſcend
to our juſt duty, or our lateſt end.
Ach. Renowned Vice-roy, thy perſwading thoughts
Have prediviu'd moſt truly theſe effects,
and we applaud thy Counſel: let us three
joyn our beſt ſtrength, that theſe enſuing jarres
may be compos'd without the ſtroke of warrs:
Corcute is wiſe, and milde, and being ſo,
he hates the rumour of a publick foe.
Cher. Nobly reſolv'd (Greece ſings) if the event
Prove but ſo happy, as honeſt the intent.

Enter

Enter Bajazet.

Baja. Am I not Emperor? he that breaths a no,
damnes in that negative syllable his soul,
durst any god gain-say it, he should feel
the strength of fiercest Gyants in mine armes,
mine angers at the highest, and I could shake
the firm foundation of the earthly Globe:
Could I but grasp the Poles in these two hands,
Il'd pluck the world assunder; drop thou bright Sun,
from thy transparent Spheare, thy course is done,
great *Bajazet* is wrong'd, nor shall thine eye
be witnesse to my hateful misery.
Madnesse and anger makes my tongue betray
the Chaos of my thoughts: under this brest
an heape of indigested cares are prest.
What is it that I doubt! through every joynt
dances a trembling ague, this dull blood,
that courses through my veins, divines no good.

shouts of joy Within.

Ha, shouts of joy, at dead mens obsequies?
I'me in a maze of woes: what thou wilt throw
on me, *Jove*, let it come, Ile stand thy blow.

Che. Live happy *Bajazet.* [*Baja.* Happy in my fear!
that word sounds sweet in my distracted eare.

He turns aside to them.

Happy in what? [*Ach.* In thy friends,
that grieve to see thy wrongs. [*Baja.* My wrongs!
there sticks the string my thoughts did harp upon.
But who hath wrong'd me in this high content?
the fates do sometime frown, yet blesse th' event
and sequel of our woes; it cannot be,
I should de thwarted in my jollity.
But if I can unfold it—for the more
I know them not, the greater is my sore.

Cherf. In that read all thy woes, take there a brief
Contract of all thine ills, sad lines of grief.

He

He gives him a paper

Contract of all thine ills, sad lines of griefe. (seate?

Baja. How's this? my youngest son advanced to my *Corcutus Imperator*! sure I dreame:
These are but empty apparitions
Fain'd by the god of sleepe to vex my soule;
Were they not so---ere this black night
Had throwne her sable mantle ore the heavens
To hide me from my shame-but is it so?
I do but flatter up my selfe, they are true
And reall griefes, my Passion sayes they are.
Isaack, *Achmetes*, are they not? [*Ach.* Too true
Great *Bajazet*: [*Baja. Corcutus Imperator*!

reades again

Would I had seene thy name writ in the booke
Of darke damnation, rather then these lines.
Crackt not mine eye-strings when I view'd this text?
See how each letter spreads abroad in pompe,
As if they scorn'd my teares! how I could dwell
On these two words, *Corcutus Imperator*!
Hither repaire, the watchfull paper-wormes
That scan old records over to a line:
Here in two words imprinted shall you see,
The modell of a dolefull history;
Vertue dishonoured, breach of filiall love,
Right shoulder'd out by wrong; nor can you faine,
A crime, which these two words do not contain.
But now I rayle, not grieve: O nimble ayre,
Let my plaints vanish as they spoken are.
Off with this womanish mildnesse, I will find
A shorter tricke then this to ease my mind.
Pluto beware, I come to raigne in hell,

about to kill himselfe.

Fates bid me rule, and birth-right to excell.

Cherf. Stay *Bajazet*, that arme can breake a path
Unto thy earthly monarch, ere thou come

To

To blesse the banks of sweet *Elysium*.
With thy wisht presence: *Mahomet* forefend
That thou should'st seale a Kingdome to thy son,
By this untimely death *Corcutus* raignes.
But at thy better pleasure, when he shall heare
Thou art ariv'd, then hee'le twixt joy and griefe
Start from his throne, and nimbly run to meet
Thy pompe, and throw his Scepter at thy feet:
If he but slack that duty, here are by,
Achmetes strong and bold, *Isaack* and I,
Devoted to your service. Yet the world stands,
On wavering doubts, ready to clap their hands.
Baja. My desires are crown'd,
And from the gate of Limbo, where I sate,
I feele my spirits knock against the heavens.
Achmetes? In that name I hear an ease
Of all my griefs pronounc'd; he shall suffice
To banish usurpation from my throne:
Did furyes guard it round, hee's able well
To reach my Kingdomes from the gripes of hell.
Ac. My sword & life, both which are vow'd to thee
Are still at thy command: walk but along,
Corcutus shall resigne, thou have no wrong.
Exeunt Bajazet, Chersogles, and Achmetes:
Manent *Isaack, and Mustapha.*

Actus 1. Scena 3.

Is. Death, & the furies plunge the obsequious slaves,
Would he have joyn'd with us? we would have kept
Corcutus high, and honoured, where he sits
In spight of a whole hoast of *Bajazets*. sarre
Must. Me thinks your power might have bin greater
Over *Achmetes*, one adict to you
By no lesse bond of duty, then the son
Is to the father: [*Is.* *Mustapha*, Ile tell you,
Had

Had not my daughter been espoused to him,
I had nam'd his death, and by some plot
work't him a quick destruction long e'r this.
Now let us temporize with *Bajazet*;
yet keep thy nature ever, and be true
to thine own profit; Fortune may advance
some other Prince, worth both thy love and mine.

Musta. Weel stay her leasure.

Isa. See more Harpies gathered to catch a Crown,
O tis a charming bait! *Exit uterq;*

Enter Mahomet, Achmetes, Selimus.

Mah. Me thinks these City walls smile on our entrance if they knew great *Bajazets* three sons
were come to grace their beautie.

Sel. But We should frown
on them which harbour such black treasons. Well,
were I great *Bajazet*, I'de ring a noyse
of spightful horrour, that should make the ground
tremble beneath their weight at such a sound;
A younger son enthron'd an Emperour!

Ach. Brother, contain your self, come lets away,
to see the end that waits on this sad day. *Exeu.*

As they goe Trizham *and* Mahomet, *two other Sons of* Bajazet *goe to meet them.*

Sel. What *Mahomet? Ach.* And *Trizham?* here's a sight
of one mans issue, Noble *Bajazet*:
brothers we have jumpt together. *Sel.* All save one,
and hees a great deal better so alone.

Tri. Corcutus 'tis you mean, who though he raign
above us now, yet must fall back again
into our rank; 'tis *Bajazet* must rise,
and he descend, such a report there flyes. *Exeunt.*

Actus 1. Scena. 4.

Enter *Corcutus, Cherseogles, Mesithes.*

Corcu.

Corcu. Did not he frown, and storm?

Cherf. It mov'd him much,
and wrought strange passions in him, when he read
your name, and found your name so intituled.

Corcu. Cling to my temples thou blest ornament,
be ever unremov'd, though all the gods
chide me in thunder for this insolence.
Am I in heaven, in state, plac'd on the sphear
of eminence, but barely to appear
with faint and borrowed luster, then descend,
rankt with the vulgar? heads first let me feel
the *Titian* vultur, or *Ixions* wheel,
and the worst torture hel lit selfe can bring,
to scourge my soul: ô let me die a King.
But stay, I must bethink me at what rate
I purchase these fair trappings: ha? the curse
of him that got mee! start my danted spirits,
shall I usurp a throne and sit above
my father, whilst the gaping pit of hell,
with wide stretcht jawes, yawnes for my fall; O I
am struck with horror, and the slaves of Stix
already sting my wounded soul.

Cher. Will you fair Prince reject all future hopes
of just succession, and afflict your Sire,
by your unjust detainment of his Crown?

Corcu. I am distracted, and me thinks I burn
under these robes of State, a boyling heat
runs from them through my veins, *Joves* hardy son,
when he bewrapt himselfe in *Nessus* shirt,
felt not more bitter agonies, then I,
cloath'd in the trappings of my majesty.
I am resolv'd; *Bassaes*, go meet our father,
allure him home with this: I am begun
to be no King, but a repentant son.

Exeunt Mrsithes and Cherseegles.

Pallas, I aske thy pardon, I have straied

a grace-

A graceleſſe trewant from thy happy ſchooles,
Whither Ile now returne; there's not a ranke,
Place, or degree, can ſort us out true bliſſe
Without thy temple, there my dwelling is:
Amongſt the ſacred monuments of wit,
Which Claſſique authors carefully have writ
For our inſtruction, I will waſt my time;
So to waſh out the ſpots of this ſad crime.
Court honours, and you ſhadows of true joy
That ſhine like ſtarres, till but a greater light
Drowne your weake luſter, I adjure your ſight
Even from my meditations, and my thoughts
I baniſh your entiſing vanities,
And cloſely kept within my ſtudie walls,
As from a cave of reſt henceforth Ile ſee,
And ſmile, but never taſte your miſery.
I but as yet am floating on the waves
Of ſtormy danger, nor am ſure to ſcape
The violent blaſt of angry *Bajazet*.
Blow faire my hopes, and when I touch the ſhore,
Ile venture forth on this rough ſurge no more.

Enter Bajazet, Cherſeogles, Achmetes, Iſaack, Meſithes, Muſtapha, Mahomet, Achomates, Selymus, Trizham, Mahomet, Zemes diſguiſed.

See where he comes, oh how my guilty blood
Starts to my face, and proves my cauſe not good!
Our dutie to our father, *kneeles.*
Baja. Ours to the Emperor. *kneeles.*
Cor. Why kneels great *Bajazet?* I am thy ſon
Thy ſlave; and if thy wrath but frowne, undone.
VVhy kneeles great *Bajazet*? heavens hide thy face
From theſe propoſterous doings. *Ba.* What, not a-
To circle in thy brow with that bright crown, (ſham'd
Yet bluſh to ſee me kneel? though filiall rites,
And morall precepts ſay, the ſon muſt bend
Before the Father, yet your high degree

and

and power bids you rise, commands my knee.

Corc. These ornaments be thine. Here *Bajazet*,
I Crowne thee Monarch of the spacious West,
Asia, and *Affrica*: if ought be mine,
greater then these, I here proclaim it thine.

Omnes. Live *Bajazet* our mighty Prince,
live, rule, and flourish.

Baja. Is this your zeale? is it? Did every voice
breath out a willing suffrage? I am crowned,
my joyes are fully perfect, and I feele
my lightned spirits caper in my breast.
Rise thou starre-bright mirrour of thine age,
To Corcutus kneeling
by thee our iron daies prove full as good,
as when old *Saturne* thundred in the clouds.
Be an example to succeeding times,
how sons should use their Parents: and I vow
(when I shall faile) this honour to thy brow.
Attend us *Bassaes*, Ile lead on to joy,
never was Father blest with such a boy.
Exeunt omnes, manet Corcutus.

Corcu. Freed from a princely burthen, I possess
A Kingly liberty, and am no lesse
Princely; observance waite on him, on me
thoughts undisturb'd, I shall then happy be. *Exit.*

Actus 1. Scena 5.

Enter Zemes *the brother of* Bajazet *alone.*

Zemes. Scarce had I set my foot within these walls
in expectation of a solemne hearse,
due to the wandring Ghost of *Mahomet*;
but lowd alarmus of abundant joy
ring in mine eares, and every servile groome
Congratulates the coronation *A shout within.*

of

of *Bajazet*: harke how they roare it out.
A cold disturbance like a gelid frost
settles my blood withinme, and I hate
his cheerefull triumphs, more then mine owne fate.
'Tis true, indeed, I prov'd not the first fruites,
an elder off-spring of my Fathers breed,
yet was it so that *Bajazet* and I
both tumbled in one wombe; perhaps the Queene
of womens labours doted at our birth,
and sent him first abroad, or else I slept,
and he before me stole into the world;
must I then lose my glory, and be hurld
A slave beneath his feet? no, I must be
An Emperor as full, as great as he. *Exit.*

Actus 1. Scena 6.

Enter Isaack *alone.*

Isa. Divorc'd my Daughter? fond and insolent man
Ile crush thee into nothing: if I can
endure the noise of my disgrace, I know
how to return it; I am a flame of fire,
a chafing heat distempers all my blood.
Achmetes, thou must cool it, when thy limbs
are emptied of that moysture they sucke in,
and thy stain'd blood inchanted from thy veins,
then shall I be appeased, meane while I live
thy mortall foe: But stay, let me contain
mine anger undiscover'd. Friend, how is't?

Enter Mesithes.

Mesi. Know you not *Isaack*? *Isa.* What? *Mes.* The flight of *Zemes* hence to *Armenia*? *Isa.* Of *Zemes*? *Mes.* Yes, he walkt about the City disguis'd, and unseen till his escape. *Isa,* 'Tis strange and full of fear.

Mes. We meet him frequent in the vulgar mouth.

Isa. Zemes is valiant, and *Armenia* strong,
Here's

here's *Bajazet*, he must beware the wrong.

Enter Bajazet.

Ba. What is't thou murmurest? *Bajazet* & wrongd
something it is thou knowest concerning us:
Take thee faire leave and speak it. *Isa.* Yes, I know
matters of weight, such as concern thy life.

Baja. Such as concern my life! Speak out thy tale,
we are so flesht in joy, bad news proves strange,
and touch my sense too harshly. *Isa* But you must hear.
Your brother *Zemes*, when swift winged Fame
told him your father *Mahomet* was dead,
flew quickly hither, first to celebrate
his funeral pomp; then to assume his State,
his Crown, and Scepter: which he rightly knew,
unto your hand, and head both to be due.
But when applausive joy, and peales of mirth
sounded loud Musick in his troubled eares,
of you enthron'd; then he began too late
to brawl at heaven, and wrangle with his Fate.
So he went hence and cryed, revenge be mine:
quake thou great City of proud *Constantine*
at my fierce anger: when I next return
with clouds of misty powder, I shall choak
thy breath, and dul thy beauty with it's smoak.
Thus posted he hence to *Armenias* King,
there to implore his ayde, which he will bring
to front thy power: nor doth he yet despair,
to dispossess, and fright thee from thy chair.

Baja. First from my body shall he fright my soul,
and push me into dust. *Isaack*, make haste
to muster up our forces, strike up our drums,
let them proclaim destruction through the world.
Clear up your dusty armour, let it cast
such an amazing lustre on the Foe,
as if *Bellona* danc'd on every crest.
The bright sun of my glory is eclipsed,

till *Zemes* be extinct: he must not shine
to dull my beams, since the whole heaven is mine.
Call forth *Achmetes*, his unconquered arm
shall keep us safe from this intended harm.

Isaac. My Liege, you have forgot *Achmetes* oath,
in which he vow'd never to draw his sword
in your defence. [*Baja.* I had forgot it,
but now I remember, such was the vain
heat of my youth: but I recall again
what ever I protested, tell him so.
Rash words must be dispens'd with. *Isa.* Then Ile go.
Exit.

Baja. My Father once in ordering of a Camp,
prefer'd me to be Captain of a wing,
so when the battails joyned, and life and death
where strugling who should win power of our breath,
our Armies prov'd the stronger; only my guide
fail'd, and a base repulse fell on my side;
at which my Father storm'd, and in my place
seated *Achmetes*, for which black disgrace,
I vow'd a swift revenge, even by his shame
that wore mine honour, to redeem my fame;
which when *Achmetes* heard, he deeply swore,
never with wit and strength to guide me more.
But now he must, see where he comes, and arm'd.
Enter Achmetes.
What strange device is plotting in his brain?
Honoured *Achmetes.* [*Achme.* Royal Emperour.
gives him a sword.
Baja. Thine arm must then uphold my Royalty.
Why lies thy valour prostrate at our feet,
when like fierce lightnings it should run and meet
my harms, and like a rock unmov'd, oppose
the course, and headlong torrent of my foes?

Achm. I am a man of peace; mistake me not.
I made a vow, nor can it be forgot,

till

till you revoke your oath. *Baja.* VVhich here I do,
great *Mahomet* be witnesse, that I mean
sincerely what I speak, *Achmetes* now
we're friends, and thus, I nullifie my vow;
gives him his sword again.
heavens on this concord lend a gracious smile.
Achmetes I have plac'd thee in my bosom,
gave thee an honour'd title in my love;
and of as lasting constancy, as is
the sun, which looks so chearfully on us.
Go fit the Janizaries to the warrs,
kindle new fire of valour in their brests,
Thou art their Genius, even the breath they draw;
Raise then thy plumes, and keep thy foes in awe.
Achm. Sood there a *Pluto* at thy city walls,
and with a band of furies had besieg'd
thy people; I would conjure them away,
and send them back to hell: so thou shalt stand
as fast as in the skyes, under mine hand.
Baja. I am Crown'd in thee, nor can I fall,
whilest such a valour breaths within our wall.
Zemes depose me! he must be more strong
then *Mars*, that can do *Bajazet* that wrong. *Exeunt.*

Actus 1. Scena 7.

Enter *Zemes*, and the King of *Armenia.*

Arme. We hate thy brother, therefore lend thee aide,
'tis not our duty to expostulate
thy right unto the Crown: on to your warrs,
thrive in your projects; I shall joy to see,
a quarrel fought twixt *Bajazet* and me.
Ile second thy encounters, and we two
like the two Roman thunder-bolts of war,
will with the flashes of our fiery swords

kee p their composed ranks, that they shall stand
against,to see two *Scipioes* in one band.

Z mes. Thanks great *Armenian* King,and when I am
wheel'd to that height,which now my brother holds,
I shall requite these benefits, and vow
that kindnesse, which I can but promise now.

Arm. Come let's away, our armies are well set,
ready to march:now tremble *Bajazet.* *Exeunt*

Actus 1. Scena. 8.

Enter *Achmetes* in his Generals coate, and *Caigubus* his Sonne.

Ach. Caigubus,publick dangers call me forth,
and I must leave thee now unto thy self.
My son, thou seest unto what height of fame
we are ascended, yet the sun shines clear,
and not one dusky cloud of discontent
dimms the unspotted brightnesse of our joyes:
Not *Bajazet* is more belov'd than I.
Such strict observance is there shew'd to me
by all that know my worth,and hear me nam'd,
as if I grasp't *Jovis* thunder in mine hands:
By all my hopes, I fear some tragick scene
will trouble our calm fortune. Son beware:
The top of honour is a narrow plot
of ground, whither we have already got:
'Tis brittle and uncertain, if thou tread
one careless step aside, thou fall'st down dead;
the shute from thence is deep,and underneath,
ruine gapes wide, thy body to receive.
Stand firm *Caigubus*:though thou start'st not away,
yet blasts of envie often force aside
the weariest footstep: these, where e'r they shall
blow strong, will make them stagger if not fall.

Caig. I shall forget to sleep, to breath, to live,
soon

sooner than these thy precepts: they are fixt,
and printed in my thoughts. *Ach.* Enough, no more:
That *Isaack Bassa*, trust him not too much:
I have divorc'd his daughter from my bed,
for her adulterate looseness, hence he hides
a masse of fretting rancor in his breast,
which he hath varnish't yet, & guilded o're
with coloured shews of love; but he is false,
and subtil as a Serpent, that will wind
into thy breast, stinging thee ere thou find
or once suspect his hatred: I must away, *Trumpets*
hasty alarms call me hence, thus, farwel, *sound.*
envie grows greater, as our states excel. *Exit.*
Caig. Father, adieu. *Exit.*

Actus 2. Scena 1.

A dumb shew: Enter *Zemes*, and the *Armenian* King, Trumpets and Ensignes, Souldiers pass over the stage, and in a solemn march. *Exeunt.*

Actus 2. Scena 2.

Enter *Bajazet*, and *Trizham* and *Mahomet* his two sons
Baja. Already marcht so near! *Zemes* makes hast
to death, as if he long'd our wrath to tast.
Trizham & *Mahomet*, it concerns you now,
to fly hence nimbly to your Provinces:
Zemes is come too neere us to escape,
he cannot flye the ground whereon he treads,
but through your countries: hast then, if the wars
crack not his thred of life, his flight will be
when you may intercept it; if we presume
only one bold *Achmites*, and our selves
in beds of down supinely sleep at home;
Zemes may scape the tempest of our wrath,

Then we hope best, when each event we see
thwarted with their preventing policie.
Trizb. Doubt not our hast and truth, he shall as soon
break through the fiery fabrick of the skies,
as through my Provinces. *Exit.*
Maho. Through hell as soon as mine. *Exit.*
Baja. Go, I have done my part; *Mars* and my fate
give faire successe to my designed plot;
and *Zemes* is intrapt, already dead,
that hand secures me that strikes off his head.

Actus 2. Scena 3.

Enter *Achmetes*, *Cherseogles*, *Mustapha*, *Mesithes*, Drums and Trumpets.
Achm. The battel will prove great and dangerous:
but were their number double more then ours,
the justice of our cause bids us go on,
and like a chearful drum, strikes painting fear
from every brest. Father, lead you the vangard,
the rearward be your charge, the right wing yours,
my self will guide the left: this day shall crown
your valour in full pride, *Zemes must down.*
Enter *Zemes*, *Armenia*, two Captains.
Zem. Time hath out-stript our hast, our foes do stand,
waving their golden plumes, as if the gods
were come to meet great *Zemes* in the field;
their armie's planted, and a distilling cloud
hovers about their heads, as if it wept
at their approaching fate. *Armenia*'s King
lead you the vanguard; under your command
the reareward shall march on: the Phalance be
your care, brave Captains: as we are inform'd,
Achmetes rules the left wing of our foe,
Ile rule the right wing of ours: so when I meet
him in his pride, Ile prostrate at his feet.

Arme.

Arme. Our men are ordered, *Zemes* lead the way, the skies look duskie black on this sad day. *Exeunt.*

Trumpets sound to the battell, dumb shews in skirmishes, one of Zemes *Captains and* Cherseogles *meet,* Zemes *Captain prevailes; his second and* Mesithes *meet,* Mesithes *retires; the King of* Armenia *and* Mustapha *meet,* Armenia *prevailes, and pursues the battaile. Enter* Achmetes *with his sword.*

Ach. Great Queen of chance; but do I call on this
unconstant Stepdame? be thou propitious *Mars,*
rough god of warr: steel up this weary arm,
and put a ten fold vigor in my bones;
what shall *Achmetes* fall, and in his losse,
great *Bajazet* be wrong'd! it cannot be.
Death comes to wound thee *Zemes,* I am he!

As he goes out, the King of *Armenia* meets him, they fight, *Achmetes* makes him retire from the stage, and pursues him in his fury, enters again at the one door, *Zemes* at the other: they meet, drums and trumpets sounding.

Ach.Zemes! *Zem. Achmetes!* Opportunely met,
here staggers all the fortune of the field;
this hour must blesse me, and a single fight
purchase thee honour, and to me my right:
honour to thee, to die by *Zemes* hand,
my right to me, an Empire to command.

*Ach.*Brave Prince, I more lament thy case then can thy (self
that runnest with such madnesse on the edg
of desperate ruin: thou art but young & weak,
manhoods soft blossoms are not fully spread
upon thy downy chin; but riper years
have setled the compacture of my joynts,
and they are strongly knit: 'twill vex my soul

in the clear morn of thy up-rising hopes,
to wrap thee in a fatal could of death.
Submit thee to thy brother, thou shalt find
me thy true friend, him merciful and kind.

Zem. Submit! had I a right to *Joves* high Throne,
and stood in opposition of his power;
should all the gods advise me to submit,
I would reject their counsel: much more thine.
Guard thee, *Achmetes*, I thy stroke abide,
I cannot gore thy Prince but through thy side.

They fight and breath: fight again. Achmetes *takes away* Zemes *sword.*

Zem. The day be thine, and *Zemes* stand thy Fate;
strike home, I've lost the day: and life I hate.

Achm. Have at thee then. *Offers to run at him with both swords.*
not stirre! Now by my sword
thou shalt have fayrer play before thy death:
take back thy sword, in that I recommit
my forfeit to thy charge, thy life with it.

They fight again, and Achmetes *wounds him on the head.* Zemes *falls.*

Zem. Oh! hold thy conquering hand, and give my soul
a quiet passage to her rest; my blood
begins to wast, and a benumming cold
freezes my vital spirits: *Achmetes* goe,
tell *Bajazet* that thou hast slain his foe.

Ach. Farwel brave son of *Mars*, thy fame shall stay
with us, although thy soul flit hence away.

Zemes. I have not ly'd, *Achmetes* thou hast slain
my hopes, and therefore me; my wounds are shallow,
but my state desperate: Ha! what shall I do?
Armenia's King is fled back to his home,
cold entertainment will attend me there;
the field is empty, every man retir'd,
only a few dead carcasses, and I;
then whither shall I bend my steps? to Rome!

To

To Rome then let it be: Bishop, I come;
th'art a religious thing, and I will trust
my life to one so innocently just. *Exit.*

Actus 2. Scena 4.

Enter *Mahomates*, *Achomates*, *Selymus* three of *Bajazets* sonnes.

Sely. Indeed we may be thought upon in time:
when there be countries more then there be men
we may get some preferment; sit at home
and prove good boyes and please our father well.
My thoughts are too unbridled, *Bajazet*, *aside*
I neither can nor will endure thy curbe;
my compresst valor like the strangled fire
breaks out in violent flames and I must rule.
Trizham and *Mahomet* are slipt in hast
each to their severall province, we must stay,
that are their Elders, for another day:
this Court will prove our scaffold, where we stand
plac't in the eye of angry *Bajazet*;
who thwarts him in his fury is but dead,
and in that passions heat off goes his head.
I must not live thus. *Maho.* I could be content.
He fears not death whose thoughts are innocent.

Sely. I thank you brother; then belike some crimes
lie heavy on my conscience, and I fear,
unless I shift my station, 'twill be known.
You think well of me kind *Mahomates.*

Maho. As well as of a brother I can think:
if by a rash applying to your selfe,
my words have been distastful, blam not me.

Sely. Can I apply them then unto my selfe?
am I so loose in manners? By heaven and earth
thou shalt repent this deeply. *Acho.* Stop that oath,
brothers agree, or walk hence but along
into my garden, where each springing hearb

smiles

ſmiles on my fair content, there you ſhall ſee,
how flowers of one ſtock, ſo twiſted are,
one in the others twinings, that they ſhew,
one ſtands by th' others help, both joyntly grow;
theſe ſhall ſuffice your quarrels to remove,
and dumbe examples teach a lively love.

Maho. Come let us go.

Exeunt Mahomates, and *Achomates.*

Sely. Straight I will follow you.
Away fond wretches, ô that every breſt
were of ſo dull a temper as you two.
But who comes here? *Enter Corcutus.*
Brother *Corcutus*, whither are you bent?
what from the court ſo ſoon? *Corcu.* My father bids,
I go to undertake the charge his love
hath thrown upon me. That's rich *Ionia.*

Sely. You go to rule there? *Cor.* Yes:

Sel. Heavens ſpeed you well.

Cor. Dear *Selymus* adieu. *Sel.* Brother farewell.

Exit Corcutus.

Revenge and you, three furious twinnes of night,
aſcend up to our theater of ill,
plunge my black ſoul twice in your Stygian flood,
that by it's vertue it may be congeal'd,
and hardned againſt remorſe: *Pluto* enrich
my breſt, with a diviner policie
then every trifling braine can reach unto;
Ile fill the world with treaſons, and my wit
ſhall put new tracts to death: *Charon* ſhall ſee,
his waſtage ſtill in uſe, by company
ſent thither by my care: ô 'twill do well,
to blaſt theearth with want, and furniſh hell. *Exit*

Actus 2. Scena 5.

Enter *Iſaack, Bajazet.*

Iſaack. Tuſh, vertue makes men fooles, *Iſaack* be wiſe,
ſhake

shake off the tender fetters of remorse:
and hug that chance, that opens thee the way
to ruinate *Achmetes*. Did he stand
on terms of conscience, neighbor-hood or love,
when he cashier'd my daughter from my house,
and to the worlds broad eye, open'd her crime?
No he was swift and bitter in his hate,
and so will I: he is but now return'd
in triumph from the field, as full of pride
as I of envy: hence Ile ground my hate.
When fierce *Bellona* smil'd on *Bajazet*,
amidst the fiery tumults of the warre,
she offered *Zemes* to *Achmetes* hand,
they fought, *Achmetes* conquered, at his foot
fell the proud rebell, wounded but not slain;
there might *Achmetes* with a blow of death
cut off our fears, continued in his breath:
this shall incense the angry Emperor:
and crush *Achmates* in his faireſt hopes.
True polititians work by others hands,
so I will by the Prince: my plot stands firme;
see where he comes, now fly *Mercurius*, whet
my tongue, to kindle hate in *Bajazet*.

Enter Bajazet.

Baja. Isaack, how thriv'd *Achmetes* in his wars?
Fame is of late grown dumbe of his renown:
surely unwelcome news clogs her swift wings,
else had she now bin frequent in our Court;
and we had fully known the chance of all.

Isa. We had: yet could not the event,
lie so conceal'd, but *Isaack* found it out;
which when I first discovered, straight it wrought
tempests of passions in me, joy and grief
reign'd at one instant in the selfe same breſt.

Bajazet

Bajazet. As how? *Isa.* As thus. I joy'd that *Zemes* fell,
was sorry he escap'd. *Baja.* Fell, and yet escap'd!
Isa. Beneath *Achmetes* feet the traytor fell.
Baja. And yet escap'd! good *Iove* how may this be!
Isa. Thus it might be, and was so: when sad death
was glutted with the ruine of each side,
when slaughtring *Mars* had stain'd the field with blood
and cast a purple colour o'r the earth
at length some milder providence desir'd;
an end of those hot tumults that were seen,
to last in *Zemes* breath; so that their fire
would be extinct, when *Zemes* should expire:
then from the middle skirmish forth were brought
he and *Achmetes*; being met they fought;
Zemes was vanquish't by a violent blow
which struck him trembling lower then his knees:
now whether flattering, or presentg if ts
redeem'd him from his fate, I cannot show;
something they plotted, what, none yet can know.
Baj. Canst thou advise me (*Isaack*) how to sound
the depth of all his mischief? *Isa.* Thus you may,
He being come from *Zemes* overthrow,
and yet luke-warme in blood and full of joy,
you may in way of honour and free mind
call him this night to banquet: Then being set
when the hot spirits of carouse healths
have spoyl'd his wit of smooth and painted tales,
and wine unlockt the passage for the truth,
bid him relate the manner of his war,
the chances and events, then when he comes
to *Zemes*, if he err about his flight,
his ends are bad, his bosome black as night.
Baja. Thou art my good Angel, *Isack*, I applaud
thy faithfull plot. *Achmetes*, were thy soule
as dark as hell and thy enclosed thoughts
as subtill as a winding Labyrinth,
by such a guide as can remove each doubt,

and

and by a clue of thred I'd track them out.
But *Isack*, if we trap him in his wiles
how shall we kill the traytor? we have a trick,
already strange to catch him in the nick.

Isa. Easily, thus. Our laws allow a custome:
not us'd of late, yet firme still in effect
and thus it is: When there doth breath a man
direfully hated of the Emperour,
and he in strickt severity of right
cannot proceed against him, then he may
orewhelme him in a robe of mourning black,
which we have call'd deaths mantle: that thing done,
the man thus us'd, is forfeited to fate,
and a devoted sacrifice to him
whom he had er'st offended, neither can
strength or intreaty, wrest him from his death,
both which are treason and inexpiable.
Thus then you may proceed, when banquets done.
and all their comick merriment run on
to the last scene, and every man expects
a solemne gift, due to *Achmetes* worth,
call for a robe therewith to deck your friend
and perfect all his glory, let that be
this robe of fate, in which ready at hand,
you may intombe the traytor and bewrap
his pampred body in a vaile of death;
so let him die, dream not on the event,
vice is rewarded in it's punishment.

Baj. I will be fierce and sudden, *Isaack* invite
Achmetes to a feast: he dies this night. *Exit Baj.*

Isa. I shall. Would not a private warning serve,
but open penance must correct my child,
and a severe divorcement quite degrade
her of her honour'd matrimoniall rights?
Were he as strong, as steel-like joynted *Mars*,
as much applauded through our popular streets,

as

as erſt *Dictator Fabius* was in Rome,
or great *Auguſtus*: yet the ſlave ſhould feel
the wrath of an inflamed father light
heavy upon his ſoul: & that e'r the next ſun
appear, *Achmetes* all thy glorie's done. *Exit.*

Actus 2. Scena 6.

Enter *Achmetes*, and *Caigubus* his ſon.

Caigu. I fear'd your ſafety and devoutly prayed
the ſword of juſtice, which your hand did ſway
might be of conquering force. *Ach.* Thy prayers were (heard
and I am here as ſafe as I went forth,
untouch'd by the rough hands of deſperate war.
Nor did I once ſpie danger in the field;
but when I fronted *Zemes*, then there met
two ſtreams of valor, ſith on us was ſet
the chance of the whole combat, others ſtood
expecting which of us ſhould loſe his blood:
but heaven was juſt, and to compoſe the ſtrife,
this ſword at one ſad blow took thence his life.

Cai. The heavens were juſt indeed, but who coms here,
Iſaac, *Meſithes*, and *Bajazets* three ſons.

Enter *Iſaak*, *Meſithes*, *Mahometes*, *Achomates*, *Selymus*.

Ach. They come to gratulate my late ſucceſs,
I ſee their errand foulded in their ſmiles,
how chearfully they look upon my joyes!

Omnes. All happineſſe attend *Achmetes*.

Ach. Thanks Noble friends. How fares the Emperor?

Iſaack. Well by your guard, and he hath ſent us now,
all to invite your preſence to a feaſt,
we muſt be frolick, and this following night,
ſhall Crown your joy with revels and delight;
or elſe deprive thy ſoul of that good light. *aſide.*

Ach. We muſt be frolick Captains, think not then

on

on my loud drums, and staring trumpeters,
such whose strong lungs roar out a bellowing voice
would make a man daunce Antick in the fire:
weel have a choicer musick, and my feet
shall tread a neater march, then such harsh strains
can teach them: with more pleasure and lesse pains,
since it hath pleas'd the Emperor to grace
our slender merits thus: we shall be there,
to taste his bounty. *Mes.* Weele lead on before.
Ach. Ile follow you. *Isa.* Ne'r to return more. *aside.*
Exeunt omnes, Manent Achmetes and Caigubus.
Ach. I am happy above envy, and my state,
not to be thwarted with injurious fate,
I could disburden all my jealous thoughts,
and shake that currish vice suspicion, off
from my sincere affection: I have worng'd
sure I have wrong'd thee *Isack*, thy chast love
cloaks not intended mischief; black deceit
cannot lie hid under so pure a white,
but it would cast a coloured shadow out
through such a slender vail; thy generous thoughts
nourish no base detraction; thy free love
thy profest actions say, t'were no just fate
that good mens deeds should die by ill mens hate.
Cai. Pray heaven they do not. *Ach.* Fear not, I am guest
to *Bajazet*, expected at the feast. *Exeunt.*

Actus 2. Scena 7.

Enter *Bajazet*, and *Cherseogles.*

Baja. The day's far spent, is not *Achmetes* come?
Cherse. Not yet, great Emperor.
Baja. Vice-roy of Greece, say now there were a man
whom my mind honored; and I should command
to cloath his bodie in a suite of gold,

Stud-

ſtudded with gems, worth all the Indian ſhore,
durſt any tongue gainſay it? *Cherſ.* Surely no.
Baja. What if I hated him, and ſhould command
to wrap him in a ſable coloured black:
and ſentence him to death? *Cherſ.* Then he muſt die.
Baja. My thoughts are troubled.
Cherſ. What ſhould theſe queſtions mean,
abrupt demands, one to confound the other?
My liege your gueſts are come.

Enter *Achmetes, Iſaack, Mahomates, Achomates Selymus, Meſithes, Caigubus.* (return'd,

Baja. Bleſt be the hour in which I ſee *Achmetes* ſafe
Bring in our banquet, ſouldiers: boyes kneel round.

Enter a banquet, all kneel.

A ring of braver lads nere bleſt the ground:
ſupply us here with Nectar, give it me,

takes the cup.

Achmetes, noble warriour, here's to thee,
a health to thy bleſt fortunes, it ſhall run
a compleat circle ere the courſe be done.
Ach. My duty bids me pledge it. I return
good health to *Iſaack*, and in this wee'l drown'd
all conceal'd enmities *drinks*
Iſa. Iove ſplit me with his thunder, if my breſt
harbour one bad thought when this draught is paſt.
and ſo I greet thy ſon: Health to *Caigubus.* *drinks*
Caig. Mahomates the turn lights next on you. *drinks*
Mah Ile pledge it freely, Viceroy her's to you. *drinks*
Cherſ. *Achomates*, to you I muſt commen
the welfare of *Achmetes* in this cup. (*drinks*
Ach. To you *Meſithes* thus I prove my love. *drinks.*
Meſ. Young Prince, I do commit this health to you.
Sely. I am the laſt be prodigall in wine, (*drinks.*
fill up my bowle with Nectar let it riſe
above the goblets ſide, and may it like
a ſwelling Ocean flow above the banks,

I will exhaust it greedily, 'tis my due. *drinkes.*

Omnes Wee'l drink with *Bacchus* and his roaring crew.

Baj. Already done, so quickly run about,
one health to me: faith, sith you are set to't,
here's a carouse to all. *Omnes*, wee'l pledg it round.

As they drink round, Bajazet riseth and speaks aside.

Bajaz. 'Tis the last draught to some, or I shall fail
in mine intendments. Let a foe escape
when he was trampled down beneath his feet!
There must be treason in it: How my blood
boils in my brest with anger! not the wine
could work such strong effect: my soul is vext.
A chafing heat distempers all my blood;
Achmetes, thou must cool it: when thy limbs
are emptied of that moisture they suck in,
and thy stain'd bloud unchannel'd from thy veins;
then shall I be secure; a quiet rest
shall rock my soul asleep; 'tis thy last hour
must set a period to my restless fears.
What, are you merry friends? drink on your course,
then all arise: and now to consummate
our happy meeting, And shut up our joyes,
discourse *Achmetes* of your finisht warrs;
After an age of woes, it proves at last
A sweet content to tell of dangers past.
Let's know your whole events. *Achm.* Great Emperor,
Scarce had the rosie day-star from the East
display'd her silver colours through the heaven,
but all the watchful Souldiers ready arm'd
dim'd her pale cheeks with their transparent steel,
and added lustre to the dull-sight morne;
so stood we in full pride till the bright Sun
climing the glassie pavement of the skies,
rouz'd the slow spirits of the backward foe,
and urg'd them to the field; at length stept forth
Zemes, in all the trappings of his state;

And like a well-taught *Hector* rang'd his troups
into their several orders; all prepar'd,
Titan being fearful, stept behind a cloud,
lest when he saw our limbs bath'd all in bloud,
and purple streams gush't from our wounded brests
like water from their springs, he in fear
should be eclips'd, or startle from his sphear.
The air was thick and dim; our armies joyn'd,
the skirmishes grew hot; and angry *Mars*
inthron'd upon the battlements of heaven,
left either side to tug with their own strength
till their oppressing multitude bore down
the justice of our cause; and our whole side
not daring to withstand, scorning to fly,
stood trembling on the utmost brink of hope;
then the propitious Gods singled me out
Zemes, the life and spirit of our foes.
We met and fought: Such was my happy fate,
that at the first encounter *Zemes* fell,
and I disarm'd him; when in proud contempt
he spit defiance in the face of death,
open'd his brest, and dar'd me to the stroak,
whereby I might have sent him hence to hell:
But I, in admiration of his worth,
arm'd his right hand once more and bad him fight.
Chance did direct my sword upon his head:
he fell before me, and cry'd, *Achmetes* hold,
I'me wounded to the death; and Captain, go
tell *Bajazet* that thou hast slain his foe.
I left the dying Prince; our warrs were done
and ceas'd with him by whom they were begun.
Isaak. The plot has took. *aside.*
Bajaz. Treason, by *Mahomet*:
I left the dying Prince!
Isaak Pursue the project. *Bajaz.* Worthy *Achmetes*,
well we may give, but not reward by gifts;

and

and thank, but not requite thee. I would hate
that liberality which would abate
the worth of the receiver: thy true fame
out-strips the length of titles; and a name
of weighty honour is a slender price
to grace thy merits with: as for a voice
to crown thee after death, thou art the choice
of everliving glory: on thy crest
is her abode; and when the latest rest
of nature hath betrai'd thee to thy grave,
then shall she print in characters of gold
how brave a man thou wast, how great, how bold:
though we be dumb, yet shall the world uplift
thy name, and thou shalt live without our gift:
Yet thy blest fates have not created thee
so clearly God-like, but some other chance
may cross thy greatness, and thy high renown
the envy of some God may shoulder down:
then thus wee'l make thee happy; future events
ne're shall oppress thy worth; nor envious chance
blot thy ensuing fame. *Achmetes* know,
death, an immortal gift, we thus bestow.

He casts a gown of black velvet upon him, called the mantle of death.

Caigub. Treason, treason, O my Father, treason:
Help Janizaries. *Excurrit.*

Bajaz. Stop the furious youth. *Exeunt Bassaes.*
Bring in an Heads-man. Traytor, *Zemes* dead!
He lives to see this hand untwine thy thread.

Enter seven or eight Janizaries with swords drawn.
What means this outrage?

Janiz. 1. Cruel homicide.

2. Ungrateful wretch.

3. Tyrant.

4. Meet hilts in's guts. *Circle him.*

5. First let his own hands take that Mantle off.

Baj. Help! Treason, I am slain!

6. Help? why? From whom? Is not thy Guard about thee? (round,

Bajaz. Hemn'd in with death! my friends beset me not to preserve my life, but murder me!
Blush you pale heavens at this abhorred fact,
that they may see their crimes, and be asham'd
of this unheard offence: Valiant Janizaries,
sheath up these weapons of rebellion;
print not that ugly sin upon your brow;
let my free pardon woe you to submit.
Keep your allegeance firm.

Omnes Ha, ha, ha, ha!

1 One word more damns thee.

2 How prettily he began to talk

3 Of sin and pardon! *Bajazet*, behold
here stands a man milde, honour'd, gracious,
valiant and faithful, gentle in command,
at home belov'd, and fear'd amongst our foes;
yet hath thy hand of cruelty assai'd
the hated murder of so dear a friend:
Blush, you pale heavens, at this abhorred fact,
that he may see his crimes, and be asham'd
of this new bloudinesse. Wicked *Bajazet*,
these admonitions fit the teacher well.

Bajaz. But hear me speak.

4. First set *Achmetes* free, then speak thy fill.

Bajaz. What, shall I be compell'd?

5 And quickly too.

6 We cannot brook to see him stand thus cloath'd.

Takes of the Mantle.

Baj. Your anger will have way: *Achmetes* go:
there take him: They have sav'd thee from this woe.

Exeunt showting and laping.

Pernicious villains, they have crost my plot;
'twas intercepted ev'n in the last deed.

What

What should *Achmetes* meane thus to ingrosse
The best affections of my Janizaries?
Will he defraud me of my Crowne and life?
My life I weigh not: but to lose my Crowne,
were to be sentenc'd to a hell of woes.
I am full stuft with choler. Slavish Peasants,
held I a sword of power in mine hand,
I would disjoynt them peece-meale; can I not?
Am I not Emperour? men call me so:
A reverend title, empty attributes,
and a long page of words follow my name,
but no substantiall true prerogative. *Enter Isaack.*

Isaack. Good health to *Bajazet.*

Bajaz. Indeed that's nothing, since your councell (fail'd.

Isaak. Use your best patience, it may be regain'd.
Affection in your stubborne multitude
is a proud torrent not to be withstood.
Were you as sacred as their houshold gods,
Yet when you thwart the current of their will,
they'le breake the bands of duty, and prophane
that holinesse to which they bound their thoughts.
Mine eyes are witnesse with what lively joy
They bore him through the streetes upon their necks,
Offering the use of their best strength.

Baja. No more.
I am already gone. Why did not then
his proud ambitious tongue bid them goe fetch
My Crowne, and with quick speede disrobe a wretch?
't was in his power: we are distracted *Isaak*,
lend us thy wholsome counsell to prevent
my ruine, and their dangerous intent.

Isaack. Mine is a blunt advice, and deepe in bloud,
to cut off those base Peasants that withstood
the force of your decree.

Bajaz. To cut them off?
Me thinkes I see my selfe yet circled in

with their revengeful swords. Ha? cut them off
Could I but curse the Traytors from the earth,
or were my doom pronounc'd but of effect,
I'de rattle such new torments in their ears
should stagger their high courage, but my fears
strangle my furies; and my envious fate
forceth my tongue to flatter where I hate.

Isaak Here lies the safest course to rid these griefs;
Give out you'l go to war, so to enlarge
your territories: and to this end fetch home
those warlike Souldiers plac'd in Garison;
let them remain without the walls: at last,
when things shall fit your purpose, lead them all
by night into the City, and in one stroke
strike off so many thousand perjur'd heads
as shall amaze posterity to hear
how many lives redeem'd thee from thy fear.

Baj. The weight of all mine honour leans on thee:
that or some nearer course shall quell the pride
of strong *Achmetes*, and confound his side.

Actus 2. Scena 8.

Enter Zemes *and* Alexander *Bishop of* Rome

Bishop If your intents be vertuous, and desire
of eminent place quite banisht from your thoughts,
my house shall be your Castle: that I deny
my men and Arms to aid you in your broils,
think it kind usage: Should my Holinesse
feed your ambition, and make strong your hand
against your brother? 'twere too light a brand
of flaming hot dissention, and to set
the world in a combustion: all would then
quarrel by my example. No, sweet Prince,
Romes holy Bishop must not so transgres.

If

If you will dwell within my sacred roof,
settle irregular passions, and begin
a quiet life : repentance wipes out sin.

Zemes My waxen wings are melted : I will soare
against the Sun through such thick clouds no more ;
the middle Region shall contain my flight ;
your counsell swayes my wishes ; my late deeds
were full of sin : now let my brother know
Zemes repents ; (and that's the greatest woe.) *Exit.*

Bish. To mans aspiring thoughts, how sweet is hope
which makes them (like Camelions) live on air,
and hug their slender plots ; till cool despair
doth so benum his thoughts, that he falls dead
from his sublime height ; and his lofty head
which level'd at the skies, doth drop below
his humble feet ! this hath experience taught
in that mans head-long ruine, whose proud thoughts
aim'd at the Turkish Diadem : but now cross fates
have forc'd his stubborn heart to bow.

Enter a Messenger.

What speaks your entrance ?

Messen. Health to *Romes* Bishop,
and peace from *Bajazet*, who commends his love
with this his Letter, and expects from you
a gracious answer. *Gives him a letter.*

He reads the letter.

Bish. " Let *Zemes* die by an untimely death,
" else for our love you shal provoke our hate :
" Hee's not our brother, but our hated foe ;
" and in his death you shall prevent our wo.
Return our service back ; tell *Bajazet*
what he hath given in charge, shall by my hand
be carefully dispatcht. *Messen.* Good peace attend you.

Exit.

Bish. Imperious Turk,
Am I not Gods Vice-gerent here on earth ?

and dar'ſt thou ſend thy letters of command?
or ſpeake to me in threatning menaces?
It grates my patience to obey this monſter,
yet muſt I murder *Zemes*, what doe I know
whether my fathers ſoule did tranſ-migrate
into his breaſt or no? be dumbe remorſe,
the Turke is great and powerfull, if I winne
his love by this, t'will prove a happy ſinne. *Exit.*

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter *Solymus* alone.

Solim. Am I ſo poore in worth? ſtill kept ſo low?
Was I begot only to live and dye,
to fill a place, move idlely to and fro
like other naturalls? unmanly life,
the world ſhall take more notice of my fame,
els will I with the venom'd ſting of warre
deface the beauty, of the univerſe.
Poſteritie ſhall know, once there did breath
a *Selymus*, a mortall diety,
a man at whoſe bleſt birth the planets ſmil'd;
and ſpent their influence to create a boy
as brave as *Greece* e'r hatcht, or *Rome*, or *Troy*.
Enter Iſaack.
Here's *Iſaack Baſſa*, hee's already mine,
he courts my father, but intends for mee,
and furthers all my counſells; Noble friend,
how ſtand our hopes?

Iſaack. Great Sir, moſt happily:
the *Baſſaes* murmure at *Achmetes* wrong:
ſeize on their wavering love, their breaſts are ope
to him that firſt will enter ther's free ſcope;
drop downe thy franke affection in their hands,
to bribe is lawfull: and 'tis ſtrongly prov'd

by

by good examples: *Otho* ne'r was lov'd,
till he had bought the souldiers, that once done,
Galba grew out of fashion; so must wee
addict them to us by a gaine-full fee:
Give freely, and speak fairely. I'le be gone,
stay here, the *Bassaes* will be here anon. *Exit.*

Enter Mesithes.

Sely. I shall observe thy precepts. *Mesithes!* welcome,
How fare you in these dayes of discontent?
my dutie bids me aske, and wish you well;
I have beene long a barren debtor to you,
At length I may prove thankfull: weare my love,
'tis yours without refusal, a sleight gift, *gives him a ring*
Yet your lookes tel me 'twill helpe out my drift. *aside*

Mesi. This courtesie exceeds my weake deserts,
sweet Prince; but when occasion calls me forth
to helpe you, I'me devoted to your worth.

Sely. Your kind acceptance of that recompence,
Binds me more strictly to you.

Mesith. Sir, farewell, *Exit.* *and enter Mustapha*

Sely. So one hath tooke; see where another comes:
all health to *Mustapha.* *Musta.* Thankes gracious Prince,
your gentle pardon for my boldnesse, Sir.

Sely. Command my pardon, and commend my love
to thy bright daughter: tell her; I admire
her vertuous perfection; let that chaine
gives him a chaine
make me remembred often in her mind.

Must. When my weak strength, or wealth shall
as to continue —— (stretch so far,

Sely. No Cynicke complement, good *Mustapha.*

Musta. Then I returne you thankes *Exit.*

Sely. Health follow you,
and Honour me. Here is a third at hand.

Enter Asmehemides.

Selym. Continuance to your health Sir.

Asme.

Asme. Thanks gentle Prince.
Pleaſe you to uſe my ſervice?

Sely. Yes, thus farre.
Spend me that purſe of gold. *gives him a purſe.*

Asme. What means your Highneſs?

Selym. But to deſerve your kindneſs, and avoid the hated cenſure of ingratitude.

Asme. This is your liberal vertue, not my deeds; but you ſhall find me thankfull. *Exit.*

Selym. So I hope;
three ſteps are trod already to a Throne,
and I am rich in friends; theſe proffer'd gifts
conjure obſervance from their ſervile breſts.
Oh powerfull gold, whoſe influence doth win
men, with deſire for to engender ſin!
Isaak Baſſa?

Isaak. Even the man you wiſht:
What, did the golden lure work good effect,
and make the *Baſſaes* ſtoop unto your mind?

Sely. Words are but empty ſhadows, but if deeds anſwer their words, we cannot doubt their faith: they ſtoop beneath my feet; I ſeem to be as true as *Jove*, but ſlye as *Mercurie*. *Enter Meſithes.*
Here comes *Meſithes* muttering back again; but ſtep aſide, and we ſhall know his mind.

Meſith. But he is cruel, bloody, and his pride unſufferable great. ——

Selymus Ha!

Meſithes Proud *Bajazet*,
Thou haſt uſurp'd a title thy deſcent
could never reach unto; thou wrongſt the world
ſince thou detain'ſt the Crown, which heavens decree
due to a better brow: thou art defam'd
with Tyranny and wrong; but *Selymus*
is void of blemiſhes, as truth of lyes:
bad ſtocks muſt be cut down, the good muſt riſe.

Sely.

Sely. He daunted me at first, but now I find
the golds bright lustre made his judgment blind.
Mustapha comes. *Enter Mustapha.*

Musta. Fortune hath wheel'd me up above the stars,
under a Monarch; I'le not sell my hopes.
Bold *Selymus*, I'le second thy designs;
and thou shalt Queen my daughter; that being done,
with mine own splendor I'le eclipse the Sunne.

Sely. Is't so? a while I'le feed thy airy hopes,
then dash thee into nothing.
Here's a third. *Enter Asmehemides.*

Asm. A purse of gold! I can untie the knot:
the close ænigma sayes, I would be King.
Brave *Selymus*, I like thy mounting thoughts;
work out thy projects; thou canst never need
or ask my help, but thou art sure to speed. *Exit.*

Sely. What we resolv'd, stands firm, but the event
be scan'd when leisure serves: wee'l now prevent
my brothers hopes, and by a sudden fate
unto their lives and dayes give equal date
to compass a blest end: now we begin
(*Jove* hath offended, if it be a sin)
to throw a father down. *Saturn* did dwell
once in the heavens, *Jove* threw him down to hell.

Enter *Bajazet* and *Achmetes*, hand in hand, *Cherseogles*, *Mesithes*, *Mustapha*, *Mahometes*, *Achomates*, *Trizham*, *Mahomet*, *Asmehemides*.

Sely But stay: *Achmetes*, and our fathers friends?

Bajaz. *Achmetes*, I have injur'd thy deserts,
subborn'd accusers, wrong'd my credulous ears,
and my rash censure undervalued much
thy noble spirits, when it first condemn'd
them of intended treason, rense thy soul
in the dull river of oblivion.

We

we halt beneath the burthen of thy hate,
thinke my mov'd anger made me hot and wild,
I cannot sleepe till we be reconcil'd.

Achm. The gods neglect my welfare here on earth,
and when I shall put off this mortall load,
let me be out-law'd from the Court of heaven,
if in this bosome there lye hid one thought
that doth not honour *Bajazet.*

Baia. Wee know——
thy vertues make us happy: valiant Sir,
thy feete once more must tread a warlike march
under our fearefull banner, thou shalt pace
even to the walles of *Rome*, there dwels our foe;
where our halfe Moone, rear'd in the middle camp,
like a distempred Meteor in the ayre,
shall strike amazement in the cloistred monkes,
and shake the Prelates Miter from his head,
till he yeeld *Zemes* up alive or dead.
When we have mov'd thee from thy Janizaries,
thou shalt not travell farre. *aside*

Isaack A subtile tricke,
and well pretended, I admire thy wit. *aside*

Achm. Let me march hence, and *Bajazet* shall know,
how little I befriend my Princes foe.
Ile cast a ring of souldiers round about
The walles of *Rome*, if *Zemes* scape thence out,
cut of my breath: he that's deepe in blame,
Must hazard boldly to regaine his fame.

Triz. What meanes our father, noble *Bajazet*,
to worke untimely horrors through the world:
dosolate ruine, publike discontent
have printed deepe impressions in our path,
danger and feare scarce emptied from our towne,
the shaken members of our common wealth
yet staggar with their wounds; when discord shall
make but a second breach, they faint and fall,

Mah.

Mah. Short peace hath charm'd your subjects all a-
and throwne a quiet slumber ore their eyes, (sleepe,
whilest with a sweete restorative she heales
their Martyr'd joynts, and wipeth out their scarres
writ on their bosomes by the hand of warres.
Zemes is safely cloystred up at *Rome*,
the Prelate dares not ayde him, all the gods
smile on the entrance of triumphant peace,
war lies fast bound, nor can she worke our paines,
unlesse we loose the fury from her chaines.

Baja. Our sonnes instruct us! must your pregnant wits
crosse my command! *Bassaes* prepare for warre;
and since your grave discourse argues a will
to stay at home, you shall; weele lay you up,
where no loud ecchoing drums shall breake your sleepe,
even in the bowels of your mother earth
I will entombe you: Put them both to death.

Omnes. What meanes great *Bajazet*?

Baja. To murder you, unlesse you strangle them.

Ambo. But heare us speake.

Baja. Stop up the damned passage of their throat,
Or you are all but ghosts. What! stare you friends?
Isaack and *Selymus*, a garter;
twist me that fatall string about his necke,
and either pull an end, *strangle Trizham.*
Mesithes come,
joyne force with me, by heaven y' were best make haste,
Or thou art shorter liv'd then is that bratt.
Tugge strongly at it. *strangle Mahomet.*
So; let the bastard droppe,
we have out-liv'd our tutors: dunghill slaves,
durst they breath out their Stoicke sentences
in opposition of our strickt command?

Selym. So: things run well along, and now I find
Jove heares my prayers, and the gods grow kind.

Baja. Did not I send these to their Provinces

to

to hinder *Zemes* flight? and did not they
dejected baſtards, give him open way?
Mine anger hath been juſt.

Cherſeo. None doth deny't;
you may proceed in your edict for warrs,
and make *Achmetes* General of the camp.

Baj. It is enough: *Achmetes* go to hell, *ſtabs him.*
the divels have rung out thy paſſing bell,
and look for thine arrival.
Shend me ſlaves. *Exeunt omnes.*
They fly before my breath like miſts of air,
and are of leſs reſiſtance; I'le purſue *Exit.*

Achm. Oh I am ſlain! Tyrant, thy violent hand
hath done me pleaſure, though againſt thy will:
had I as many lives as drops of bloud,
I'de not outlive this hour: fly hence vain ſoul,
climb yonder ſacred mount, ſtrive upwards there,
there where a guard of ſtars ſhal hem thee round,
build thee a ſafe tribunal —— I am gone. ——
Oh tragick cruelty! — behold — the end
of two right Noble ſons — one faithful friend. *moritur*

Re-enter Bajazet in fury.

Baj. Have all forſaken me? and am I left
a prey unto my ſelf? did all their breath
paſs through his organs? and in his ſad death
have I abruptly crackt the vital thred
of all my *Baſſaes*? *Achmetes groans.*
Ha! where am I now?
In ſome *Gebenna*, or ſome hollow vault,
where dead mens ghoſts ſigh out their heavy groans?
Reſolve me, *Mahomet*, and rid me hence,
or I will ſpoil the fabrick of thy tomb,
and beat away the title of a God.
Doſt thou not move? a trunk? a ſtock? to die
is to put on your nature, ſo will I.

Offe-

Offering to stab himself, Cherseogles, Mesithes, Mustapha, Mahomates, Achomates, Selymus, Asmehemides interrupt him.

Omnes Hold, hold, and live.

Baj. How come these bodies dead?

Filii. Father, it was your self.

Bajaz. Let me revoke
my wandring sense: Oh what a stream of blood
hath purg'd me of my black suspition!
two sons, one valiant Captain hence are wrought
by mine own hand, to cure one jealous thought.
As 'tis, they are the happier; I out-live
them whom I wisht to fall: only to grave
bear forth their bodies. *Bassaes carry them out.*
We were curst in this,
and shall intomb with them much of our bliss:
indeed we had resolv'd to spend this day
in things of more solemnity, less wo.
Now our most wished councel shall begin,
and bitter deeds weigh up the scales of sin.
Amasia is a province rich and strong,
(*Mahomates* it is thine, keep it as long
as I have power to give it; go, provide
for thy conveyance at the next fair tide.

Mahom. Farewell dear father.

Bajaz. Worthy son, adieu;
the love my dead sons wanted falls to you
as an hereditary good.

Selymus Then we *aside.*
may vail our heads in black, no mourners be.

Baja. Achomates, thy worth
deserves some trophies of our love,
which to let slip unmention'd, were to adde
to this black day a fourth offence as bad.
Governe *Manesia*, now the people stand
dishfurnisht of an head; let thy command

be

be great amongſt them, ſo; make ſpeedy haſt.
Honour ſtayes for thee.

Selym. Now the ſtormes are paſt.

Achom. Father adieu; *Exit.*

Baja. Achomates, farewell.

Selym. Now to my lot, I thought 'twould ne'r a fell. *aſide*

Baja. Now *Selymus*, wee know thy hopes are great, and thine ambition gapes with open jawes to ſwallow a whole Dukedome; but young Sir, we dare not truſt the raines of government into the hands of *Phaeton.* Deſire, raſhly fullfild, may ſet the world on fire; Greene youth, and raw experience are not fit to ſhoulder up a Kingdomes heavie weight; mixe wit with ſtay'd diſcretion, and ſpend wild yeares in ſtudy, then we doe intend to ſettle more preferment on thy head then thou can'ſt hope for.

Selymus Wilt thou envious dotard Strangle my greatneſſe in a miching hole? the world's my ſtudy, *Bajazet*, my name Shall fill each angle of this round-built frame. *Exit*

Bajaz. I know he grumbled at it; 'tis good To calme the rebell heat of youthfull blood with ſharpe rebukes. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſſen. Health to the Emperour.

Bajaz. What will your meſſage?

Meſſen. Duty firſt from *Rome*, commended by the Biſhop to your ſervice, with a firme promiſe to diſpatch your will what ever it imply'd, and would but ſtay till Times ſwift circle ſhould bring forth a day ſecure for the performance. *Exit.*

Bajaz. 'Tis enough.
Thanks for your care. This was to murder *Zemes.*

Warre

War with the Bishop! 'thad been pretty sport,
I knew my powerful word was strong enough
to make him do my pleasure: simple Priest!
only I vs'd it as a trick to send
Achmetes from the City and his friends;
but Fate so smil'd upon me, that I found
a shorter means, his life and hopes to wound
with my sententious sons, that when my foe
fled through their Province, finely let him goe;
which being wholy finish'd, strait to please
my friends, I play'd a raging *Hercules*;
then to shut up the Scene, neatly put on
a passionate humour, and the worst was done.
But who comes here? *A dumb show.*

Enter Mahomates *with store of Turks, he as taking his leave, they as ceremoniously with great humbleness, taking their leavs, depart at several doors*

I like not this, *Mahomates* belov'd
so dearly of the Comminalty: ha!
Hee's wise, fair-spoken, gently qualified,
powerful of tongue; why hee's the better son,
not to supplant his Father. I mislike
the prodigal affection thrown on him
by all my subjects. I bely'd my hopes
when I presum'd this day had freely rid
me of my worst vexation: I was born
to be a jade to Fate, and fortunes scoff,
my cares grow double-great my cutting off. *Exit.*

Actus 3. Scena 3.

Enter Caigubus Achmetes *Son.*

Caig. If ever man lov'd sorrow, wisht to grieve,
Father I do for thee. Could I deprive
my senses of each object, but thy death,

then ſhould I joy to ſigh away my breath:
be Godhead to my griefe: then ſhall theſe eyes
with tributary tears bedeck thy ſhrine:
and thus I do invoke the: nimble Ghoſt
what ever orbe of Heaven, what ever coaſt
affords thee preſent manſion, quickly thence
ſlit hither, and preſent unto my ſenſe
thy ſelfe a feeling ſubſtance: let me ſee,
acknowledge and admire thy majeſty.
Put off that ayry thinneſſe which denies
me to behold thee with theſe duller eyes,
then ſhall they, ſending down a powerfull flood,
rence thy cold members from each drop of blood;
and ſo return thee back, that thou mai'ſt ſoare
up to the skies, much purer then before.
Had the juſt courſe of nature wrought thee hence,
I would have made the gods know their offence,
and back reſtore thy ſoul; but thou art dead,
and 'twas a fiercer hand that clipt thy thread'
fiercer and boulder, which did ever thrive
by miſchiefe, and once coffind thee alive
up in deaths mantle, but then would not uſe
ſuch open violence, nor durſt abuſe
one of ſuch ſacred worth, till furie ſtruck
his reaſon dead, and made his treacherous hand
creepingly ſtab thee, both unſeen and foul,
as if he would have ſtoln away thy ſoul.
But oh!

Enter Iſaack.

Iſaack. But oh indeed.
Caignb. Why, what?
Iſaack. As bad
a ſtroke attends thee as thy Father had:
Princes ſuſpicion is a flame of fire,
exhal'd firſt from our manners, and by deſire

of

of rule is nouriſh'd, fed, and rores about
till the whole matter dye, and then goes out?
Cai. Unfold a ſcene of murders: Fates work on
wee'l make a path to Heaven: and being gon,
Down from the lofty towers of the skies
throw thunder at the Tyrant; will he preſſe
the earth with weight of ſlaught'red carcaſſes?
Let him grow up in miſchief, ſtill ſhall her wombe,
gaping, reſerve for him an empty tombe.
We do but tread his path; and *Baſſa*, ſince
it ſtands upon thee now to cure thy prince
of his diſtemper'd lunacy, go fetch
the inſtrument of death, whilſt I a wretch
expect thy ſad return.
Iſaack. I go; and could
it ſtand with mine alleageance, ſure I ſhould
imply my ſervice to a better end,
then to diſrobe the Court of ſuch a friend. *Exit*
Cai. He that is judg'd down from a ſteepy hill
to drop unto his death, and trembling ſtill
expects one thence to puſh him, ſuch a ſlave
doth not deſerve to live, nor's worth a grave
Then *Lacheſis*, thou that divid'ſt the threed
of breath, ſince this dayes Sun muſt ſee me dead;
thus Ile prevent thy paine, thus Ile out-run
my fate; and in this ſtroke thy work is done.
Stabs himſelfe.
Eternall mover, thou that whirlſt about
the skies in circular motion, heare me out
what I command, ſee that without controule
thou make Heaven clear, to entertain my ſoule,
and let the nimble ſpirits of the ayre
Print me a paſſage hence up to thy chaire,
there will I ſit, and from the Azure sky,
laugh at obſequious baſe mortality.
Vaniſh my ſoule, enjoy, embrace thy fate

thus, thus thou mount'st above a Tyrates hate.

Stabs himself. dyes.

Enter Isaack *with Executioners.*

Isa. We are prevented ; see the fates command
false deeds must dye, though by the Actors hand.
Return to *Bajazet*, and bear that corps. *Exeunt*
So now I am alone, nor need I fear
to breath my thoughts out to the silent ayre ;
my conscience will not hear me, that being deaf
I may joy freely. First thy hated breath
Achmetes vanisht, next *Caigubus* fell,
thus we clime Throans, whilst they drop down to hell.
The glorious eye of the all-seeing sun,
shall not behold (when all our plots are done)
a greater Prince then *Selymus* ; 'tis he
must share with *Jove* an equal Majesty.
But for my self his Engineer, I'le stand
above mortality, and with a hand
of power dash all beneath me into dust,
if they but crosse the currant of my lust.
What I but speak, 'tis Oracle and Law,
thus I will rule and keep the world in awe.

Sely. Noble assistant. Enter *Selymus Mesithes.*

Isa. Happy *Selymus*. *Mustapha, Alemehemedes.*

Sely. 'Tis thou must make me so, for should I stay
waiting my Fathers pleasure, I might stand
gazing with envy at my Brothers pride,
my self lying prostrate even beneath their feet.
Towns, Cities, Countries, and what else soever
can give high thoughts content, are freely theirs,
I, only like a spend-thrift of my yeares,
idle my time away, as if some god
had raz'd my name out of the role of Kings,
which if he have, then *Isaack* be thy hand
as great as his, to print it in again,
though *Bajazet* say nay.

Isaack

Isaack. No more: I will;
an Empire be our hopes; that to obtaine
wee'l watch, plot, fight, sweat, and be cold again. *Exeunt*

Actus 3. Scena 4.

Enter Zemes *and* Alexander *Bishop of Rome.*

Bish. Cannot my words add solace to your thoughts?
oh! you are gulft too deep in a desire
of soveraigne pompe, and your high thoughts aspire.
All the unshadowed plainenesse of my life
doth but contract thick wrinckles of mislike
in your Majestick brow, and you distast
morall receipts, which I have ministred
To cool Ambitions Feaver.

Zemes. Pardon Sir,
your holinesse mistakes my malady,
another sickenesse grates my tender brest,
and I am ill at heart: alas I stand
an abject now as well in Natures eye,
as erst I did in Fortunes: is my health
fled with mine honour? and the common rest
of man grown stranger to me in my grief?
some unknown cause hath bred through all my blood
a colder operation, then the juice
of Hemlock can produce: O wretched man!
look down propitious Godheads on my woes.
Phœbus infuse into me the sweet breath
of cheerefull health, or else infectious death.
If there an Angel be whom I have croft
in my tormented boldnesse, and these griefes
are expiatory punishments of sin?
now, now repentance strike quite through my heart
enough of paines, enough of bitter smart
have ty'd me to't. I have already bin
bolted from joy, content can enter in,

not at the open passage of my heart,
I neither hear, nor see, nor feel, nor touch
with pleasure; my vexation is so much,
my grave can only quit me of annoy;
that prevents mischief, which can bring no joy.

Exit.

Bish. Now I could curse what mine own hand hath don,
and wish that he would vomit out the draught
of direful poyson, which infects his blood.
Ambitious fire! why 'tis as clean extinct,
as if his heart were set beneath his feet,
grief hath boil'd out the humours of vain pride,
and he was meer contrition. *Enter a messenger.*
What's the news?

Messer. Zemes, as now he left you pale and wan,
dragging his weake leggs after him, did fall
dead on the stony pavement of the Hall,
not by unhappy chance, but as he walkt,
folding his arms up in a pensive knot,
and railing at his Fate, as if he stag'd
the wounded *Priam*, or some falling King,
so he, oft lifting up his closing eye,
sunk faintly down, groan'd out, I dye, I dye.

Bish. It grieves my soul: let *Bajazet* know this;
could our own shortned life, but lengthen his,
by often sighs I would transfuse my breath
into his breast, and call him back from death. *Exit.*

Actus 3. Scena 5.

Enter *Selymus*, *Mesithes*, *Mustapha*.

Sely Let not my absence steal away my love,
or local distance weaken the respect
which you have ever born me; I must fly

To

to shake the yoake of bondage from my neck:
my Fathers eyes shall not scan out my life
in every action; then when I am gone,
our love like precious mettle shall not crack
in the protraction, but be gently fram'd
into a subtler thinnesse, which shall reach
from either part, not craz'd by any breach.

Mes. Return with ruine painted in thy brow,
pale death triumphant in thy horrid crest,
danger limn'd out upon thy threatning sword,
the Turkish thraldom portrai'd on thy shield,
t'weel meet thee in thy horror, and unfold
our arms as wide as heaven to take thee in.

Sely. We trust you: if there lie unspoken love
hid in your bosoms, we must bury it
in silent farwells.

Musta. Noble Prince adieu,
since thy frank deeds have printed in our hearts
so true a pattern of thee, we will feed
our contemplation with thy memory.
When thou art really departed thus,
a better part of thee shall stay with us. *Exeunt.*

Sely. So the swift wings of flight shall mount me up
above these walls into the open ayr,
and I will towre above thee *Bajazet.*
Farwel soft Court; I have been kept too long
within thy narrow walls, and am new born
to golden liberty; now stretch out you heavens,
spread forth the dewy mantle of the clouds
thou powerful Sun of *Saturn*, and remove
the terminating Poles of the fixt earth,
to entertain me in my second birth.

Enter Isaack Bassa.

Isa. Not yet rid from our wals! Fair Prince take heed,
treason's a Race that must be run with speed.
Æolus beckons, and the flattering winds

joyne all to help our project: quickly hence:
all's full of danger. Did your Father know
Hee'd stop your flight and breath at one deaths blow.
Exit.

Sely Friend I am gone: thou hoary God of Seas,
smooth the rough bosome of thy wrinckled tide,
that my wing'd Boat may gently on it glide.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Bajazet *solus.*

Baja. How the obsequious duty of the world
hangs shivering on the skirts of Majesty,
and smells out all her footsteps! I could yet
never steal leisure to reform my thoughts,
since my pale brow was first hoop'd in with gold,
till this blest hour: and now great *Bajazet*
empty thy breast of her imprison'd joves,
which, like the smothring winds, could with a blast
rip up a passage. I am crown'd in blisse,
plac'd on the rocks of strong security,
without the reach of Fate. Envy shall gnash
and pine at my full pleasures; the soft feet
of labouring ambition shall quite tire,
ere touch the starry-height on which I stand.
Achmetes and his son with my two boyes
are faln, to clear the sun-shine of my joyes,
Achomates I fear not, *Selymus*
lives cag'd within the compasse of mine eye,
all that I doubt is of *Mahomates*,
that blasing star once darkned, I will throw
the luster of my pomp from me, as clear
as if three Suns were orb'd all in one Spheare.
What news brings *Isaack?* *Enter Isaack Bassa.*

Isa. Unwelcome news.

Baja.

Baja. Be quick in the delivery.
Isa Then thus.
Young *Selymus* is fled.
Baja. Fled!
Isa. Fled this night to the Tartarian King.
Baja. Would he had sunk
to the Tartarian deep. *Isaack*, th'art false,
and every hair dependant from thy head
is a twin'd serpent. *Isaack*, I say th'art false,
I read it in thy brow.
Isa. By heaven I am not.
Baja. Come; answer my demands, first, at what time left he the Court?
Isa. I know not.
Baja. Know he is fled,
and know not when he fled! how can this be!
Isa. After our strict enquiry, 'twas our chance
to lite on one that saw him take a ship,
at the next haven.
Baja. On one; bring forth that one, *Exit Isaack.*
i'le sound the depth of these villanies.

Enter Isaack with a dwarf.

What's here?
a barrel rear'd on end upon two feet?
Sirrah, you guts and garbage——did you see
Selymus leave the Court?
Dwarf So please it your——
Baja. Please it! thou monster, are you now so pleasing.
Isa. My Liege hold in your fury: spend not one drop
of your fierce anger, on so base a worm,
keep it entire and whole, within your brest,
that with it's vigor it may crush the bulk
of him whose treasons move it.
Baja. So it shall,
Neptune reine back thy swelling Ocean,
invert the current of thy guilty streames

which further treacherous plots, mild *Æolus*;
(that when a peeviſh goddneſſe did intreat,
ſcattredſt a Trojan Navy through the ſeas:)
now *Bajazet* a Turkiſh Emperor,
bids thee ſend forth thy jarring priſoners
into the ſeas deep bowels: let them raiſe
tempeſts ſhall daſh againſt the firmament
of the vaſt heavens, and in their ſtormy rage,
either confound, or force the veſſel back,
in which the traitor ſayles; now, now begin
or I ſhall think thee conſcious of this ſin.
What would this Monk? *Enter a Monk.*

Monk. Only your bleſſed almes.

Bajazet I'me in a liberal vain——

Monk ſhootes of a dagge at Bajazet; Meſithes, *and* Iſaack, *kill the Monk.*

Traitor I'me ſlain!
I feel the bullet run quite through my ſides.

Iſa. Great *Mahomet* hath kept you ſafe from harm: it never toucht you.

Baja. Oh——I am ſlain!
open the gates of ſweet *Elyſium*,
take in my wounded ſoul: Bring forth that *Monk*,
ile make him my ſouls-harbinger, he ſhall
fore-run my coming and provide a place
amongſt the gloomy banks of *Acheron*,
then ſhall he dwel with me in thoſe black ſhades,
and it ſhall be my bliſs to torture him.

Iſa. Hee's gone already, I have ſent him hence.

Baja. Fly then my ſoul, and nimbly follow him,
he muſt not ſcape my vengeance: *Charon* ſtay,
one waftage will ſerve both, I come away.

Iſa. Let not conceit thus ſteal away your life.

Baja. Me thinks I feel no blood ebbe from my heart, my ſpirits faint but ſlowly.

Iſa. Heare me Sir,

You

You are not wounded.

Baja. Ha! not wonnded!

Isaack. Untoucht as yet:
His quaking hand deceiv'd him of his aim,
and he quite mist your body: here behold
the bullet yet unstain'd with blood.

Baja. Now I believe thee: oh the baleful fate
of Princes, and each eminent estate!
How every precious jewel in a Crown,
charms mad ambition, and makes envy dote
on the bewitching beauty of it's shine!
Indeed proud Majesty is usher'd in
by superstitious awful reverence;
but curst mischiefs follow; and those are
treasons in peace, black stratagems in war.
But wher's the dwarf? *Isaack*, go send him in;
bid bold *Mesithes*, and sage *Mustapha*
quickly attend us. Go. *Exit Isaack.*

Isa. I shall.

Baja. This hour,
hath hatcht a richer project in my brain,
whose wish't event shall strangle envies breath,
and strike ambition dead in every breast.

Enter dwarf.

Sirrha, draw hence the body to the ditch,
whither the filth of the whole City runs,
there overwhelm't in blood; go, quickly doo't:
What dost thou grin, thou visage of an ape?

he striks him.

Dwarf. Ile rather hang my self then endure this.

Baja. Nay, come, be patient and Ile use thee well:
why——'twas a Scepter strook thee, and twill work
diviner operation in thy blood
then thou canst dream of. (pudding

Dwarf. I'de rather be struck cross the teeth with a
then cross the back with a Scepter.

Baja.

Ba. A man would gues so, that over-views the dimen-
But to thy busines. (sions.

he caries out the course.

Enter Bassaes.

Bassaes stand ye round,
Stay: who comes here? sure I should know that stature,
observe him nearely. *Enter Mahomates disguised.*

Bassaes. Tis no Courtier.

Mahom. Mahomates 'tis time to look about,
Selymus fled! *Achomates* ador'd!
My name scarce heard of through the popular streets!
had that unhappy arm of that damn'd Monk,
not staggerd from the mark at which he aim'd,
who ever sent him hither, I had leapt
into the empty throne, and cropt the fruit
budding from treasons root; but Ile return
back to my Province, this unknown disguise,
shall search my Fathers closest policies. *Exit*

Isa. Mahomates disguis'd!

Baja. By heaven 'twas he.
He pryes into my counsels: let it be.
Wee'l forward in our businesse, which being done,
weel cool the hot ambition of each son,
as mine already is, quick moving time
hath cast a snowy whitenesse on my haires,
and frosty age hath quel'd the heat of youth;
mine intellectual eyes, which ever yet
gaz'd on the worlds rich guilded vanities,
are now turn'd inward, and behold within,
dismal confusion of unpardoned sin.
E'r since I first was setled on this Throne,
my cares have clog'd the swiftnesse of the hours,
and wrought a tedious irksomenesse of life,
murders have mask'd the forehead of the Sun
with purple-coloured clouds, and he hath blusht
at the blood-sucking cruelty of state.

There's

There's not one little angle of this Court,
whose guilty wals have not conceal'd a knot
of traitors, squaring out some hideous plot
against my safety; now at last I spie
the dangers of perplexed Majesty.
And were it not for a religious fear
of after-harms, which wretchedly might tear,
and spoyl the body of this Monarchy,
here at this instant would I strike the sayl,
and proud top-gallant of mine eminence,
hurle up my scepter, dis-inthrone my self,
and let the green heads scramble for the Crown.
Age hath taught me a stayder providence
then my rash youth could reach to; I intend
to place this glittering bable, on the head
of some successor, e'r I yet am dead,
So give it out; thereby Ile try the love
and favour of the people: whom they seem
most to affect I'le raise to that esteem.
How do you like the counsel?

Cherf. As we could like
a voice of health sent from the careful gods.
This news will lay the fury of your sons,
and breed low duty in them all, in hope
of the reward propos'd.

Exeunt Bajazet Cherseogles. Manent Mustapha, Isaack, Mesithes, Ashmehemides.

Isa. Awake preventions eyes, we must not sleep
if we would see proud *Bajazet* displac't,
and *Selymus* elated to his height.
Name him the people favours! —— he affects
Ackomates: and knows, the multitude
wrapt with his heavenly wisdom, cry for him,
we must be quick and wary, here are keyes
left, and lay'd up by *Selymus*, that store
shall visit empty, purses and inchaunt

The

the needy sort of men, that the ones wealth,
shall weigh up t'others wisdom in the scale
of their light judgment; lend your best endeavours,
wee'le cross thee *Bajazet*, and thy hopes shall dye
by thine own ill-contrived policy. *Exeunt*

Actus 4. Scena 2.

Enter *Bajazet*, takes *Asmehemedes* by the hand, a Courtier belonging to *Mahomates*.

Baja. Leave us; we would be private with our friend,
'tis thou must doo't sweet *Asmehemedes*:
Mahomates and thou art two neare friends;
he will suspect in others close deceit;
thee, for thy generous vertues he will stand
with obvious embracements to receive
into his bosom; whither when thou art
wound in, be sure to strike him through the heart.
I am offended, 'tis just piety
to sacrifice his body at the shrine
of my displeasure: do it, I am thine.
Asme. Were he as deare to me, as the half part
of mine own body, as the breath I draw;
I'de do this charge: we mortals must obey
when gods command, and Emperors are they. *Exit.*
Baja. So willing to be damn'd! had I adjoyn'd
some vertuous office, surely he would then
have said, that good deeds are not deeds of men.
But let them go; *Mahomates* must dye,
and for my other boy fierce *Selymus*,
the boystrous hand of war must snatch him hence,
my other Son *Corcutus* lives immur'd
within *Minerua's* cloister, thus I clear,
a path through which *Achomates* shall run
up to my throne when all their hopes are done. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus 4. Scena 3.

Enter Achomates.

Acho. The promise was direct and absolute,
to bless my Temples with a sacred Crown,
with protestations of a quick dispatch,
ere his own right were cancelled by fate;
so to cut off all rivals in my joyes.
What intercedent chance hath made his care
so slack in the performance? by heaven, I fear,
delayes will prove delusions of my hopes,
and that home-bred Mercurian *Selymus*
will split the expectation of my blisse:
forefend it *Mahomet*, or I shall be
a sad revenger of indignitie.
How now! What speaks this bold intrusion?

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Health to *Achomates* from *Bajazet.*

Acho. From *Bajazet*! unfold thy welcome newes;
How fares our Noble Father?

Messen. In full health:
and wills you thus by me, to muster up
your surest forces: and with moderate hast,
repair unto the Court, where you shall find
employments worthy of a valorous mind.

Acho. To muster arms! can'st thou surmise the cause?

Messen. With confidence I dare not; but tis said,
against that haughty Noble *Selymus*,
who of the *Tartar* King implored ayd,
to an uncertain end: himself gives out
to fight with *Hungary*, and stretch the bounds
of the old Turkish regiment: But fame
with panting voice bids *Bajazet* beware,
and whispers in his eare, he is the foe,

proud

Proud *Selymus* intends to overthrow.

Acho. Enough, regreet our Father with our love;
tell him we shall not sleep to his command;

Exit.

Fly nimbly back. Dares the audacious boy
trouble the world with his tempestuous arms?
Ile chastise him with iron whips of war,
if either strength or stratagems will serve
to spoyl the gaudy plumes of his high crest,
Il'e use the strongest violence of both;
I am swoln big with hate, and I could break
untimely passage with a wholesom stab
to vent the monster strangled in my womb.
Father I come, he that detaines a Crown
bequeath'd to me, must thunder-strike me down.

Enter Corcutus.

Corcu. Buzzing reports have pierc't my study walls,
and clog'd my meditations airy wings,
by which I mount above the moving spheares
and search the hidden closets of the heaven,
I cannot live retir'd, but I must hear
mine own wrongs sounded in my troubled eare:
What! will my father falsifye that oath;
In which he vow'd successions right to me?
When I resign'd my honours up to him,
he deeply swore, when the usurping Sun
of his bright-shining royalty had run
It's compleat course through the whole heaven of state,
and fainting dropt into the Western lapse;
my brightness next should throw it's golden beames,
upon the worlds wide face, and over-peer
the dusky clouds of hidden privacy:
and shall *Achomates* succeed! Shall he
shine in the spangled robes of Majesty?
then *Bajazet* is false, let it be so
I am secur'd from a huge masse of woe.

Yet

Yet Ile toth' Court, that when *Achomates*
shall spie mee, and remember but my due,
'twill staine his lustre with a blushing hue.

Enter Bajazet, Cherseogles.

Baja. My cares are grown too great to be compriz'd
within the narrow compasse of my brest,
Vice-roy of *Greece*, Ile powre into thy heart
part of my secrets; which being entred in,
locke them as close up, as thou wouldst a sinne
committed, yet not knowne: I must impart
things worth thy faithfull silence.

Cherf. Worthy Sir,
by the inclosure of my soule I sweare —

Baja. Ile not heare out thine oath, in briefe, 'tis thus;
the *Bassaes* are all false, and love not us;
Nor doth my brain-sicke fury prompt me thus,
I read it in their gestures, conventicles,
actions, and counsells, my suspitious eye
hath found a great breach in their loyalty.

Cherf. Surely this cannot bee.

Bajazet. By —— 'tis true,
each man that guards mine honour is my foe;
Ile shake these splendent robes of Majesty
from my ore-burden'd shoulders, and to ease
my selfe, bequeath them to *Achomates.*

Cherse. Achomates?

Baja. Even he, unlesse the voyce
Of the whole Citie interdict my choice.

Enter Isaacke, Mesithes, Mustapha.

Cherse. Here comes the *Bassaes*,
sure I see bad newes
pourtrayed on the Index of their fronts.

Baja. Bad newes? We have out-liv'd good dayes too long;
we can expect no other: come, unclaspe
volumes of miscieses, and make deafe my eares
with an infused multitude of cares.

Bassaes. Young *Selymus* hath croſt *Danubius* floud,
and ſeiz'd upon the Provinces of *Thrace*,
and with a Navie plow'd the Euxine Sea, (full noiſe
Baja. Peace bellowing night-ravens; with how cheere-
their puffing lungs croke out the balefull note?
Are theſe the warres 'gainſt *Hungary*? You powers
of heaven, bruſh off your cloddy patience;
If you but winke at theſe notorious crimes,
I'le ſay you dare not check our ſtubborne times.
Well, as yet I'le make uſe of his pretence.
Vize-roy of *Greece*, beare you this Embaſſie
to that ſuſpected Traytor *Selymus*;
Tell him, the warres 'gainſt the *Hungarian* foe
are full of dangers, and approved harmes;
never attempted by our Anceſtors,
without repulſe or damage; bid him diſmiſſe
his rough Tartarian youths: then if he ſtand
Unmov'd and ſtiffe, feigne vengeance is at hand:
make thy beſt ſpeed.
Cherſe. I ſhall. Twill be well done
to reconcile a Father and a Sonne, *Exit.*
Baja. Thought he tumultuous uprores could deſerve
the favours of his Prince? h'as troad awry,
and miſt the path that leades to Majeſtie.
Theſe bright Imperious ornaments ſhall grace
no rebell-monſter, nor baſe runne-away;
my reſolution's firme, it ſhall not be.
Baſſaes, this day an Herauld ſhall proclaime
in the worlds eare, my great ſucceſſours name,
are you content?
Baſſaes. We are.
Bajaz. Call forth an Herauld.
Iſuak. As our alleageance bindes us wee'le obey.
Exit Muſtapha, calls in an Herauld.
But what we grant, the Souldiers will gaine-ſay. *Aſide:*
Thou ſhalt not thrive in this, I dare be bold,

my

my golden hookes hove ta'ne a faster hold.

Baja. Herauld,
be my loud Eccho, ratifie my deede,
and say *Ackomates* shall next succeede.

Herauld. Bajazet the second by the appointment of our great Prophet *Mahomet*, the onely Monarch of the World, a mighty God on earth, an invincible *Cæsar*, King of all Kings, from the East unto the West, Governour of *Greece*, Sultan of *Babylon*, Soveraigne of *Persia* and *Armenia*, triumphant Tutor of *Jerusalem*, Lord possessour of the Sepulcher of the Crucified God, subverter and sworne enemie of the Christians, and of all that call upon Christ, proclaimeth *Achomates* his second son next and immediate successour. *An alarm of Trumpets*

Within. None but *Bajazet*, none but *Bajazet*.

Bajaz. By heaven, they are corrupted: none but I?
'Tis no love borne to me that moves this cry.

Mesith. Great *Bajazet*, the cause why they deny
this just proposall, riseth from an use
and customary licence long observ'd;
to wit, when their crown'd Emperour is dead,
the interpos'd vacation is a time
of lawlesse freedome: then they dare to spoile
the Jewish Merchants of their traffick wares,
and prey upon all strangers: so that should
your Honour be conferr'd upon your sonne
Whilst you your self yet breath, then should they lose
their long expected gaines; therefore refuse
what you propos'd.

Bajaz. If that be all the cause,
wee'le give them such a Kingly donative
as doubly shall buy out those ill-got spoiles:
five hundred thousand Duckats, if they please
with my free choise to crowne *Achomates*,
Proclaim'd to be their due. *A flourish of Trumpets.*

Herauld. Bajazet the second, by the appointment of our great Prophet *Mahomet*, &c. proclaimeth, that hee'le attribute five hundred thousand Duckats, if you yeeld alleageance to *Achomates* his successor.

Trumpets sound againe.

Within. None but *Bajazet*, none but *Bajazet.*

Baja. Achomates I sent for, how hee'le digest
these grosse illusions, I may justly feare:
by this I had discourag'd *Selymus*,
and kill'd his hopes; by this I had cut off
the growth of hate, and choked discords seed. *Exit.*

Enter Mustapha with a Messenger to the other Bassaes.

Mustaph. Beare this to *Selymus* with thy best care.

Mesith. And this. *Give him Letters.*

Isaack. And this: fly, let thy winged speed
return a sudden answer, else we bleed.

Actus 4. Scena 5.

Enter Selymus, Tartarian King, Attendants.

Tartar. Goe on brave Prince; Lead on thy marshal'd troups,
degrade the Turkish Monarch, let him faint
at the deepe wounds which thy revengefull hand
shall print upon the bosome of his land.
Goe on; Me thinks I see *Victoria* sit
triumphant on thy steely Burganet.

Exit Tartarian King.

Selym. Farewell: now I will meete thee *Bajazet*,
with a careere as free as if Heavens *Jove*
had bid me goe: Bespeake the stoutest gods
to take thy part; tell them that thou must meete
a *Selymus*, who when the warres are done,

will

will scale the Forts and Castles of the Sunne,
breake up the brazen gates of *Acheron*,
and bury Nature with the world together.
Captaines leade on; Now shall the sword and fire
by publique ruines crowne my just desire.
Sleepe *Hungary*, I'le not breake off thy rest
with the unwelcome Musick of my Drummes;
I'le turne the edge of my revengefull sword
upon the bosome of my native soyle;
There dwels the motive of my Tragick **wars**,
whose ruthlesse sad Catastrophe shall wound
posterity in us: Infants shall mourne
over their Fathers tombs as yet unborne.
But who comes here? I'le meete him.
Noble Vize-roy. *Enter Cherseogles.*

Cherseo. Peace and health to *Selymus*. (can see

Selym. Health, but not peace, whilst yonder light
mortalls, whom Turkish force could ne're subdue.

Cherseo. Yet what if *Bajazet*, our honour'd Lord,
bid you roule up those flaxen signes of warre,
and sheath the sword drawne forth against his foe?
when duty sayes obey, what shall say no?

Selym. My courage, and a proud contempt of all
corrivall Nations, could send back a no,
able to fright a Parlament of gods;
It could so: but if *Bajazet* gaine-say,
my plumy valour flags, my thoughts give way.

Cherse. Then thus; he wills you to discard your force,
and send the black Tartarians to their home;
withall averring, the Hungarian foe
(against whose power you have summon'd Armes)
is full of strength and power, ne're oppos'd
without the bitter downefall of our side.
Nor would the worlds great Monarch *Bajazet*,
empaire his fame so much, as to be said,
he tam'd a Foe by Tartars borrowed ayd.

Sel. Ha! I am vilely non-pluſt. Courteous Vize-roy,
returne our duty back to *Bajazet*,
even in the humbleſt termes wit can invent;
tell him, he hath a ſonne of that high ſpirit,
as doth deteſt a cowardly retreat.
Were all the dead *Heroes* of our foes,
All that are now, and all that are to come
met in one age, I'de face them drum to drum.
Bid our deare Father be ſecure of me
and my proceedings: then true valour ſhines
moſt bright, when buſied in the great'ſt deſignes.
Is not this anſweer faire?

Cherſ. Moſt true: and yet
'twill prove diſtaſtfull.

Selym. No, it cannot be:
If there be too much valour in this breſt,
blame him that plac't it there, even *Bajazet.*
My vertues and my bloud are both deriv'd
from his firſt influence, and I muſt either hate
diſgraceſull calumn's, or degenerate.

Cherſ. All this I'le tell your Father; yet hee'le reſt
as much unſatisfied as at the firſt,
he will expect the head-ſtrong pride of youth
ſhould ſtrike low ſayle to his grave providence.

Selym. And ſo it ſhall: ſay Vize-roy, I obey,
and reverence his counſell more, then feare
an hoſt of armed foes: tell him I'le come
to his Court gates with neither man nor drum.

Cherſer. I'le tell it him with joy, which when he heares,
hee'le be disburden'd of a thouſand feares. *Exit.*

Selym. Remember my juſt duty: 'tis no matter,
I will retaine that till I come my ſelfe.
I am not out-reach'd yet by all theſe trickes;
my hopes are farther ſtrong, I'le to the Court
with a cloſe march, in no ſubmiſſive ſort,
and ſteale upon them: Inſtantly I goe

to

to meete my Father, but a subtill foe.

As he goes out, a Messenger meetes him, gives him the Letters.

Messen. Good health to *Selymus.*

Selym. Good health! From whom?

Messen. Isaack, Mesithes, Mustapha salute you.

Selym. Those good *Trium-viri*, what is't they speake?

Opens the Letters; Reads the first.

1. [To feede on hopes is but a slender dyet.]
'Tis short, but full of weight: To feede on hope
is but a slender diet! Let it be. *descants*
I'le mend my table, though no feast with me.

Reades the second.

2. [Faire opportunity is bald behind.]
'Tis true indeed, *Mesithes.* Never feare,
I'le twist my fingers in her golden haire.
What speakes the third? 'This writes more at large,
and comments on the prefixt principalls.

Reades the third.

3. [Your Father did proclaim who should succeed;
Publique denialls nullified his deede;
Your hast will be convenient; things concurre
to blesse your hopes. Fate bids you not demur.]
Yours *Isaack* Bassa

Isaack, I am thine,
and come to finish up our great designe. *Exit.*

Actus 4. Scena 6.

Enter Achomates *solus.*

Achom. Unquiet anguishments and jealous feare
fly from my thoughts, like night before the Sunne:
I'me lifted to the highest Spheare of joy,
My top invelopt in the azure cloud,

and ſtarry rich habiliments: my feete
ſet rampant on the face of Natures pride;
The rareſt worke weav'd by her handmayd Art
clothes my ſoft pleaſures; I'm as great as *Jove*,
Onely I rule below, he raignes above.
Oh! the unſpoken beauty of a Crowne,
whoſe empty ſpeculation mounts my ſoule
up to an heavenly Paradiſe of toughts!
Father, I come, that thou may'ſt crowne my head,
whilſt apprehenſive reaſon ſtands amaz'd,
amidſt the bliſfull ſhades of ſweet conceit.
Then I'le call back my wandring intellect
from dreames, and thoſe imaginary joyes;
I'le teach my ſoule to twine about a Crowne,
to ſweat in raptures, to fill up a Throne
with the bigge-ſwelling lookes of Majeſtie;
I'le amble through a pleaſures Labyrinth,
and wander in the path of happineſſe,
as the true object of that faculty.
Great *Bajazet*, I come. Thou muſt deſcend
from Honours high Throne, and put off thy right
to build me up an heaven of choice delight. *Exit.*

Actus 4. Scena 7.

Enter Meſithes, Muſtapha, Iſaack.

Meſith. The Emperour begins to ſmell deceit;
I know by his ill lookes and ſparkling eye
that he affects us not.

Muſta. I doubt as much.
Young *Selymus* ha's wrong'd our loyalty
in his ſo ſlack proceedings; we were raſh
and indiſcreetly-forward in conſent,
when we joyn'd on to raiſe his government.

Iſaack.

Isaack. Peace, 'tis too late to chide at what is done,
we have so deepely waded in the streames
of those procellous plots, nor can revoke
repentant footsteps, or securely creepe
back to the Throne of safety: 'tis now good
to venture on, and swim quite through the flood.
Here comes the Emperour. *Enter* Bajazet *and* Asmehemedes

Baja. Attend us Bassaes.
Ar't sure hee's dead?

Asm. *Mahometes* is dead.
There's nothing moving of him but his soule,
and that robd of his body by this hand.

Baja. Enough. That soule revives to see him dead
that wrong'd the body; Oh! my bloudy heart,
Must in his frenzy act an horrid part.
Follow thy Prince to hell. *Stabs him.*

Asmeh. To death! Oh divellish ingratitude:
I'm slaine. I dye. *Moritur.*

Baja. And justly: would each foe
and Traytor to my state were thwarted so.
Bassaes, convay this hated body hence,
the sight of that damn'd villaine moves offence:
They carry him out.
Now pause a while my soule, and reckon up
what obstacles are yet to be remov'd.
Achomates must stay the peoples leasure.
Corcutus dally with *Minervaes* Nimphes.
The last and worst, proud *Selymus* shall dye.
Thus I le compose a firme security.

Enter Bassaes *with* Cherseogles.

Baja. Arriv'd already, noble *Cherseogles?*
You'r carefull in our cause: but speake the news
from our pert Souldier. What meanes *Selymus*!

Cherseo. To track the path backward from whence he came,
to strip himselfe of martiall ornaments, and

and to fill up the duty of a Sonne,
come visite you in low submission.

Baja. These are too fairely promis'd, to be meant,
ambition hath already chain'd his soule
too surely in the captive bonds of pride,
then that he now should cloath his stately hopes
in the plaine sordid weedes of penitence;
He doth but varnish o're some treacherous plot
in this smooth answer: come, wee'le leade along
to our Imperiall seat of *Constantine*,
that's strongly fortified, we need not feare
the weake attempts an home-bred foe can dare.

Exeunt Bajazet *and* Cherseogles.

Mesith. Ha! we are sweetly plung'd, if cold despaire
benumme his youthfull courage, and he faint.

Mustaph. Would I were fairely rid of all these cares.

Isaack. Dejected Cowards: are you not asham'd
thus to give up the goale of dignity
to heartlesse feare? Here comes the Messenger.
What newes from *Selymus*?

Messen. Even nothing certaine:
ambiguously he promis'd to be here
as soone as I.

Mesith. I'st even so?

Musta. We are quite dash't —— undone.

Isa. Lift up your downe-cast spirits. Who comes here?

Enter Selymus.

Mesith. Who? *Selymus*?

Musta. Where? sweete *Isaack*, doe not tell him,
that we were sending forth faith's latest breath.

Isaac. Enough, I will not. Happy *Selymus*.

Bassaes Long live great *Selymus*.

Sely. We thanke you friends:
Your care hath fostered up our infant hopes
beyond the pitch of expectation.
We heare that *Bajazet* is going now

from

from hence to *Constantinople*; my men
ie closely ambusht in the middle way,
close by a ruinous city, there expect
a sudden on-set; but till then farewell,
When we meete next, our ensignes wav'd on high,
shall shine like Meteors blazing in the skie. *Exit*

Isaac. Fortunes best care goe with thee.

Mesith. Brave boy, y'faith.

Musta. I shall adore him whilest I breath for this.

Isaac. Againe in heart?
Let's follow *Bajazet*, come lads, away,
the sunne of all his glory sets this day. *Exeunt*

Enter Selymus with souldiers.

Selym. Come on, the honored youth of *Tartary*,
my brothers, and joynt-sharers of my woe,
draw forth the weapons of inflam'd revenge
against this horrid monsters Tyranny;
I seeme like *Romes* great *Cæsar*, when, oppreſt
with *Pompeys* grating malice, he led forth
his noble French-men through the snowy Alpes.
I have my *Curio Isaack* in the Court,
and *Cherseogles*, like grim *Catoes* ghost,
soothes the rough humour of fierce *Bajazet*.
These mens examples, were we faint and loath,
would set sharpe spurs unto our slow pac'd wrath,
and whet our dull-edg'd anger: but I see
in your smooth brow perfect alacrity.
We stand to thwart the passage of a fiend,
through whose wide yawning throat hath coasted downe
the blood of Princes, in continuall streames;
ha's fed and pamper'd up his appetite
with the abhorr'd destruction of his owne,
and glutted on the blood of innocents.
Stood wee like marble statues in his way,
and had no use of policy and wit,
our Irefull Prophet *Mahomet* would send

sense,

ſenſe, life, and valour through our ſtony joynts,
that we might ruinate this gaſtly bore,
made by ſome helliſh fury to confound
the order of this wondred Univerſe.
Ile grapple with the monſter, hee's at hand;
If you ſtand firme, the Common Wealth may bee
a ſlave to *Bajazet*; but Ile live free.

Enter *Bajazet*, *Cherſeogles*, *Iſaack*, *Meſithes*, *Muſtapha*.

Baja. No Drumme nor Trumpet hath diſturb'd the (ayre,
within the reach of mine attention.
Iſaac. And I admire it; 'twere a miracle
if that ambitious boy intend no harme.
Omnes. What noyſe is that?
A confuſed noyſe of exclamation within, arme, arme, arme.
Soldiers. Helpe *Bajazet*, the vauntgard's almoſt ſlaine;
the *Tartars* lay in ambuſh.
Baja. What? ſo neere?
Set up our ſtandard, Ile give battell here;
hang out defiance, ſcorne, and proud contempt
write in the blood-red colours of your plumes:
ſummon our Army *Enter a drum*
from theſe skirmiſhes,
ſpeake out the traitors doome in thine alarmes.
Thought he to daunt our courage?

Drum ſounds. Enter ſouldiers ſeverally, dropping in ſweating, as from fight.

Valiant ſouldiers,
when I behold the manner of this warre,
when treaſon copes with awfull Majeſty,
a graceleſſe ſonne, with his owne aged Sire,
me thinks to bid you fight, were full as vaine
as to bid heavy clouds fall downe in raine:

but

but when I view the Chaos of the field,
and wild confusion striking valour dead,
I cald you, not (as Captaines doe to boyes)
to read a lecture of encouragement;
but that your ancient vertue may be showne
in this my last defence: I wish to dye
reveng'd, that death sorts best with Majesty.

Drums sounding; A confused noyse, with clashing of armour. Excurrunt Bajazet, and Selymus.

Baja. Selymus?
Selym. Bajazet?
Baja. Jove lend me but a minutes patience.
Unnaturall sonne!
Selymus. Uncharitable Father!
Baja. Father? My sword shall hew that title off;
and cut in twaine kindreds continued line,
by which thou canst derive thy blood from mine.
Abortive monster——thou first breath of sin,
we had but slender shadows of offence,
till thou creptst forth to the offended light,
the very masse, and stocke of villanie.
Crimes in all others, are but thy influence.
Nature ha's planted viprous crueltie
In thy darke breast, the scandall of her workes,
her error, and extract perfection
of vices; the first well-head of bad things
from whence the world of ills draw their weake springs.
Sel. Then heare me speake too: you have bin to me
no Father, but a sowre Pedanticke wretch;
one that with frosty precepts striv'd to kill
the flaming heate of my ambitious youth,
as vainely as to strangle fire with straw:
you sit so dayly hovering on your Throne,
as if you'l'd hatch new Monarchies to feed

the

the hungry gulfe of your unbridled pride;
Y'ave surfeited on titles, y'ave ingrost
honor, you are the moth of eminence,
and liberall fortunes answered your desires;
You had deflow'rd th'infinitie of Crownes
With your adulterate ambition;
Y'are Soveraignties horse-leach, and have spild
the blood of State, to have your owne veines fild.

Baja. Hold, hold thy venom'd tongue, if there be hid
more of this kind un-uttred, Ile rip up
thy full fraught bosome, and to save mine eare,
mine eyes shall overview what I'le not heare.
Darst thou fight, Traitor?

Selym. Dare I be call'd a King?
Dare I unsheath my sword, or gather might?
If I dare ought of these, I dare to fight.

Baja. Guard thee, I'de not omit the sweete desire
and pleasure of revenge, were heaven my hyre.

They fight, Selymus is beaten off, Bajazet pursues, reenters at another doore.

The slave has scap't the power of my wrath;
midst the dissever'd troups of scattered foes
I lost him in a smoky cloud of dust,
so thicke as if the tender Queene of Love,
had wrapt her brat *Æneas* from my sight.

Enter Isaak, Mesithes, Mustapha.

Isaak. Joy to my Liege, of his last victory.

Mesith. The bold Tartarians flew like fearefull Harts
before the hunters rage.

Baja. So let them fly;
heaven raine downe vengeance on their cursed heads;
it is our honour that the frighted slaves
owe their lives deerest safeties to their heeles.

Enter a Dwarfe

How now, whence come you?

Dwar.

Dwar. From yonder hay-ricke, Sir.
Baja. Didst thou see *Selymus* when he fled the field?
Dwar. No indeed, I was two farre crept in.
Baja. O you are brave attendants.
Let's forward in our journey; these affaires
Achomates must know; his golden wish
the people have delayd; perhaps heele frowne,
and trample filiall duty under feete
as this hath done: but let them storme their fill
Vertue's not shipwrackt in a sea of ill.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter Achomates alone, with a bloody sword in his hand.

Achom. An honour'd Legate, an Ambassadour!
as if that title, like *Medæas* charme,
could stay the untam'd spirit of my wrath!
Had he bin sent a messenger from heaven,
and spoke in thunder to the slavish world;
If he had roar'd one voice, one syllable
crosse to my humour, I'de a searcht the depth
of his unhallowed bosome, and turnd out
his heart, the prophane seate of sawcy pride.
Slaine an Ambassador! no lesse! 'tis done,
and 'twas a noble slaughter, I conceive
a joy ineffable to see my sword
bath'd in a blood so rare, so precious
as an Ambassadours: must we be told
of times delayes, and opportunities?
that the base souldier hath gaine-sayd our blisse?

Thought

Thought *Bajazet* his ſon ſo cold, ſo dull,
ſo innocently blockiſh, as to heare
an Embaſſie moſt harſh and groſſely bad?
the people to deny me! We contemne
with ſtrange defiance *Bajazet*, and them.

Actus 5. Scena 2.

Enter Iſaacke, Meſithes, Muſtupha.

Meſith. Miſchiefe on miſchiefe, all our hopes are dead,
ſlaine in the hapleſſe fall of *Selymus*.

Muſt. I thinke the divells fought for *Bajazet*,
and all the infernall haggs; how could he elſe
with a confuſed army, and halfe ſlaine,
breake the well-ordered ranks of a ſtrong foe?

Meſith. And unexpected too? — Now *Iſaacke*! what!
Sadly repenting for thy laſt miſdeeds!
Plots and conſpiracies againſt thy Prince!
Faith we muſt hang together ——

Iſaack. Good *Meſithes*,
'tis nothing ſo: they ſay, *Achomates*,
diſdaining to be mockt out of his hopes,
and moſt deſired poſſeſſion of the Crowne,
ha's in contempt of *Bajazet* and all,
ſlaine the Ambaſſador, and vowes revenge
on every guilty agent in his wrong.

Muſtaph. I lookt for that, and therefore firſt ſhranke back,
when *Bajazet* made choyce of one to ſend
on ſuch a thankleſſe errand as that was.

Meſ. Grant the report be true: what's that to us?

Iſa. Fame in mine eare nere blab'd a ſweeter tale;
this ſhall redeeme our low dejected hopes
to their full height. No more; be it my charge,
to chooſe out the event ——Whats this comes here?

Muſtaph.

Musta. Upon my life, the body of the slain Ambassador.

Enter the Ambassadors followers With the dead body.

Mesi. 'Tis so.

Isa. We greet you friends,
and your sad spectacle.

Followers. Tis sad enough
to banish peace and patience from each breast
that owes true loyalty to *Bajazet.*

Isa. And so it shall; lay down the injur'd corps.
Achomates ha's wrong'd his Fathers love
too grosly, in the murder even of him
that bore his sacred person, and should stand
inviolably honor'd by the law
of men and nations.
But here comes *Bajazet.*

Enter Bajazet and Cherseogles.

Baja. A tragick spectacle! Whose trunk is this?

Follow. The body of your slain Ambassador.

Baja. Slain! by what curs'd violence? what slave durst touch the man that represented me?

Follow. Achomates.

Baja. Achomates!

Follow. The same:
Highly displeas'd with the unexpected newes
of a denyal from the peoples mouth,
his reason slipt in fury and contempt,
hath thus abus'd your gracious Majesty.
Withall, he threatned to maintain this sin
with force of armes, and so resolv'd to win
your Crown, without such tarriance——

Baja. Oh! no more,
I am unfortunate in all my blood.
Hath he thus guerdon'd my fair promises,
my daily sweat and care to further him,

and fix him in the Paradise of joy ?
Nations cry out for vengeance of this fact,
I'le scourge this black impiety to hell.
Muster our forces to the utmost man;
once more I'le bury this my aged corps
In steely armour, and my coloured crest
like a bright star shall sparkle out revenge
before the rebels faint amazed eyes.
Lose not a minute; *Bassaes* hence, be gone,
muster our men, stay not; that from the tide
of our fierce wrath, no drop may ebb away
by causeless lingering.

Must. Whom speak you, General?

Baja. Whom but my self? whom doth the cause concern more nearly then my self?

Isa. My honoured Liege,
bear your best care about you; 'tis a time
of double danger; but remove the one,
the other straight call'd forward: *Selymus*,
great in the favour of Tartaria's King,
is man'd afresh with souldiers; his assault
threatnes as much as fierce *Achomates*,
and must be born off with your ablest forces;
then if you leave the City to subdue
one of these two, expect e're you return,
tother possest and seated on your throne.

Baja. Distraction rends my soul: what shall I do?

Isa. Force out one nayl with tother of these two,
chuse him you most affect, and best dare trust,
allure him farely home, wink at his crimes,
and then create him your high General,
to lead against his brother: since your self
cannot at once oppresse two foes so stout,
trie if one heate can drive another out.

Baja. Isaack, we like thy counsel: but of these,
which can we pardon? either so deboist,

so

so guilty of rebellion, so divorc'd
from pious loyalty, that my soul even both
with bitter hatred equally may loath.

Isa. First weigh their faults, the one a brain-sick youth,
endeavour'd to supplant your Majesty;
the other in defiance and contempt
of God and man, prophan'd the holy rites
of an Ambassador.

Mesi. For which dire fact,
should it slip up unpunished, the name,
the feareful name of *Bajazet* would prove
the subject of each libel, and the scoffe
of petty Princes.

Baja. Enough; we have decreed
Achomates shall quake beneath the stroke
of our fierce anger. *Isaack*, speed away
to *Selymus*, he shall confront the slave,
the best of two so bad; go,—stay,—yet go,
'tis hard when we beg succour of a foe:
Begg! stay again——first will I drop before
the sword of proud *Achomates*;——goe——tell him,
upon his low submission we will daigne
to make him Champion to his Soveraigne.

Exit Isaack.

Enter Corcutus *to his Father.*

My deare *Corcutus* welcome.

Corcu. Royall Father. *Kneeles.*

Baja. Arise thou onely solace of mine age:
it was a night of harmlesse innocence,
of peace and rest, in which kinde nature laid
thee in thy mothers womb: Right vertuous boy,
how hast thou liv'd untainted with the breath
of that infectious vice, Rebellion!

Corcut. Right noble Father, 'tis a faithful rule
in moral rites, that who desires a good,
and most suspects his right to it, is bold

and turbulent, and eager in pursuit;
whereas the man to whom this good is due,
rests happily contented, till time fit
Crown him in the possession of his wish.

Baja. Well moraliz'd: I understand thee, Boy,
my grant shall melt thy prayers in ful joy.

Exeunt.

Actus 5. Scena. 3.

Enter Selymus and Souldiers.

Sely. Once more (in hope to gain, and fear to lose
a Crown and Kingdom) we have march'd thus neare
the seat of a dread Emperor, to try
the chance of war, or resolutely die.
Feare no crosse blow, for with this hand I move
the wheele of Fate: and each successe shall run
even with our pleasures, till our hopes are spun
up to their ful perfection: this dayes light
that looks so chearfully, shall see as bright
a sit, my crown and glory. *Makes a stand.*

As they march on, enter Isaack Bassa.

What stranger's this? my blessed *Genius* haunts me.
Isaack! I take thee in with open love.
What speaks thy Presence?

Isa. Good newes to *Selymus*.

Sely. From whom?

Isa. From *Bajazet*.

Sely. 'Tis strange, if good.

Isa. And full as good as strange. March quickly hence,
I'le tell you as we walk; if constant Chance
smile on our project, e're this Sun go down,
we may salute you with a glorious Crown.

Sely. I follow even to death. Grand *Mars* to thee
I'le build an Altar, if thou prosper me. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus 5. Scena 4.

Entir Achomates and Souldiers.

Acho. Revenge my black impiety; each brow
seemes with a scornful laughter to deride
those empty Menaces of *Bajazet.*
And *Bajazet* is not our Father now,
sith he hath wrong'd the duty of a Son;
but a scorn'd Enemy, whose prostrate soul
shall make a step by which I will ascend
up to the radiant throne of heavenly State,
if you but lend your help and free consent.

Souldiers. Lead us along the mysty banks of hell,
through Seas of danger, and the house of death,
we are resolv'd to follow, one by one
to second each step of *Achomates.*

Acho. This resolution is as great as just,
continue it brave spirits: he's a slave,
that having sinn'd, dares not defend his sin.
The world shall know I dare: For though our cause
be wrong, yet wee'l make good the breach of laws.

Exeunt.

Actus 5. Scena 5.

Enter Bajazet and Corcutus.

Cor. Would I had slept with *Trizham*, and that hand
that strangled *Mahomet* had stopt my breath,
rather then live to see my selfe thus wrong'd.

Baja. Despaire not sweet *Corcutus*, what I promis'd,
I'le keep most true, and here again I vow
when I am dead, this honour to thy brow.

I have call'd home that rebel *Selymns*,
only to tame a Traytor: And that done,
we have no other heire, no other son
beside *Corcutus*, to whose free command
we do bequeath the duty of this land.

Enter Mesithes and Mustapha.

Is *Isaack* not return'd?

Mesi. My Liege, he is.

Musta. And *Selymus* with him.

Baja. Let them approach.

Enter Selymus and Isaack, as they enter speak.

Isa. Let your high spirit shrink below it self
in a dissembled shew of penitence.

Sely. Tush, I can bow, as if my joynts were oyld,
and tumble at his feet.

Isa. Practise your skill.

Selymus fals at Bajazets feet.

Baj. Lesse shew, and more good meaning, *Selymus*,
Arise: these crouching feates, give slender proofes
of inward loyalty.

Sely. Right noble Father,
mine expedition to avenge your cause
upon the head of proud *Achomates*,
be my just trial.

Baj. Hast then: May thy arm
by breathless treason raise up a full joy,
and turn that monster back unto the earth
from whence it leapt. A most prodigious birth!

Sely. We flie to the performance; who both dare
and will correct his boldnesse: now we tread
the path to honour, and methinks I heare
the peoples *Vivat* Eccho in mine eare.

Exit Selymus with the Bassaes.

Baj. New insolence: The Bassaes slipt away!
How the obsequious villaines honour him,
as if he were their Godhead!

Cher.

Cherseogles. I suspect
some plotted mischief, else they durst not leave
your person thus unguarded.

Baja. Plot and hang.
We weigh not all their treasons at a straw,
one must not rule too long, 'tis subjects law.

Exeunt.

Passe over the stage Bassaes and Souldiers carrying Selymus aloft, and crying out, Long live Selymus, Vivat *Selymus, Magnificent Emperor of the Turks.*

Exeunt.

Enter Bajazet and Cherseogles.

Baja. Hell and the furies vex their damned souls.
What people? Ha! what Nation is't we live in?
Is't our State and Monarchy? Good gods,
two Emperors at once! Live *Selymus*?
Can slavish vassals thus supplant their Prince?
What's this enshrines my head? a type for fooles
to flear at, a divided ornament!
Faile not my sense and courage, let me live
to finde my self again. Vize-roy of *Greece*,
didst thou not see a *Bajazet* withdraw
and vanish hence? tell thou most faithful man,
what is become of that forgetful name?
or who hath stole it from me? *Selymus*!
Oh that damn'd villaine with his treacherous plot,
hath rob'd me of that glory, Death of sense:
I have a soul of Adamant or Steel,
else had that hated noise reft it in twain.

Enter Mesithes.

What art thou? or whence com'st thou?

Mesi. From a Prince.

Ba. Yet I believe thee.

Mesi. From thine enemy.

Ba. Yet I believe thee.

Mesith. From the Emperour.

Baja. And I beleeve thee ſtill; yet ſlave, thou lieſt,
theſe parts muſt know no Emperour but me,
unleſſe baſe uſurpation hath ſtept up
unto my chaire of honour. Right, 'tis ſo:
'tis ſo indeed. Wel then, what wil your Emperour?

Mesi. That by my hand you yeeld him up his crown.

Baja. Traytor, his crown? ſo: now I am reſolv'd.
I have forgone my ſelfe, elſe had this hand
tore out thy ſpottedheart, and that one word
of yeelding, had been cauſe enough to ſpoyle
thee and thy generation. Heartleſſe ſlave,
why ſneak'ſt thou from our preſence? ſtay, behold,
here I commend this gorgeous ornament,
theſe trappings to thy Emperour, as full
beſtead with curſes as my heart with woes,
that it my clogge his eares, and vex his head
with daily terrours. Hence thy prince is ſped.

Exit Mesithes.

Vize-roy of *Greece*, to thee our laſt farewell,
thou worthieſt, trueſt, beſt deſerving man
that ever made us happy: if thy faith
reſpect me, not my fortune, do this charge,
fly to *Achomates*, and rather aide
him then this faithleſſe Baſtard *Selymus*,
the ſcandall of our race, the mark for heaven
to ſhoot revenge. But all in vaine,
I ſtrive to word away my inward paine.

Cherseo. Nor this, nor that I'le favour; may I ſpeed,
Bajazet ſhall live to ſee both bleed. *Exit.*

Baja. Maske up thy brightheſſe *Phœbus*; lovely night,
hurle thy thick mantle over all the heavens,
let this black day for ever be forgot
in the eternall regiſters of time:
which of you ſacred powers are not aſham'd
to ſee a Prince ſo ſinfully abus'd

by

by his owne iſſue, and unreveng'd ?

Enter Selymus *and Baſſaes.*

But ſtand we, who comes here? a face of braſſe,
elſe would it bluſh : now, thou Saturnine *Jove*,
thou God of great men, thunder, that the world
drench'd all in ſin, may ſhake and feare that noiſe,
that horrid ſcourge of villanies.

Sely. Father !

Baja. Slave,
avaunt : I feele a ſtrong Antipathy
t'wixt thee and me; thy ſight makes my dead heart
diſtill freſh drops of blood, and work new ſmart.

Exit.

Sely. What, furious *Bajazet*, and raging hot?
I hugge the amorous pleaſure that I feel
creep through my joynts. Obſerve our Father,

Exeunt Baſſaes.

elſe by ſome wilfull murder hee'le prevent
my purpos'd project; I'de not loſe the guilt
of his deſtruction for a crown: heaven knows
I love him better then to let him digge
himſelf a grave, whilſt I may take the paines.
Now mount my ſoul, and let my ſoaring plumes
bruſh the ſmooth ſurface of the Azure skie.

Crown in his hand.

With this I charme obeyſance from the world :
thou golden counterfeit of all the heavens ;
ſee how the ſhining ſtarres in careleſſe ranks
grace the compoſure; and the beauteous Moone
holds her irregular motion at the height
of the four poles ; this is a compleat heaven ,
and thus I weare it. But, methinks, 'tis fixt
but weakly on my brow, whilſt there yet breath
any whoſe envie once reflect on it ;
and thoſe are three : the angry *Bajazet*,
puling *Corcutus*, proud *Achomates* :

one

One of these three is car'd for, that's *Corcutus*,
who, ere the blushing morn salutes the Sun,
shall be dispatcht by two most hideous slaves,
whom I have bred a purpose to the fact.
The other rival, wise *Achomates*,
I'le bear a side by force of men and armes,
which ready Mustred, but attend the stroke:
Then attend our Fathers. *Enter Hamon.*
Here's one deales for him,
shall send him quick to hell. It is decreed,
he that makes lesser greatnes soon shall bleed.
Hamon draw near, most welcome, my dear *Hamon*,
what guesse you of your patient *Bajazet*?
Is he all healthful?

Ham. No, my gracious prince:
Neither his body nor his mind is free
from miserable anguish.

Sely. A sad case.
Hamon I love him, & would rid him from't,
were I so skill'd in naturals as you.

Ham. All that my art can work to cure his grief
shall be applied.

Sely. Unapprehending fool:
I must speak broader. *Hamon*, is he ill
in minde and body both?

Ham. Exceeding ill.

Sely. Then should I think him happier in his death,
then in so hateful life and so weak breath.

Ham. And that's the readier way to cure his ill.

Sely. (H'as found me now.) But *Hamon*, can thy Art
reach to the cure?

Ham. With easie diligence.

Sely. Then let it.

Ham. I'me yours. *Exit Hamon.*

Sely. Walk, and thy paines
shall be rewarded highly, with the like

as

as thou bestowest on *Bajazet*: the Court makes it a fashion now, first to bring the event about, and then hang up the instrument.

Actus 5. Scena 6.

Enter Cherseogles above disguised like a common Souldier.

Cherf. Thus *Cherseogles* hast thou wound thy self
out of thy self, to act some fearful plot,
by which the Authors of this publick woe
shall skip into their graves. It is confirm'd
a deed of lawful valour, to defeat
those of their lives, that rob'd the world of peace.
On this side the false hearted *Selymus*
with his confederate Bassaes lie incampt,
just opposite the proud *Achomates*;
The Sun now sunk into the VVestern lap,
bids either part unlace their warlike helmes
until to morrow light, where both intend
the hazard of a battel: but you powers,
that with propitious cares tender the world,
and us frail mortals, help me to prevent
a general ruine by the fall of some;
assist my spirits in a deed of blood,
cruel, yet honest and austerely good.
VVho? *Selymus*? as I expected. *Enter Selymus.*

Sely. VVhat?
A souldier thus licentious in his walks?
a stranger? Ha! VVhat art thou?

Che. A sworn friend, a servant to thy greatness.

Sely. Then return
back into thy ranks and orders, no edict
from me hath ratified this liberty,

to

to ſcout at randome from the ſtanding camp.

Cher. 'Tis true, my honour'd Lord, nor have I dared
for ſome poor trivial prey thus to remove
my ſelf, but for a cauſe of greater weight,
the ruine of our enemies.

Sely. How's that?
The ruine of our enemies!

Cher. No leſſe;
The quick fall of great *Achomates*
can work it.

Sely. Souldier, as thou hop'ſt to live,
mock not my thoughts with falſe and painted tales
of a ſuppoſed ſtratagem.

Cher. I ſweare——

Sely. What wilt thou ſweare?

Cher. By all the heavenly powers
I ſpeak the truth, and if I fail in ought,
grind mine accurſed body into duſt.

Sely. Enough, unfold the meaning and the way
by which this happy project muſt be wrought.

Cher. 'Tis thus; at the 12th hour of this black night,
Achomates I have induc'd to walk
forth to this valley weapon'd, but unmand,
in expectation of your preſence there;
where being met, hee'l urge a ſingle fight
'twixt you and him: after a ſtroake or two,
I have ingag'd my ſelf cloſely to ſtart
from ambuſh, and againſt you take his part.

Sely. Then thou art a traytor.

Cher. Worſe then a divel, ſhould my heart
have made that promiſe with my tongue;
but heaven bear witneſs, that my inward thoughts
labour his welfare only, whom you powers
have prov'd moſt worthy, therefore only yours.
Meet but this foe, whom I have flattered thus,
to his deſtruction; and great *Selymus*

shall see my strength imployed to offend
Achomates, and stand thy faithful friend.

Sely. Oh wert thou faithful——

Cher. If I shrink in ought
that I profess, death shall strike me to the grave:
so thrive all falshood, and each perjur'd slave.

Sely. Th'ast won our credit, bear a noble mind
about thee, then to find me forward trust;
this night when sleep triumphant hath subdu'd
her wakeful subjects, and the mid-night clock
sounded full twelve, in this appointed place,
expect my presence, and till then adieu,
our next shall be a tragick enterview.

Cher. The first is car'd for——here a second comes.

Enter Achomates.

Assist me thou quick issue of *Joves* brain,
and this one night shall make their labors vain.

Acho. It shall be so, my fears are too to great,
to joyn all in one on-set: a strong band
shall with a circle hem the traytor round,
and intercept the passage of their flight;
How now? from whence com'st thou? what art thou?

Cher. A Liege-man to *Achomates*.

Acho. To me?

Cher. Yes noble Prince, and one whose life is vowd
to further your desert, and therefore yours.

Acho. We thank you, and pray you leave us.

Cher. I can unfold an easie stratagem,
would crown the hopes of great *Achomates*.

Acho. What means the fellow?

Cher. to secure your state
by *Selymus* his fall.

Acho. What i'st thou breath'st?
speak it again, for many careful thoughts
possesse my Soul, that every blessed voice
steales in the passage twixt my eare and haste.

By

By *Selymus* his fall, to secure my state?
Cherse. I can.
Achom. Delude me not, and I will rain
such an unmeasured plenty in thy lap,
heap such continuall honors on thy head
that thou shalt shrink, and stagger with the waight.
Cher. Judge of the means: This night I have induc'd
young *Selymus* to walk forth in this grove,
at the twelfth hour, in hope to meet you here;
where having urg'd a combat and both met
in eager conflict, I have pawn'd my vow
to rush from yonder thicket, and with him
joyne against you.
Acho. Villaine! *Cher.* And Divel, had
my heart made promise with my tongue;
but heaven bears witness that my soul affects
none but *Achomates.* Try but my faith,
and meet this foe, whom I have bayted thus
with golden hopes, and you will finde my deed
(in your defence) all promise shall exceed.
Acho. I'm resolv'd, souldier; when day is past
and the full fancies of mortality
busie in dreames and playing visions,
at the sad melancholy hour of twelve,
Ile meet thee in this plaine.
Cher. And you shall find
me here before you.
Achom. Be so; who denies
to strike in time, can seldome hope to rise. *Exit.*
Cher These two will meet, and I must take doth parts,
Now for a trick to send them both to hell
in the full growth of expectation;
Heavens know they have deserv'd it; then 'twould be
an happy murder: and behold the men *Enter Bassaes.*
whom I have decreed should do it. Once againe
I must betake me to my former note;

Health

Health to the friends of our great Emperor,
the three strong pillars that uphold true worth.

Isa. Sir, your intrusion is unseasonable.

Must. And your salute, impardonably bold.

Che. Perhaps the news I bring, may frame excuse
for both these faults.

Mes. Speake out thy mind in brief.

Cher. Then thus: to night here present on this plain,
you may encounter two fierce enemies,
Achomates, and *Cherseogles* both
at the full stroak of twelve.

Isa. How (*Mesithes*) we're blest!

Must. This night at twelve of the clock?

Cher. Upon my life——

Omnes VVhat shall we do?

Cher. But meet me on this plain
at the appointed hour, and I will place
you three aside, from whence you shall oppress
your foes at unawares.

Mes. Is it a match?

Isa. 'Tis done, at twelve a clock.

Must. See thou prove faithful.

Cher. If I shrink in ought
that I profess, death strike me to the grave:
So thrive all falshood & each perjur'd slave.

Exeunt Bassaes.

How easily base minds are drawn to strike
their foes at least advantage!--Beauteous moon,
pale witnesse to a thousand deeds of sin,
vail up thy light, that darknesse may help on
these black stratagems, and unhallowed hands
strike in mistaken bodies, even the soul
themselves adore, and cheerfully defend.
But time grows fast upon me, hit all right,
two Princes, and three *Bassaes* dye this night.

Actus 5. Scena 7.

Enter Corcutus with his Lute.

Cor. Heaven, whither run these projects? is the thought
of man so sensless, void of wit, yet fraught
with threatning ambition? to what end
doth this distempered madness headlong bend?
Bless me, my Genius, from these hated toyles
of murdering warfare, and these sweating broyles
of watchfull policy; *Phœbus*, let it be
that I may know no other god but thee.
Learned experience saies, ambiguous fates
vex eminent fortunes, and he onely stands
without the beames of envy, whom the hands
of some propitious power hath rankt below
those short delights that troubled thoughts do know:
A Crown's a golden marke, which being hit,
falls not alone, but oft the head with it:
honors are smoaky nothings; then let the Queen
of learning, great *Minerva*, and the nine
chast sisters, that adorne the *Grecian* hill
devote me to themselves; but let me still
within *Apollos* sacred Temple sit,
and spend my body to encrease my wit;
Raigne *Selymus*, for I shall ne're thee hate,
thy supreame power, nor envy thy state:
Corcutus stands divorced from a life
engag'd to vaine ambition, factious strife,
and empty power of Kings. Hee's great in fame,
not who seekes after, but neglects the same.
Since thou hast griev'd me *Phœbus*, free my wit,
that I may ease my griefe by speaking it;
if thou deny'st, fond god, 'twill be in vaine,
sorrow can sing, though thou not tune the straine.

Sings

Sings to his Lute.

Then thou sweet Muse, from whence there flows
words able to expresse our ill,
Teach me to Warble out my Woes,
and with a sigh each accent fill:
Infuse my brest with doleful straines,
Whose heavy note may speak my paines.
O let me sigh, and sighing Weep,
Till night deprives my woes with sleep.

The pleasing murmurs of the ayre,
that gently fan each moving thing,
I having heard, straight do repayre,
and bear a burden, whilst I sing
An heavy burden, doleful song,
The fathers grief, the subjects wrong.
O let me sigh, and sighing weep,
Till night beguiles my woes with sleep.

The grieved Flora *hangs the head*
of every youthful plant and tree,
And flowry pleasures are starke dead
at my lamenting melody;
Then all you Muses help my straine,
To reach the depth of bitter paine.
Oh let me sigh, and sighing weep,
Till night beguiles my woes with sleep.

Me thinks I heare the singing spheares
tune their melodious straines to mine,
The dewie clouds dissolve in teares,
as if they griev'd to see me pine;
Thus each thing joynes to see my mone,
Thus seldome come true sighs alone.

Then let me sigh, and sighing weep,
Till night beguile my woes with sleep.

He sleeps: Then enter two murtherers who slaying him, bear him away. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scena 8.

Enter Cherseogles.

Cher. A dark and heavy night, as if the gods
winckt at our projects, and had clad the heavens
in a propitious black, to blesse my plot!
Revenge, to thee I dedicate this work;
and I will pamper thy wild appetite
with blood and murther, thy dull, slow-pac't feet
shall caper to behold our fearful scenes
drencht in a scarlet Ocean.
Tis full twelve——
I hear a quiet foot-pace, and it beates
directly towards. 'Tis *Selymus*,
joy of expectation. *Enter Selymus.*

Sely. Thou Queen of shades,
bright *Cynthia*, and you starry lampes of heaven,
what spheare hath told you? oh y'are envious all,
and therefore hate to grace the time, in which
I ruinate my lateſt foe: this is the sand
on which I am to wrestle for a Crowne,
and I am entred full of greedy lust,
to meet my adverse champion; here's my god
whom I adore with greater confidence
then all those beauties, Sun, or Moon, or Starrs,
that with malicious absence have disrob'd
this gracious houre of i'ts due respect.
Oh thou the silent darkness of the night,
arme me with desperate courage and contempt
of gods-lov'd men: now I applaud the guile

of

of our brave roarers, which select this time
to drink and swagger, and spurn at all the powers
of either world. Blest mortals, had that mother
strangled her other infant, white fac't day,
and brought forth only night! my limbs are stiff,
and I must bath them in my brothers blood;
Ile steep this grasse in a red purple goare,
scatter the carcasse peecemeale, and that done,
Ile reare a lasting monument, Ile signe
a trophie, which inscrib'd, shall speak my deeds
to after ages, that's my chief intent:
Hee's coldly prays'd that's written innocent.
Whose there? my souldier?

Che. Souldier and slave, great Prince at your command.

Sely. I will enoble thee, place thee my second self
in all my power for thy rare faith.
Where's our *Achomates*?

Cher. I heard one softly track full hitherwards,
and think tis he; 'tis needful that I meet him,
and give some proof that I continue his,
else jealous of my faith, he will return,
and we be both deluded; when y'are met,
parley before you fight, till I prepare
my self to run upon him unaware.
Mean while Ile go to meet him. *Exit.*

Sely. Goe, make hast.
But if this base raskal should deceive
my trust! a trifle—my nerves are plumped up,
and fil'd with vigor, strong enough to fright
a million of such big backt, drowsie slaves;
I hear them both approach.

Enter Cherseogles and Achomates.

Cher. See where he stands, I shall not be slow
to second your encounter; being met,
parley before you fight, till I prepare
my self to run upon him unaware,

meane while I'le withdraw——now for my *Baſſaes.*

Exit

Acho. A time of diſmal blackneſſe, and my ſoul
is dull and heavy, as if envious night
ſtriv'd to ſubdue my fatal watchfulneſſe.
But I have ruſh'd upon my foe: whoſe there?

Sely. Anſwer thy Prince firſt; I ſay, what art thou?

Acho. He that uſurp's, hath title of a villaine.

Sely. But he that weares it is a Saint, and ſuch am I.

Acho. Th'art a treacherous ſlave.

Sely. *Achomates* thou lyeſt, this night ſhall prove
I ſhrinke not to unmaske what I have done.

Acho. Oh heavens, ſo impudently bad!

Sely. Good brother, we know your vertues, one that
gains country, gods, and men;
ſlew an Ambaſſadour, which here we muſt revenge.

Acho. Hearke in thine eare,
Ile whiſper forth thy miſchiefs, leſt the heavens
ſhould teare and ſnatch them hence from my revenge,
in greedineſſe of wrath——*They whiſper.*

Enter Cherſeogles, Iſaack, Meſithes, Muſtapha.

Cher. See where they ſtand.

Iſaack. *Achomates* and *Cherſeogles*?

Cher. Both:
They are two; we foure lets run upon them;
'Tis very dark, be certain in your aime,
and all ſtrike home.

Omnes. A match.

Meſi. *Iſaack* and I will take the neareſt.

Muſta. And we the other.

Cher. Strike home, and ſure, and here's at them.

Stab him.

Sely. I have the Crown, and I will,——Oh, oh, oh!

Stab him.

Acho. Ch, ô ô, O villaine, I am ſlain. *uterq; morit.*

Cher. It is not *Cherſeogles* we have ſlain.

Iſa.

Isa. Not *Cherseogles*, villaine! whom then? speak.

They confer.

Cher. *Achomates* and *Selymus*.

Isa. Ha!

Cher. None other. *Isa.* Hast thou betray'd us so?

Cher. Be silent, heare me.

There lie the Captaines of both Armies dead,
breathlesse: and you so stupid to neglect
the use of opportunities! *Isa.* What use?

Cher. Are you not rich, wealthie in powerful gold?
go whilst the Souldiers lye thus destitute
of any Leader, frankly bribe both parts,
buy their unsetled love at any rate,
and creep into their bosome; then in this
dead want and dearth of Princes, they will cleave
to *Isaack*, and at length salute ——

Isa. Me Emperor?

Cher. You apprehend it right.

Isa. What blessed angel art thou?

Cher. 'Tis no time for idle complements.

Isa. Thy counsel's good.

I would not let slip this sweet occasion,
for all the pretious plenty of the world.
come let's away. (rivalls.

Cher. First make some quick dispatch with these now

Isa. True, they'le not endure my Soveraignty.
Hast no suddain wits how to remove them both?

Cher. No wile but strength; are not we two?
They are no more; we must encounter them, 'tis man to
the match no whit unequal. (man:

Isa. I am thine:
I hate to have co-partners in my state:
There shall not breath a man whose envious eye
dares look a squint on my dread Majesty.

Mes. They that bring news first, are still most welcome.

Must. Experience speaks it true.

Meſ. Let us haſt. Now *Selymus*, we come to gratulate.
Iſaack. Stay—— *Cherſeo.* Stand.
Meſ. How? *Muſtaph.* VVhat meanes this?
Iſaack. Fate to your lives.
They fight, Iſaack *is ſlaine.*
Muſta. Sweet doings!
Iſaack. 'Tis no leſſe Sir, witneſſe this,
traytor I'me ſlaine. *Moritur.*
Cherſeog. Croſſe fortune, wicked chance:
but I muſt make the beſt of it. Is he dead?
Meſ. Villaine he is, and thy bad turne is next:
what devil did incite thee, to incite
Iſaack 'gainſt friends? Injurious ſlave.
Muſt. Urge him to no confeſſion till the rack
force from his cloſeſt thought unwilling truth,
He ſhall be doom'd for this notorious fact
unto continuall paines,
hunger, oppreſſion, want and ſlavery.
Meſ. That ſtruck me full. --- Have at thee:
hold thou art victor. I have met the price
of treaſon, death; and as I hop'd to riſe
by blood, I fall, ſo have I miſt my ſcope,
deluſion is the end of lawleſſe hope. *Moritur*
Cherſe. Meſithes ſtay one moment, art thou gone?
I am not far behinde I feele the blood
by ſlow degrees ebb from my fainting breſt,
I am heart ſtruck, and wounded even to death,
a Scene of ſlaughter this!--- O juſt heavens!
ſtill I plighted faith to each of theſe,
I wiſht that if I fail'd in one, I vow'd
death ſhould thus ſtrike me. I have gain'd my wiſh,
Then you imperiall Fates that intercept
the brittle courſes of fraile mortality,
continue this firme juſtice, and enact
a conſtant law that all falſe meaning hearts
that think of oathes as of a puffe of wind,

may

may as I do, thus sink into the grave,
my dying wish, so thrive each perjur'd knave.

Moritur.

Enter Souldiers.

*Soul.*1 The night overblown, and five a clock!
I wonder at their absence; what are these?
our Generalls murdered, our deere *Selymus*,
with his three Bassaes, and *Achomates*!
Whose bloody hand is guilty of this fact?

*Soul.*2. A trembling shakes me, 'twas some power
that frown'd at our proceedings.

*Soul.*3. *Bajazet* is new borne to his Soveraignty. (pomp

*Soul.*4. Let's take their bodies, bear them hence in
unto their greatnesse, and advise the foe
of their slaine Generall, sterne *Achomates*:
sound peacefull rumours; we must resubmit.
to *Bajazet*, so heaven hath thought it fit. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scen 9.

Enter Bajazet *and* Haman *with a book and candle.*

Baja. Set down the book and candle, go and provide
the Potion to prevent my Feaver-fit,
till when I meane to study: go make haste.

Exit Haman

Fortune, I thank thee, thou'rt a gracious Whore,
thy happy anger hath immur'd a prince
within the walls of base security.
Farewell thou swelling sea of Government,
on whose bright christall bosom floates along
the gravell'd vessell of proud Majesty.
Ambition empty all thy bagge of breath,
send forth thy blast among the quiet waves,
and work huge tempests to confound the Art
of the usurping Pilat *Selymus*.

Treason and envy like two bickering windes,
shake the unsetled fabrick of his State,
that from my study windowes I may laugh,
to see his broken fortune swallowed up
in the quick-sands of danger, and the sayle
puft with the calm breath of a flattering chance,
by furious whirl-winds rended into rags,
and peece-meal scattered through the Ocean:
But peace my chiding spirit; come thou man
Takes the book,
of rare instinct, blest Author of a book
worthy the studies of a reading God:
thou do'st present before my wearied eyes,
Tiberius sweating in his policies,
dull *Claudius* gaged by dull flattery,
Nero unbowelling Nobility,
Galba undone by servants hardly good,
Otho o're-whelmd in love, and drencht in blood,
Vitellius sleeping in the chaire of State,
Vespatian call'd to government by Fate:
still as my Muse doth travel o're their age,
a Princes care is writ in every Page.
Thus I unfold the volume of thy writ,
the chiefest solace of my moving wit,
Cædes eo fuit nobilior, quia filius *He reads*
Patrem interfecit. Tacit. Hist. lib. 20.
Avaunt thou damn'd wizard, did thy god
Apollo teach thee to divine my fall?
What hath thy cursed Genius tract my steps
through the *Meanders* of dark privacie?
and will he dwell with me in these close shades
to vex my banisht soul, banisht from joy,
remov'd from the worlds eye? I am accurs'd,
and hated by the Synod of the gods,
a knot of envious deceits: the day will be
when they shall smart for this indignity.

Enter

Enter solemn Musick, the Ghost of Mahomates, Zemes, Trizham, Mahomet, Achmetes, Caigubus, Asmehemides, with each a sword and burning Tapers, led in by Nemesis with a sword, they encompasse Bajazet in his bed.

Nem. Triumph my Plantiffes, *Nemesis* your Queen
is pierc'd quite through with your continual groanes.
See, see, the prostrate body of a King,
clad in the weedes of pining discontent,
lieth open to your wrath, and doleful hate:
But I conjure you not to touch his skin,
nor hurt his sacred person, those three Fates
(those frightful sisters) told me they decree
for *Bajazet* another destinie:
But vex his soul with your deluding blows,
and let him dream of direful anguishments,
each in the proper order of his Fate,
vent the compresst confusion of his hate

One after another strike at Bajazet with their swords, Nemesis puts by their blows.

Exeunt in a solem dance.

Neme. Awake, awake thou tortured Emperor,
look with the eye of fury on the heavens,
threaten a downfall to this mortal stage,
and let it crack with thee; thy life is run
to the last Scene, thy Tragick part is done. *Exit.*

Bajazet awakes in fury; ariseth.

You meager divels, and infernal haggs,
where are you? Ha! what, vanisht? am I found?
Did I not feele them teare and rack my flesh,
and scramble it amongst them? Heaven and earth,
I am deluded; what thin ayrie shapes
durst fright my soul? I'le hunt about the world,
search the remotest angles of the earth,
till I've found out the clymate holds these fiends,
or build a bridg by Geometrick skill,

whose

whom lineal extenſion ſhall reach forth
to the declining borders of the skie,
on which I'le lead mortality along,
and break a paſſage through the brazen walls,
from whence *Jove* triumphs o're this lower world:
then having got beyond the utmoſt ſphere,
beſiege the concave of this univerſe,
and hunger-ſtarve the gods till they confeſs
what furies did my ſleeping ſoul oppreſſe.
Ha! did it lighten? or what nimble flame
ha's crept into my blood? me thinks it ſteals
through my diſtemper'd joynts, as if it fear'd
to urge me to impatience.
Hamon, accurſed *Hamon*; ſtand my ſoul
above the power of theſe invenom'd drugs:
Am I in hell alive? the Stygian flames
could not produce an heat ſo violent
as burns within my body: Oh I feel
my heart drop into cinders, I am duſt;
Jove, for thine own ſake *Jove*, confine my ſoul
within theſe walls of earth: for in the skie
when I am there, none ſhall be *Jove* but I.
Still, ſtill I boyle, and the continued flames
are aggravated: He is done, ſubdu'd
(by the baſe Art of a damn'd Emperick)
whoſe empty name ſent terrour through the world:
Is not the heaven beſpangl'd all with ſtarrs,
and blazing Meteors, whoſe bright glimmering flames,
like ceremonial Tapers ſhould adorne
my ſolemne Hearſe? what, doth the golden Sun
ride with it's wonted motion? are the waves
bridled within their narrow Continent?
No deluge? not an earthquake? ſhall a Prince,
an Emperor, a *Bajazet* deceaſe
and make no breach in nature? fright the world
with no prodigious birth? Are you aſleep,

you

you thundring Beggards that so awe the world?
I'le hasten to revenge this strong neglect
of my deceasing spirits: mount my soul,
brush off this cloddy heavy element:
So *Jove* I come, excorporate, divine,
immortal as thy self, I must contest
with thee, proud god, with thee to arme my mind,
only my soul ascends, earth stayes behind. *Moritur.*

Enter the Ghosts as before, and bear him out.

Actus 5. Scena 10.

Enter Solymon as newly Crowned. Souldiers, Attendants, Warlike Musick.

Soly. Is *Selymus* deceased?

Sould. He is my Lord.

Soly. Who *Selymus*? what Fate durst be so bold:
Oh, I could act an holy frenzy now.
Selymus deceas'd? What did not *Atlas* tremble
at such a burden? Can he support the Orb
that holds up *Selymus*? is not yet the Pole
crackt with his weight? do not the heavens prepare
his funeral Exequies? *Jove*, I invoke thee now,
command the heavens that the prone Chandler shops
command that idle *Phœbus*, that he exhale
matter from earth to make thy Funeral Tapers:
Or I'le make Torches of the universe
in stead of Comets; flaming Countries, Cities
shall be thy ceremonial Tapers:
Or if not this; I'le ransack Christendome,
Kings Daughters I'le embowel for a Sacrifice,
their fat with vestal fire will I refine,
and offer virgins wax unto thy shrine.
Start back bright *Phœbus*, let thy fiery Steeds
keep Holyday for *Selymus*. Tell thy host,

Proud

proud *Neptune* now expects another deluge,
that all the earth may weep for *Selymus*.
What do you smile, you heavens? are ye conscious,
and guilty of this execrable treason?
What, dare the fields to laugh to when I do mourn?
I'le dye your motly colour'd weedes in scarlet,
and cloath the world in black destruction.
Nemesis, I'le nayl thee to my greedy sword,
destruction shall serve under me a Prentiship.
Courage brave *Selymus*, with thy Princely boat
through *Styx* even all mortality shall float;
I'se leavy Souldiers through the Universe,
with which thou shalt begirt *Elizeum*;
Thus barren Nature shall repent thy fall,
grieving that she did not the event fore-stall.
Death, I will hate thee: the world shall wear
thy sable livery embroydred with fear:
Thy Trophies every where the world shall gaze on:
Thy Armes in sable and in gules I'l blazon.

Soul. My Lord, this Crown intreats, you leave off these
ground-creeping meditations, and to think
of Majesty; wherefore we invest your brow
with this rich robe of glory, and do vow
to it our due alleageance: thus you shall
mount up aloft above your Fathers fall.

Soly. Thus our deare Father, those bright robes of state
for which so lately thou hast sweat in blood,
thou wear'st upon my shoulders in thy stead:
thus are we crown'd, and thus our labours be
made gainful unto thine, though not to thee.

Sould. Live then, and raign, most mighty Emperor,
whilst that our care and watchful providence
shall fence thy safety, and keep Sentinel
over thy sacred person; were black treasons
hatcht in the Center of the darkest earth,
the massie element should be prospective
for all our piercing eyes; should *Pluto* send

his

his black Apparator to ſummon thee
to appear before him, by that *Mahomet*,
we would confront him boldly, and excuſe
thy abſence unto *Pluto*, by our preſence;
death, we'le diſarm thee, if thou dar'ſt arreſt
thy fury on our *Solymon*; or we'le bale his perſon
with our impriſonment.
By our death thou ſhalt live; our City walls
may with warlike ruine be battered,
but our alleageance, that *European* Bull
ſhall ne'r puſh from us with his golden hornes;
nor ſhall his guilded ſhowers quench our loves:
no golden Engineer ſhall undermine
the Caſtles of our faith, nor blow them up
with blaſts of hop'd preferment: were thy walls
but paper, were they made of brittle glaſſe,
our faiths ſhould make them marble, and as firm
as Adamant: Not walls, but ſubjects love,
do to a Prince the ſtrongeſt Caſtle prove.
Behold great Prince, alleageance mixt with love
lock'd in our breſts: thou art the living key
to ſhut, and to unlock them at thy pleaſure:
no golden pick-lock ſhall e're ſcrue it ſelf
into theſe faithful locks, whoſe only ſprings
can be no other then our own heart ſtrings.
Our greedy ſwords, which erſt imbru'd in blood,
did ſeem to bluſh at their own Maſters acts,
and us upbraid with our moſt bloody facts,
though peace hath now condemn'd to pleaſing ruſt,
yet at thy beck we'le ſheath them in the breſt
of daring Chriſtians: thus in war we'le fight
for thee, whil'ſt thou doſt ſtrive for victory.
Here to deſcribe ſuch Princely vertues, which
ſhould more adorn thy Crown then Orient pearles,
were but to ſhew a glaſſe, and to commend
thy ſelf unto thy ſelf. Be gracious,

magnifi-

magnificent, couragious, or mild,
or more compendiously, be more thy self,
raigne then, and *Mahomet* grant that thou may'st passe
Nestor in years, as much as now thou dost
in wisdom and in valour; Herauld proclaim
to the world his title, and let swift-winged Fame
second thy trumpet. *Her.* Long live *Solymon*, &c.

Solym. VVe thank you friendly Actors of our blisse,
our patience hath at length tired out the gods;
our Empire hath been rackt enough with treasons,
and black seditions, as if no Christians
were left to conquer; we weeld our Turkish blades
against our selves, embowelling the State
with bloody discord, by our strength we fall
a scorn to Christians, with our hands we shed
that blood which might have conquered Christendome;
thus while we hate our selves, we love our enemies,
and heal them with our sores, whil'st we lye weltring
in bloody peace: the dy of the publick safety
hath been already cast by th'hand of war,
treasons have made a blot, which may provoke
the enemy to enter, and bear our men
to dark *Avernus.* Envy might have blusht,
though alwayes pale, at all our projects: now
this bloody deluge is quite past, return
sweet peace with th'Olive branch, enough of wars,
'tis thou must poure oyl into our scarrs.
Fly hence Hereditary hate, discords dead,
let not succeeding enmities and hatred live,
let none presume to cover private sores
with publick ruines, nor let black discord
make an Anatomy of our too leane
Empire, let it wax fat again; when peace
hath knit herknots, then shal the wanton sounds
of bells give place to thundering Bombardes,
and blood wash out the smoothing oil of peace;

every

every Souldier I'le ordaine a Prieſt
to ring a fatal knell to Chriſtians,
and every minute unto earths wide womb
ſhall ſacrifice a Chriſtians Hecatomb:
Then ſhall we make a league with *Æolus*,
the winds ſhall ſtrive to further our proceedings,
then will we load the ſeas, and fetter *Neptune*
with chaines that hold our Anchors; he ſhall quake,
leſt he to *Pan* reſigne his watry Empire,
and three fork'd-mace unto my awful Scepter;
The Whales and Dolphins ſhall amazed ſtand,
that they ſhall yeild their place to Bears and Lions,
Sylla ſhall howl for fear, when ſhe ſhall ſee
the Sea become a Forreſt, and her ſelf
mountainy; then let Syrens quake
for fear of Satyres, then let the Chriſtians think,
not that our Navy, but the Country it ſelf
is come to move them from the growing earth;
Comets, fiery ſwords ſhall be my Heraulds,
threatning to th'world ſudden combuſtion:
Let our armes be ſteely bowes, our arrowes
thunderbolts, and in ſtead of warlike Drumms,
thunder ſhall proclaim black deſtruction;
Vulcan I'le tax thee, exerciſe thy Forge,
prepare to me for all the world a ſcourge,
the Fates to me their powers ſhall reſigne,
which with this hand will rend the ſtrongeſt twine
of humane breath. Firſt for the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
deſtruction there ſhall keep his mournful Stage:
Th'inhabitants ſhall act a bloody Tragedy,
and perſonate themſelves; Then for *Nayos* Ile,
death there ſhall keep her Court: then I will make
Vienna all a Shambles: yea gaping Famine
ever devouring, alwayes wanting food,
ſhall gnaw their bowels, and ſhall leave them nothing,
beſides themſelves to feed on; their dead corps

ſhall

shall be entombed in their neighbours bellies.
There, every one shall be a living Sepulcher,
an unhallowed Church-yard; famine shall feed it self.
Then shall they envy beasts, and wish to be
our Jades, our Mules; Matrons shall strive to bring
into the hateful light abortive Brats;
the Infants shall return, and the lean womb
shall be unto the babes a suddain tomb.
Then shall they hoard up carcasses, and strive
only to be rich in Funerals; I'de rejoyce
to see them stand like Screech-Owles, gaping when
their Parents should expire, and bequeath
to hell their wretched souls, to them their death.

All. Long live great Solymon our noble Emperour.

Soly. All this, and more then this I'le doe, when peace
hath glutted our new greedy appetites,
when it hath fill'd the veines of the Empire full
with vigour; then, lest too much blood should cause
Armies of vices, not of men to kill us,
and strength breed weakness in our too great Empire,
then, then, and only then we shall think good,
with war to let the body politick blood.
Meane time we'le think on our Fathers Funeral:
Oh, I could be an holy Epicure,
in teares, and pleasing sighs, Oh I could now
refresh my self with sorrow, I could embalm
thy corps with holy groanes from putrefaction:
Oh, I could powder up thy thirsty corps
with brinish teares, and wipe them off with kisses:
and that I might more freely speak my grief,
these eyes should be still silent Orators,
till blindnesse shuts them up, were I a woman:
But I am *Solymon*, Emperor, the Turk,
blood shall be my teares, I'le think thee slain
amongst the Christians, and translate my grief
to fury; every member of my body

shall

shall execute the office of a weeping sonne.
Thus in my teares an *Argus* will I bee,
my head, heart, hands and all shall weepe for thee.
Oh that the cruell Fates were halfe so milde
as to drive streames of teares from forth the springs,
great sorrowes have no leasure to complaine;
Least ills vent forth, great griefes within remaine:
See *Selymus*, sometimes a four-string'd instrument
feeding his Souldiers with sweet Harmony,
doth now tune nought to us but *Lacrymæ*.
Could n' *Æschulapius* be found to tune
his disagreeing elements? treasons crackt
the string, which else an head-ach would untune.
Every disease is a ragged fort
to weare these strings asunder; treason did lend
death, which both age, and sickneſſe did intend;
What then remaines, but that his Funeral rites
with our Grand fathers, Uncles be solemnized,
that so black discord may be with them buried?
But noble *Selymus*, what Tombe shall I prepare
for thy memoriall? shall a heavy stone
presse thy innocent ashes? Shall I confine
thy wandring ghost in some high marbie prison?
Or shall I hither fetch the flying Tombe
of proud *Mausolus* the rich Carian King?
No; Religion shall cloake no such injurie,
no hired Rhethorick shall adorne thy coarse,
no pratling stone shall trumpet forth thy praise;
the world's thy tombe, thy Epitaph I'le carve
in Funerals; destruction is the booke
in which we'le write thy annalls, blood's the Inke,
our sword the Pen. A Tragedy I intend;
Which with a Plangity, no Plaudity shall end.

F I N I S.

THE COURAGEOUS TURK,

OR,

AMURATH THE FIRST.

A Tragedie,

Written by THOMAS GOFF *Master of Arts*, and student of Christ-Church in OXFORD, and Acted by the Studens of the same house.

The second Edition

LONDON,
Printed for G. BEDELL and T. COLLINS, at the middle Temple Gate *Fleet-street*. 1656.

TO THE

No leſſe honored, then deſerving,

Sir WALTER TICHBORNE, Knight.

SIR,

THis with another *Tragedy*, *intituled*, The raging Turk, *the iſſue of one mans braine*; *are now come forth together from the Preſſe*, *neerer allyed*, *even as Twins in this their ſecond birth*; *They are full of Glory*, *Strength*, *and indeed full of what not*, *that beautifies? The more apt to be ſoyled*, *oppoſed*, *and diſgraced*; *the rather*, *becauſe the Author ha's made his* Exit *hence. The intent*, *and uſe of Dedication* (*as I have obſerved*) *is to no other end*, *then that ignorance and ſpite*, (*ſworne Enemies to ingenuity*) *ſhould know*

upon

upon their dull or envious dislikes, whether to repayre and recieve reformation. The Fatherlesse fellow-Orphan to this work resteth safe under the protection of your most noble Brother, my much honoured Friend, Sir Richard Tichborne, *Knight and Baronet; Now for these reasons, and that I might not make them strangers by remote fosterings, but especially standing to you (most worthy SIR) equally engaged, I this to you Present and Dedicate: Together tendring the Love and unfained acknowledgements, of*

Your most embounden Servant,

RICHARD MEIGHEN.

To

TO THE AUTHOR,

In that, Transcribing his Book, without his knowledge, I was bound by promise to stand to his pleasure to keepe it or burne it.

I Will not praise this Worke, 'twere lost,
Rich Pearles best praise themselves; nor will I boast
To be possest of more than *India's* wealth,
That were the way to lose't, since I my selfe
Distrust my selfe in keeping it, and stand
In feare of robbing by some envious hand:
Rob'd of it, said I? Alas, that fate were just,
Since I am found first thiefe to you, who durst
Unbidden thus, ransacke your pretious store;
This magazine of wit, so choyce; nay more,
Steale from the chariot of the glorious Sunne,
This heavenly fire. What shall I say, 'tis done;
I doe confesse the enditement, pity then
Must be my surest Advocate 'mongst men.
None can abate the rigor of the Law,
But the Law-giver; but me thoughts I saw,
(Or hop'd I saw) some watry beames of Mercy
Breake, glimpsing forth of your imperious eye.
O let me beg reprive, your pardon may
By due observance come another day.
Here loe, I tender't backe to bide the doom,
By promise bound to him, to him with whom
I would not breake for all rich *Tagus* sands;
Now he the Prisoner at your mercy stands.

——— ——— — — ——— *Ergo ibit in ignes*
Hoc opus æternum ruet, & tot bella, tot Enses
In Cineres dabit hora nocens. ——— ——— ———

THE PROLOGUE.

WEre not our present subject mixt with feare,
'Twould much affright us to see all you here.
One would suffice us, or no Auditor.
Each to himselfe an ample Theater,
Let rude Plebeians thinke so, but we know
All judgements here from the same Spring doe flow;
All here have but one censure, all one breast,
All sonnes of the same Mother; but the rest
We preoccupate their Censure, and fore-tell,
What after may be said not to be well.
As in most decent Garments you may see.
Some gracious Ornaments inweaved bee;
Which serve for little use; but on some day
Destin'd to please himselfe, the Wearer may
Without a blush put on, when his best friends
Intend to visit him. So our hope intends
The sacred Muses Progeny to greet,
Which under our Roofe, now the third time meet.
We will not ope the booke to you, and show
A story word by word, as it doth goe;
But give invention leave to undertake,
Of it's owne straines, some benefit to make;
For though a Tragicke Pen may be confin'd
Within a studies private Walles, the mind
Must be unbounded, and with inventions steele;

Strike

Strike fire from the alient Flints ——
So free we are from setting any price
On these our studied Vanities, that advice
Almost disdain'd the whispers of those tongues
Which, private first, though vented, publike wrongs
To the Patient, Patient oft. We'il here begin
To be a little peremptory. Oh that sinne
Of willfull indiscretion; 'tis no bayes
To make us Garlands of our owne mouthes praise.
Which who affect, may they so Lawrell lacke,
That slanders Thunders may behind their backe
Blast them with Calumny; for we vow, they deare
Pay for their paines, that give attention here.
And since it's suffered with kind indulgence,
We hope that Kingly Parent's our defence;
Who would not have his dandling love be knowne,
But unto those had off-spring of their owne.
And (for we are assured that here be
No braines so curst with blacke sterilitie,
But of some nature they can freely call
Births more mature, and Cælestiall;
Their studies issue) they, like kindest Mothers,
With tender hands will swath the limbes of others.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

A Suppo'd Victory by AMURETH
Obtain'd in *Greece*, where many captives tane,
One among the reſt, IRENE, conquers him,
For, taken with her love, he ſounds retreat
Eternally from Warre: but after, mov'd
With murmur of his Nobles, in her bed,
Before his Councils face, ſtrikes off her head.
Then ruminating former bloudy broyles,
He ſtraight o'recomes all Chriſtian Provinces,
Invades the Confines of his Sonne in Law,
Fires *Caramania*, and makes *Aladin*
With's Wife and Children ſuppliant for their lives:
At length appointed his great'ſt Field to fight
Upon *Caſſanae's* Plaines; where having got
A wondrous Conqueſt 'gainſt the Chriſtians,
Comes the next morne to overview the dead;
'Mongſt whom a Chriſtian Captaine, *Cobelitz*,
Lying wounded there, at ſight of *Amurath*,
Riſing and ſtaggering towards him, deſperately
With a ſhort dagger wounds him to the heart,
And then immediately the Chriſtian dyes.
The Turke expiring, *Bajazet* his Heyre
Strangles his younger brother: Thus ſtill ſprings
The Tragick ſport which Fortune makes with Kings.

THE ACTORS.

Amurath.
Lala Schahin. —— —— *Tutor to Amurath.*
Eurenoſes, } *two Turkiſh*
Chaſe Illibegge. } *Captaines.*
Cobelitz *a Chriſtian Captaine.*
Lazarus *the Deſpot or Governour of Servia.*
Saſmenos *Governour of Bulgaria.*
Aladin *Sonne in Law to Amurath: and King of Caramania.*
Two Lords with Aladin. }
Two Embaſſadors. }
Bajazet, *Eldeſt Sonne to Amurath.*
Jacyl, *Youngeſt Sonne to Amurath.*
Carradin Baſſa *A Governour under the Turke.*

For the Maske.

Jupiter } *Mars* } *Apollo* } *Neptune* }
Juno } *Venus* } *Pallas* } *Cupid* }
Hector } *Alexander*
Achil } *Philoxenus*

Women Actors.

Eumorphe, *Concubine to Amurath.*
Menthe, *An attendant on Eumorphe.*
Hatun, *Daughter to the Lord of Phrygia, married to Bajazet.*
Aldines Wife, *Two little Boyes with her.*

Mutes.

Men *Chriſtians* taken, given to *Amurath* for *Janizaries.*
Sixe *Chriſtian Maidens* preſented to *Hatun* ſuppoſed to be Kings Daughters.

THE

THE COURAGEOUS TURK, OR, AMURATH THE FIRST.

Actus 1. Scena 1.

Enter as from Warre, Lala-Schahin *at one doore, with warlike Musicke, Souldiers, a March. Enter to him at the other doore*, Amurath *in State, with* Eumorphe *his Concubine, attendants, Lords and Ladies.*

AMURATH.

BE dumb those now harsh notes, our softer eare
Shall never be acquainted with such sounds.
Peace (our grand Captain) see here *Amurath*,
that would have once confronted *Mars* himselfe,
(Acknowledg'd for a better Deity)
Puts off ambitious burdens; and doth hate

through

through bloudy Rivers to make passages,
whereby his Soule might flote to *Acheron*.
Wrinckle your browes no more (sterne fates) for we
scorne to be made the servile Ministers
to cut those threads, at which your selves have trembled,
esteeming us the fiercer Destiny.
Yet must great *Amurath* thanke those sacred powers,
they have enricht our soules with such a price,
as had those *Heroes*, whose revengefull Armes
serv'd *Mars* a ten yeares Prentiship at *Troy*,
ere dream'd succeeding times should be possest
with such an unparallell'd, unprized beauty as my Saint,
they would not have prevented so their blisse,
but beene most humble Sutors to the Gods
to have protracted their then fond spent life
but to behold this object; which out-shines
their *Helena*, as much as doth the eye
of all the World dazle the lesser fires.
Jove, Ile outbrave thee; melt thy selfe in Lust,
embrace at once all starre-made Concubines,
Ile not envie thee, know I have to spare
beauty enough, to make another *Venus*;
And for fond Gods, that have no reward in store
to make me happier, here Ile place my Heaven.
And for thy sake, this shall my Motto be,
I conquered *Greece*, one *Grecian* conquered me.

Eum. But (gracious Lord) those streames (we see)
(soon ebb,
which with outragious swelling flow too fast;
forbid (*Lucina*) this soone kindled fire,
should ere burne out it self. Tis a true Theame,
That nere lasts long, that seemeth most extreame.

Amur. Can this rich price of nature, precious jem,
give entertainment to suspecting guests?
Come, come, these armes are curious chaines of love,
with which thou link'st my heart æternally,

thy

thy cheeks the royall Paper interlined,
with Natures Rhetorique, and loves perſwaſion
ſtands there attracting ſtill my gazing eye:
This then Ile read, and here I now will faine,
that thoſe all antique fables of the Gods
are writ in flowing numbers; firſt thy lip,
was faire *Europaes*, which they ſay, made *Jove*
turne a wild Heyfer: next, this ſparkling eye
was the *Æmonian Io's*: then, this hand
Ladaes, faire Mother to thoſe Star-made Twins;
Thus, thus Ile Comment on this golden Booke:
Nature nor Art, have taught me how to faine;
Faireſt, 'twas you firſt brought me to this vaine:
In loving Combats, now I valiant prove,
let othets warre, great *Amurath* ſhall love.

Scha. Brave reſolution! O the fond thoughts of man!
awake *Euno*! Ile find ſtratagems:
There ſhall be Phyſick, to purge this diſeaſe:
light ſores are gently us'd; but ſuch a part
muſt be cut off, leſt it infect the heart.

Amar. Schahin, Our Tutor, we command this night
be ſolemniz'd with all delightfull ſports
thy learn'd invention beſt can thinke upon.
Prepare a Maske, which lively repreſents,
how once the Gods did love: that ſhall not teach
us by examples; but we'll ſmile to thinke,
how poore and weake their idle faining was
to our affection. *Schahin*, be free in wit,
and ſuddaine: now come my Kingdomes Bride:
Hymen would wed himſelfe to ſuch a Bride.

Exeunt all but Schahin.

Actus 1. Scena 2.

Schah. Nature, and all thoſe univerſall powers,
which ſhew'd ſuch admirable Godlike skill,

in

in framing this true modell of our selves,
this Man, this thing cal'd man, why doe you thus;
make him a spectacle of such laughter for you,
when in each man we see a Monarchy?
For, as in states, all fortunes still attend:
So with a Kingdome, with a compleat state
will govern'd, and well manag'd in him selfe:
both each man beares, when that best part of man,
(Reason) doth sway and rule each Passion.
Affections are good Servants: but if Will
makes them once Master, they'l prove Tyrants still.
No more King now, poore Subject AMURATH;
whom I have seen, breake through a Troope of Men,
like lightning from a Cloud: and done those Acts,
which 'ene the Furies would have trembled at:
Treading downe Armies, as if by them he meant
of dead mens backes to build up staires to Heaven:
And now ly'th lurking in a womans armes,
drencht in the *Lethe* of Ignoble lust,
appoints me for the wanton Engineer
to keepe his so loose thoughts in smoothing tune.
Woman, enticing woman, golden hooke
to catch our thoughts, and when we once are caught
to drag's into the publike view of shame;
And there we lye bath'd in incestuous pleasure
for all good men to laugh and scorne at once.
Bane to my senses! I could eyther wish
our birth were like those Creatures, which we say
Are bred from putrid and corrupted matter;
Then that we should acknowledge our deare being
with grasse and flowers: for what else is our state
up to the top? But then the waight shall fall
upon their head that caus'd it. Worke (my braine)
tush, bloud, not water must wash off this staine.

Exit.

Scena 3. Actus 1.

Enter Amurath *in state with Nobles :* Eumorphe *with attendant Ladies : while* Amurath *ascends his Throne, and placeth* Eumorphe *by him.*

Am. Shine here (my beauty) and expell the night
more than a thousand starres that grace the Heavens :
Me thinkes, I see the Gods inventing shapes
in which they meane to court thee. *Jove* he frownes,
and is more jealous, more suspitious
of thee, then allthe painted Truls, whose eyes
bedeck the all ennamel'd Firmament.

Eum. Beauty (my Lord) 'tis the worst part of woman,
a weake poore thing, assaulted every hour
by creeping minutes of defacing time;
A superficies which each breath of care
blasts off: and every humerous streame of griefe,
which flowes from forth these Founta nes of our eyes,
washeth away, as raine doth Winters snow.
But those blest guiders of all Nuptiall rites,
have wrought a better cement to make fast,
the hearts of Lovers; the true name of Wife
guilds o're our thrones, with a more constant shape
than can be subject or to time, or care:
And in our selves; yea in our owne true brests.
we have obedience, duty, carefull Love;
And last and best of all, we may have Children,
Children are *Hymens* pledges, these shall be
perpetuall chaines, to linke my Lord and me.

Amur. Art thou a Woman? Goddesse, we adore,
and Idolize what we but loved before.
What Divels have men beene, whose furious braines
have oft abus'd that Deity cald Woman:

dipping their Ravens quil in *Stygian* Inke,
to blaſt ſuch heavenly paper as your faces!
Were all the enticing luſts, damn'd policies,
prodigious faſcinations, unſearcht thoughts,
diſſembled teares, broke vowes, loath'd appetites,
luxurious and unſatiate deſires;
Were all theſe of women equally weighed,
that vertue in thy breſt 'twill out-balance all,
and recompence the ruine of all thy Sexe.

Enter a Servant and ſpeakes.

Serv. So pleaſe your Majeſty, L. *Schahin's* ready for entrance with his Maſque.

Am. Tell him, we're wholly bent for expectation.

Exit Serv.

Sit, ſit (my Queene) Muſicke exceed your Spheares, thinke I am *Jove*, and Godlike pleaſe our eares.

Scena 4. Actus 1.

A Maſque.

Enter from aloft two Torch-bearers, then Jupiter *and* Juno, *and two Torch-bearers more, then* Mars *and* Venus, *and two Torch-bearers more, then* Apollo *and* Pallas, *and two more Torch-bearers, then* Neptune *and* Diana. *Whilſt they are deſcending,* Cupid *hanging in the Ayre, ſings to ſoft Muſicke this Song following.*

Cupid ſings.

Gaze you mortals, gaze you ſtill,
On the Gods now looke your fill.
Jove *and* Juno *are deſcending,*
Yet her Jealouſie's not ending,
Mars, *ſtirrt* Mars, *he will not fight,*

But

But with Venus *when 'tis Night.*
Daphne *crownes Apollos head,*
Whom she would embrace in Bed;
Neptune *swels his frothy cheeke,*
Cause Diana *is not meeke.*
Gaze you mortals, &c.

Jup. Come now my (Sister and Wife) wee'l begin to court afresh! Nay, loure not (Heavens Queene) here on this greene we'll a Lavalto dance; What if our haires grow silver, yet our strength Is young, and vigorous. Say (fellow Gods) (Since we are full of Nectar, and our cares Lye drencht in our *Nepenthe*) take your Queenes, and be All joviall; *Mars* for our Daughter *Venus*, *Apollo* joyne with *Pallas*, Brother of Flouds embrace *Diana*; Gods sometimes merry be; but in the night, when mortals may not see.

Each God as appointed by Jove, takes his Goddesse, they dance a Masque dance, and in the dance Juno observes Joves glances to Eumorphe, *and at the end of the dance, speaketh thus.*

Jup. How now (wanton?) Can I no where goe, for recreation, but you follow me?

Jun. Is this your recreation? Fye! My Lord, will you be wanton still! For here you came
Points at Eumorphe.
For some new Harlot, some new Queene for you.

Jup. Juno, Wife.

Juno. Your Sister, (thunderer,) and not your Wife! Banisht from Heaven I am; and your Bed: resigne them both to Strumpets, Concubines.
Points at Eumorphe.
And now you come to see a fresh new lasse,

in which Pole now, or in what part of heaven
shall she be stellified?

Jupit. Shall still sinister thoughts wrong our intent?
wel (*Juno*) wel, you'le ever be a woman,
a very, very woman! But since she scolds,
Let's hence (yee Gods) lest her infectious breath
blast the succeeding day; and mortals curse
her hel-bred jealousie: Calumnious woman,
Come, scold in heaven; For if Gods liv'd on Earth,
suspicious tongues would blame most innocent mirth.

Here all the Gods and Goddesses ascend; at the top of the ascent, Juno stops and speakes.

Jun. Wel, *Jove* lookt pale, I toucht him to the quick;
'tis some new Minion he came downe to see:
Harke (jealousie) know *Juno* is a woman!
Am I not mad yet? Mistris Bride, adieu,
Jove shall not steale a kisse; My curse is past,
when thou sleep'st first a Bride, mayst sleepe thy last.
Exit.

Cupid. Faire Bride, I sang thy *Epithalamy*,
and left *Elysium* for thy Nuptials:
Juno here thundered 'against the Thunderer;
knowing how thy beauty dazles hers,
she durst not let heavens King once glance a looke,
but threatned with her helbred incantations,
to metamorphise thine unparall'ell'd
and most cælestial shape into worse formes;
And more prodigious than ever poysoned charmes
wrought on the fabled Concubines of *Jove*:
but know great Queene, my Mother *Venus* vowes
her everlasting guard to save such beauty;
Lest if thou perish, Nature her selfe
lose her onely parterne of serenity.
But I must hast, Love, which the Gods protect,
can never be indangered by neglect. *Ascend't.*
Amur.

Amur. Schahin, thine Art is excellent but say,
doe Gods fall out for love amongst themselves?

Scah. My Lord, these are but fables: yet to make
the shew more pertinent, and to grace your Queene,
conceipt tooke leave to put the frowne on *Iuno*.

Eum. My Lords and friends, we shall be ever thankfull
and rest a Debtor to your curtesie.

Schah. Not so, faire Queen, but durst I now entreat
the Kings detaining from the sweets of Bed,
there yet remaines one thought upon conceipt,
which you would doubly grace me to behold.

Amur. Our worthy Tutor shall obtaine a night,
a night of us, in any case we can!

Scah. But then let me informe your Majesty,
that 'tis a warriors shew, which once you loved,
but now are free from.

Amur. 'tis best of all, with greedinesse we'l see it,
O how the soule doth gratulate it selfe
when safely it beholds the dangerous state
of others, and it selfe security free!
Glad are we still to stand upon the shore,
and see afarre off others tost i'th' Sea:
or in a Gallery at a Fencers stage,
we laugh when mutually each one takes wounds;
Sit still *(Eumorphe:) Schakin*, thy shew in hast;
'Tis best delight, to thinke on troubles past.

Scena 5. Actus 1.

Enter in Masque the Ghost of Hector *and* Achilles, *to them* Alexander *the great stands gazing on 'em, whilst* Fame *speakes from aloft.*

Fame. Stay you most worthy shades, brave *Hector*, stay,
And proud *Achilles*, know your massie Tombes,

which have so long orewhelm'd your valiant bones,
yawnes wide to let the imprisoned coarses forth.
I must afresh imbalme your sacred Trunkes,
and sweet your memory with most happy oyle
of just report; the Gods awakt me Fame
from out the oblivious Sepulcher of sleepe,
to drop that Inke into old *Homers* pen,
wherewith he curiously hath lin'd your names,
enfolding them in Everlasting Cedar,
and make them live to all posterity.
Vertue to valour hath his guift assign'd,
great men may dye, yet deeds still rest in mind.

Exeunt umbræ Hectoris & Achilis, *Manet* Alexander *looking after them*, *reading in* Homer.

Alexand. Μάνυν δεῦδε θεὰ Πηληϊάδεω Αχιλῆος

most fortunate young man, whose worth is crown'd
with everlasting Trophies of renowne,
how hath he set thee on the wings of fame
which soare i'th middle region of high glory,
propos'd to all, a never dying story!

Enter to Alexander, *Philoxenus a Captaine.*

Phil. May it please thee (Sonne of *Jupiter*) to accept a Present, which our fight enricht us with?

Alex. Is it a Band of stubborn Souldiers, Captaine?

Philox. O no (my Liege) of exquisite form'd Ladies,
Darius his wife, the wonder of her Sexe;
Besides a Troope of such shap't *Ganimedes*,
that *Love* not equals.

Alex. Philoxenus, We thanke thee. Yet harke,
there is a secret we would know of thee,
and you must tell Us: on your faith you must.

Phil. My Leige ——

Alex. Nay, no Court oyle (by your leave) no flattery,
we are but man, this very trunke of ours,
Is but a Vessell fild with humane blood,

and

and we trust not that Parasite like pen,
Ιχῶς οἰὸς περτέρει μάκαρεσι θεοῖσι.
All the destroying vices of fraile man,
I may be subject to; but what base loosenesse,
or supple Luxury, didst thou ere observe
so to benumne our sense, that thou shouldst thinke
we could be pleas'd with such effeminate Presents?
Know sir, our eyes shall have that abstinence
that will not looke on them, on boyes, or women.
Hence then, and present some coward with them.

Exit Philoxenus

Give me a spectacle would please the Gods,
and make them bend their Ivorie browes to the Earth;
a man, a Souldier, strong with his wounds;
'mongst fate and ruine, upright and unshap't,
his minde being all his guard, his wall, and armour;
and if he fall, still noble wrath remaines
in his amased Trunke: not all the darts
stucke in his sides, making him all one wound,
affright his courage; but wrath lending weapons,
himselfe doth seeme a new and horrid Warre.
Nor are those Milke-sops which beguile the time,
with stealing minutes from their Ladies lips,
such as the Gods doe love; for as the Winde
loseth it's force, if it be not oppos'd
with woods of strong and stubborne planted trees;
So Virtue, if it walke in troden paths.
That breakes up honours gap, and makes the way
through pathes of death: that flame burnes strong
which is resisted: valor shines in wrong:
Of *Alexanders* Souldiers be this said,
warre was as peace, when he the army led. *Exit.*

Fame. Brave *Macedon*, how truly hast thou weighed
the reason of mans birth! who is equall borne,
for all the world, as well as for himselfe.
the world's a field too narrow for thy worth,

and although Nature hath her enacted bounds
for Sea and earth, nay for the heavens themselves,
nor Sea nor earth shall coope thy valour up:
Valour of Nature ever this attaines,
that it breakes forth, farre, and beyond her chaines,
and this Ile trumpet out; The whole worlds Ball,
in which thou art so great, to thee is small.
When men want worlds to shew their vertue in,
that is the crime o'th Gods, and not their sinne:
'Tis a decree of a true Souldiers mind,
to thinke nought done, when ought is left behind.
On (valiant youth) for, know I will appoint
a *Grecian* Prince, who so shall steepe his quill
to paint thy name in Wels of eloquence,
that this thy scorne of Lust shall be propos'd
for Kings example to posterity.
Know mortals, that the men the Gods most love,
in hard and dangerous Arts they alwayes prove
When men live brave at first, then fall to crimes,
their bad is Chronicle to future times:
For, who begins good Arts, and not proceeds
he but goeth backward in all noble deeds.
Death consecrates those men whose awfull end,
though most men feare, yet all men must commend.

ascends.

Amurath *seemes troubled, yet collecting himselfe, dissembles his Passion, speakes.*

Am. Scahin, the *Macedon's* beholding to thee,
and history shall pay you thankes for this,
which we rest Debtors for.

Scah. Great Prince, such kindnesse of acceptance payes
For things which are but for a Kings delight:
in seeing them, he amply doth requite.

Am. Eumorphe. Love, Queene, Wife, le'ts haste to Bed,
and may we wish this night eternall time.

Scahin,

Scahin, good night: good night, kind gentelmen.
Thus when we are dead shall we revive o'th' stage:
one houre can present a kings whole age.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Schahin, *Eurenoses.*

Schah. Observ'd you not the Kings looks? Grew they (not pale?
Euren. O yes (Lord *Schahin*) you must be his Parent,
and snatch him out o'th' Gulph he's falling in.
That fayned speech of *Alexanders* wrought
like to most purging Physicke; nights then blacke,
when 'tis compar'd with day: Boldnesse is cleare,
when 'tis presented before bastard feare.
Schah. Ile tell thee, *Eurenoses*, thou art a Souldier,
and I am both a Souldier, and a Scholar;
And for these two Professions am both most glorious,
and most meritorious; *Pallas* is for both:
O what *Tysiphon*, what snaked scourge
can make a Scholar, that should never sleepe,
but 'twixt the Pillowes of *Parnassus* Hils,
and dip his lips in springs of *Helicon*,
make him by snoaring on a wanton brest,
and suck the adulterate and spiced breath
of a lewd famed woman?
Euren. And for a Souldier (*Schahin*,) let me speake:
We that doe know, the use of swords and fire,
we that doe know, halters can throatle us,
shall we ere venture on a Womans cruelty?
We that endure no Lords, shall we endure
a woman to overcome us? Most true *Demophoon*,
I reverence thy memory: no pewling phrase

could

could so enchaine thee to thy *Thracian* Dame,
but thou wouldst rather perish than she save thee.
Ile not declaime long on that common theame,
but they have lust lye in their fingers ends,
and whilst their sweet-hearts breath stickes in their sheets,
they will admit another *Lucrece* in the day,
to be a *Thais*, if the night will not gain-say.

Scab. Why (*Eurenose*) why should we endure
a new Queen now? this Kingdom wants not heires:
we know (should we have more) 'twere dangerous.
But harke! The Queens for Bed-inticing sleepe
soft Musicke.
with charmes of Musicke: wel, even such a Night
may yet prove dismall ere the following Light!

Eurenos. Scabin, let's in:
the first degree to purge such ils as these,
is to instruct the patient his disease:
that you have done.

Scab. Yea, and wil yet once more
adventure a new stratagem. Just when the King
h'as rid his Chamber, and with covetous hast
thinks for to clip *Elisium*, and drinke deepe
of his long wish'd delight, I having skil
and uncontroul'd accesse, will in disguise
seem his deceased Fathers apparition:
and by all tyes of children to their Parents,
bid him forsake that vile bewitching woman.

Euren. An easie Medicine doth and sure wil work,
to rub shrewd wounds, make them but fester more,
Foule Med'cines we worse brook than a foule sore.

Scena 2. Actus 2.

Enter Eumorphe *as to Bed in her Night-robes, attended with Tapers and Ladies.*

Menth. Madam make hast, The King will be impatient
if he

if he be from you long. O Happineſſe!

Emorph. Why *Menthe!* then thou deem'ſt us happy
thus to command a world of ſervices,
to have a King my ſubject; and attended
with theſe harmonious ſounds t'affect our eares?

Menthe. Yes (truely Madam) 'tis a happineſſe.

Eumorph. 'Tis, were 't Eternal: but I feare a power,
a womans power, doth but make ſport with us.
Why, were we not once (*Menthe*) a Captive Wretch?

Menthe Yes Lady! now your happineſſe's the more:
Riches pleaſe beſt, when there went want before.

Eum. That power which rais'd us from ſo baſe, ſo high,
can throw us downe againe as ſuddenly:
Me thinks my life is but a Players Scæne
in the laſt Act: my part was then to play
a captive creature, and a Queene to day.

Menthe. Your Morals (Madam) are too ſerious;
Mé thinks theſe Ornaments ſhould elevate
your dumpiſh ſpirits. Thinke this Bed a place,
in which no Icie ſlipping chance hath power;
A Kings ſafe Bed is like a guarded Tower.

Eum. No (*Menthe*) no, 'tis not the Bed of ſtate,
nor the free ſmile of a well pleaſed King:
'tis not the embracing Armes of Emperors,
nor all the Gemmes that ſo inwreath the browes
can ſo allure Fortune unto their gaze,
as ſhe ſhould ſtill be conſtant; O ſhe's blind,
nor doth ſhe know her ſelfe where ſhe is kind;
Thoſe, thoſe are Kings, and Queenes, whoſe breſt's ſecure,
like brazen walles, Luſt's entrance not endure;
Where impotent ambition not intrudes,
nor the unſtable talke of multitudes;
Fortune ſerves ſuch, they happineſs command
more than all *Lybia's* gold, all *Tagus* ſand;
as heaven hath given us no more conſpicuous things,
than forme or beaury: ſo like a forward ſpring,

nothing

Nothing more short.

Menthe. Madam, divine not of a change; Beliefe is too too prone, in entertaining griefe!

Eum. Our Lord attends, to enter in, and surely sleepe envyeth his delight, for he sits heavy on my drowsie lids, draw all our Curtaines; sleepe be guiles our eares.

Men. Madam, good night, time helpes suspicious fears!

Exit Menthe.

This Song is to be sung in the Musick roome to soft Musicke, now when she lookes, she's dreaming sent to Elisium.

Drop golden showers, gentle sleepe,
And all the Angels of the Night,
Which doe us in protection keepe,
Make this Queene dreame of delight
Morpheus *be kind a little, and be*
Deaths now true Image, for 't will prove
To this poore Queene, that then thou art hee;
Her grave is made i' th Bed of love.
Thus with sweet sweets can Heaven mix gall,
And marriage turne to Funerall.

Scæna 3. Actus. 2.

Enter Amurath *in his Night robes, a Taper in his hand, seemes much disturbed, Speakes.*

Amur. Turke, *Amurath*, slave, nay something baser, King! For all airy titles which the Gods have blasted man withall, to make them swell with puft up honour, and ambitious wind, this name of King holds greatest antipathy

with

with manly government: for if we waigh,
'Tis subjects, and not Kings beare all the sway.
Each whispered murmur from their idle breath
condemnes a King to infamy, to death;
Were there a Metempseucosis of soules,
and nature should a free Election grant
what things they afterwards would reinforme,
the vaine and haughtiest minds the Sun ere saw,
Would chuse it's Cottage in some Shepherds flesh,
nay, be confin'd within some Dog or Cat,
than (Antique-like) pranck in a Kings gay-clothes.
Were I no King, and had no Majesty,
I had more then all Kings, blest liberty;
And without rumor might enjoy my choyce,
not fearing Censure of each popular voyce.
Poore men may love, and none their wils correct:
but all turne Satyres of a Kings affect.
O my base greatnesse! What disasterous starre
profest it selfe a Midwife at my birth,
to shape me into such prodigious States?
But hence regard of tongues! Were we a Saint,
some envious tongue would dare our names to taint:
and he from slander is at secureſt rest,
not that hath none, but that regards it least.
Open you envious Curtaines; here's a sight,
Drawes the Curtain.
that might commend the act of Love so Chast.
Were now the chariot-guider of the Sunne
weary o's taske, and would intreat a day
of Heaven to rest in, here's a radiant Looke,
that might be fixt ith' midst oth' Axletree;
and in despight of darke conspiring Clouds,
she would out-shine Sunne, Moone and all the Stars.
O, I could court thee now (my sweet) a fresh,
mixing a kisse with every period;
Telling the Lillies how they are but wanne,

earth

earth in the vernant ſpring is dull, and darke,
compar'd with this aſpect! the Æaſterne ayre,
fann'd with the wings of *Mercury* and *Jove*,
infectious, but compar'd with this perfume.
Hence then th' ambition of that furious * youth, [*Alexis*
who knew not what a crime his raſhneſſe was!
I might orecome more Kingdomes, have more dominion,
enthrone my ſelfe an Emperor oth' world;
I might, I might; *Amurath* thou mightſt.
The Chriſtians now will ſcoffe at *Mahomet*;
Perchance they ſent this wretch thus to inchant me!
O my perplexed thoughts! Tuſh, Ile to bed,
ſhould the commanding Thunder of the Gods
prohibite me, or ſtrike me in the act.
Talke on (vaine rumor) fame I dare thy worſt!
Call me a Luſty, Lazy, wanton, coward!
ſhould I win all the world, my breath once fled,
my bad would ſtill ſurvive, all good be dead.
Eumorphe, ſweet, I come! you ſacred powers
who have beſtowed ſome happenſſe on man,
to helpe to paſſe away this ſinful life,
Grant me a youthfull vigor yet a while,
full veines, free ſtrength, compleat and manly ſenſe,
to know, and take a beauty moſt immenſe!

Scena 4. Actus 2.

Amurath *makes haſte to the Bed, on a ſuddaine enter* Schahin *diſguiſed like the Ghoſt of* Orchanes, *father to* Amurath.

Scahin. *Amurath*, *Amurath.*

Amurath. Divel, Divel; what?
Dar'ſt thou appeare before an *Angell* (Fiend?)

Scah. O *Amurath*, why doth intemperate Luſt,
raging within thy furious youthfull veines,
burſt through thy fathers Tombe? Diſturbe his ſoule?

Know,

Know, all the torments that the fabulous age
dream't, did afflict deceased impious Ghosts,
heartbiting-hunger, and soule-searching thirst,
the ne're consumed, yet ever eaten prey
that the devouring Vulture feeds upon,
are not such tortures as our off-springs crimes:
They, they sit heavy on us, and no date
Makes our compassionate affection cease.
O thou hereditary Ulcer, hearke,
by the name of Father, and by all those cares
which brought me to my grave, to make thee great:
Thou that hast nothing of me but my crowne:
My enterprize surpast the boundlesse Sea,
cutting the churlish Waves of *Hellespont*,
when the flood stood which wind for to obey!
Euxinum groan'd beneath my burdenous ships:
I was the first of all the Turkish Kings
that *Europe* knew, and the fond Christians plague.
What coward blood ran flowing in my veines,
when thou wert first begot, who marrest all
thy Fathers acts by thy untam'd desires?
Wherefore with Stygian curses I will lade thee:
First, may she prove a Strumpet to thy Bed,
be her lips poyson, and let her loose embraces,
be venemous as Scorpions: If she conceive
a Generation from thee, let it be,
as ominous as thou hast beene to me;
Rebellious to thy Præcepts, printing cares
upon thy aged browes. O may they prove,
as Faries for to lash thee in thy rest!
But *Amurath*, if thou canst quench this flame,
if thou wilt cut this Gordian thred, and rend hence
that putrid Wenne which cleaves unto they flesh,
be all thine actions prosperous. *Mahomet*
shall be auspitious unto each designe;
Fortune to shew thee favour shall be proud,

Fare-

Farewel. If what men doe speake last before
they die take root, then dead mens should take more.
Exit Schahin.

Amur. What, art thou vanisht? Know (thou carefull
thou shalt no sooner pierce the wandringclouds (spright)
with unperceived flight, than my resolve
shall expiate my former Vanity.
Looke on thy sonne, thou airy intellect,
and see him sacrifice to thy command!
Now *Titan* turne thy breathing coursers backe,
start hence bright day, a sable Cloud invade
this universall Globe, breake every prop
and every hindge that doth sustaine the Heavens:
For straight must die a woman, I have nam'd
a crime, that may accuse all Nature guilty.
The Sexe wisely considered, deserves a death;
For thinke this, *Amurath*, this woman may
prostrate her delicate and Ivory limbes
to some base Page, or Scul, or shrunk up Dwarf,
Or let some Groome lye feeding on her lips,
she may devise some mishapen trick
to satiate her goatish *Amurath*;
and from her bended knees at Meditation,
be taken by some slave toth' deepe of Hell!
Th'art a brave Creature, wert thou not a woman.
Tutor! Come! thou shalt see my well-kept vow,
and know my hate, which saw me dote but now:
Schahin! *Eurenoses*! Captaines, ho!

Scænæ. 5. Actus. 2.

Enter Schahin, Eurenoses, Chase-Illibegge.
Our Tutor, *Eurenoses*, Captaines, welcome.
Gallants, I call you to a spectacle:
My brest's too narrow to hoard up my joy.
Nay, gaze here Gentlemen! give Nature thanks,
for

for framing such an excellent sence as Sight,
whereby such obiects are injoyn'd as this.
Which of you now impriſon not your thoughts
in envious and ſilent policy.

Scah. My Lord to whatſoever you ſhall propoſe,
my ſentence ſhall be free.

Euren And mine. *Chaſe-il.* And mine.

Am. Which of you then dare challinge to himſelfe
ſuch a pathetical Prærogative,
ſo ſtoically ſevered from affection?
That, had he ſuch a Creature as lieth here,
one, at whom Nature her ſelf ſtood amazed,
one, whom thoſe lofty extaſies of poets,
ſhould they decay, here't muſt nor barely dump
their dull inventions with ſimilitudes,
taken from Sun, Moon, Violets, Roſes;
and, when their ruptures at a period ſtand,
a ſilent admiration muſt ſupply.
Onely name her, and ſhe is all diſcrib'd.
Hyperbole of women, Coulour it ſelfe
is not more pure, and incontaminate!
ſleep doates on her and graſpes her eye-lids cloſe?
the skie it ſelfe hath onely ſo much blew
as the azure in her veines lends by refluxe.
Here's breath that would thoſe vapors purifie,
which from *Avernus* choakes the flying Birds:
here's heat would tempt the numb'd *Athenian*,
though all his blood with age were conjeal'd yce!
Now, which of you all is ſo temperate,
that did he find this Jewel in his bed
(unleſſe an Eunuch) could refraine to grapple,
and dally with her? come! ſpeak freely all.

Sch. Truly (my Lord) I came of mortal parents
and muſt confeſſe me ſubject to deſires;
freely injoy your Love!
that were ſhe mine, I ſurely would do no leſſe.

Amur. What sayth *Eurenoses*?

Euren. My Lord, I say,
that they may raile at light, that nere saw day;
but had I such a Creature by my side,
were the world twice enlarged, and all that world
orecome by me, all volumes writ,
made clean and fild up by Rhetorique straines
of my great deeds, Historians should spend
their Inke and Paper in my sole Chronicle;
A thousand such alluring idle charmes
could not conjure me from betwixt her armes.

Amur. Your sentence *Chas*-Illebeg?

Chas. What need your grace depend upon our breath?
I vow (my Lord,) if all those scrupulous things
which burden us with precepts so precise,
those parents, which when they are married once
and past their strength of years, think their sons straight
should be as old in every thing as they;
I say my Lord, did my head weare a crowne,
that Queen should be the chiefest jem t'adorne it,
spite of all hate. That's an unhappy state,
when Kings must feare to love least subjects hate.

Amu. Wel spoke, three Milksops, *Schabin.* your sword,
Scahin gives him a Sword.
Now, now be valour in this manly arme
to cut off troupes of thoughts that would invade me!
Think you my minde is waxie to be wrought
int'any fashion? *Orchanes*, thy strength!
Here do I wish, as did that Emperour,
that all the heads of that inticing Sexe
were upon hers, thus then should one full stroake
mow them all off. Amurath *cuts off* Eumorphes *head*,
shewes it to the nobles.
there kisse now (Captaines) do, and clap her cheekes:
this is the face that did so captive me:
these were the lookes that so bewicht mine eyes:
here be the lips, that I but for to touch, gave

gave over fortune, victory, fame and all;
these were two lying mirrors where I lookt
and thought I saw a world of happinesse.
Now tutor, shall our swords be excercised
in ripping up the brests of Christians?
Say Generals, Whither i'st first?

A. For *Thracia.*

Amurath. On then for *Thracia*, for he surely shall,
that conquers first himselfe, soon conquer all.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter Cobelitz *solus.*

Cobelitz Thou sacred guider of the arched Heavens,
who canst collect the scattering starres, and fixe
the Erratique planets in the constant pole!
O why shouldst thou take such solicitous care
to keep the ayre, and Elements in course?
That Winter should uncloth our Mother Earth,
and wrap her in a winding sheet of snow;
that then the spring duly revives her still,
unbinds her sinews, fils her cling'd up veynes
with living dew, and makes her young again.
Next that, the *Nemean* terror breathes her flames,
to parch her flaxie haires with furious heat;
which to allay too, thou op'st the Chataracts,
and water'st the worlds gardens with blest drops;
canst thou, which canst sustain the ponderous world,
and keep it in true poize, securely sleepe,
letting a Tyrant (which with a fillip, thus;
thou mightest sink to earth) to baffle thee?
A warrior in thy fields, I long have been

To see if in thy sacred providence,
Thou meanst to arm me with thy thunder-bolt,
Yet, yet, it strikes not; now he Giant-wise,
Dares thee again; pardon our earnest zeal.
What ere's decreed for man, by thy behest,
He must perform, and in obedience rest.
Thou, like Spectators when they do behold
an hardy youth encountring with a Bear,
or something terrible, then they give a shout;
so dost thou even applaud they self to see
Religion striving with Calamity.
Which while it often bears, and still rests true,
it's fence 'gainst all that after shall ensue.
Turk, ile oppose thee still; Heaven has decreed,
That this weak hand, shall make that tyrant bleed.
a man religious, firm, and strongly good
cannot oth' suddain be, nor understood. *Exit.*

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter Amurath *in Arms*, Schahin, *Captains*, *Souldiers.*

Amurath. Rise (Soul!) injoy the prize of thy brave
Schahin, the Present that thou so profest, (worth:
should from the City of *Oresties*,
make proud our eyes! then tell me, Hast thou slain
a thousand superstitious Christian souls?
made them stoop to us: O, I would bath my hands
in their warm blood to make them supple (*Schahin*)
that they may weild more Spears: our hands are dull,
our furie's patient! Now will I be a *Turk*.
and to our Prophet's Altars do I vow,
that to his yoke I will all necks subdue,
or in their throats my bloody Sword imbrew.

Schahin

Schahin *calls in his Souldiers, and each of them presents to* Amurath *the head of a dead Christian.*

Scha. Then King, to adde fresh oyl unto thy hate,
and make it raise it self a greater flame,
see here these Christians heads; thus still shall fall
before thy fatal hand, these impious slaves:
so long as numbers 's wanting to the sand,
so long as day shall come with Sun, and night
be spangled with the twilight dawning stars,
whilst floods shall fall into the Ocean,
shall Christians tremble at *Turks* thundring stroaks.

Amurat. So am I *Amurath*, the great King of *Turks*,
O how it glads me thus to pash their brains,
to rend their locks, to tear these Infidels!
Who thundered when these heads were smitten off?
Stars I could reach you with my lofty hand,
'tis well, enough, enough, (great *Amurath*)
for now I sit in *Orchanes* great Throne,
and sacrifice due Rites to *Mahomet*;
yet why enough? Ile on, and dung the Earth,
with Christians rotted trunks, that from that soyl,
may spring more *Cadmean* Monsters to orecome them.
Captains, what Countries next shall we make flow,
with Channels of their blood?

Euren. To *Servia* (my Lord) there are troups of arms,
gathered to resist *Mahometan*.

Chase. At *Bulgaria*, there they set on fire,
the Countries as they pass, 'twere good we haste.

Amur. VVhy they do well! we like of their desire
to make the flame in which themselves must fry!
Ruine, destruction, famine, and the sword,
shall all invade them: Sun stay thou thy flight,
and see the sneaks in their own River drencht,
whilst with their blood our furious thirst is quencht!

Scena. 3. Actus 3.

Enter in armes, Lazarus Despot of Servia, Sesmenos Governor of Bulgaria.

La. Whither (*Bulgaria*) whither must we flye?
the Butcherous Turk's at hand. Blest Sanctity!
if thou didst ere guard goodnesse, wall our towers,
bring strength into our Nerves. For in thy cause
our Brests upon their Rapiers we will run;
we'll with just hope confront the tyrants rage,
meet him i'the face, fury will find us armes,
there is a power can guard us from all harmes.
Ses. Let us be suddain: for we'l not find scope,
to see our haps. Who most doth fear, may hope.

Enter to them Cobelitz.

Cob. Governor, Captains, hast unto your arms:
the dangers imminent, and the Turk's at hand.
Laz. (*Cobelitz*) must we still wade thus deep
in blood and terror?
Cob. Yes (*Servia*) we must, we should, we ought,
Ease and lucresse keeps baseness company.
Shall we not blush to see the register
of those great Romans, and Heroick Greeks,
which did those acts, at which our hearts are struck
beneath all credence, only to win fame?
and shall not we for that Eternal name?
To live without all credence, even to win fame,
is not to know life's chief, and better parts:
To us of future hopes: calamity
must help to purchase immortality.
Ses. Well spoke (true Christian) they who still live high,
and snoare in prais'd applause nere know to bear,
a contumely, or check, or fate.
Wisely to steare a Ship, or guide an Army,

undaun-

undaunted hardineſſe is requiſite;
O then lets to our weapons! make him yeild;
they which deny all right, oft give't ith'Field.

Enter Chriſtian Souldiers falling out among themſelves fighting confuſedly.

Cob. Why (Gentlemen) we want no foes to fight,
nor need we turn our weapons on our ſelves.

One Souldier ſpeaks as drunk.

1. You lazy rogue, what come in my Cabinet?

anſwer the other.

2. Conſpiring ſlave, you murmur'd gan'ſt th'allowance,
and wouldſt perſwade upon a larger pay,
to betray all Garriſons, and turn Turk.
Thou half Can-carouſing raſcal, Ile teare thee,
and thoſe treacherous veines of thine. Will you ſee,

They all fall by the eares.

Blew-jackets, will you ſee your Corporal wrong'd?
well, ſince I fight for victuals, for company.
Uſe now your ſwords and Bucklers.

La. Treaſon, the next man that ſpeaks or ſtrikes a blow.

Sold. Then ſhall our Laundreſſes fight for us?

2. Why, Amazons! Baudicans, come help to ſcratch.

Enter ſome Truls on both ſides, they fight and ſcratch.

Seſm. O *Cobelitz*, what way ſhall we appeaſe them?

Truls ſcold confuſedly: Thus

1. *Trul.* Out, thy Corporal (huſwife) hath the itch,
you now will have foul waſhing. Drab, Ile tear your
2. An inch or two yet wider. (mouth:

Cob. What, ſouldiers! think you each diſtaſteful word,
given 'mongſt your ſelves ſo ſtrong an obloquie,
that revenge ſpurs you to each others death?

The General parts them with his ſword.

And will not ſeek to waſh thoſe blaſphemies,
in Seas of their foul blood, which are belcht out
by our approaching foes, againſt the Eſſence
of the Eternal!

Laz. Leave, leave, these factions; cease these mutinies

A Drum from the Turk's Camp.

Hark, their Drums take advantage of these stirs:
let us oppose our strength against our foe;
and in our Camp let not one Souldier be,
who will not finde, and strike his Enemie.

Cob. Now (blest guider and great strength of arms)
if in thy secret and hidden decree,
thou hast not yet appointed the full time
wherein thou meanest to tame this Tyger,
who dare murmur against thine hidden will?
Be we slain now, there's victory in store,
which when thou pleasest thou 't give, and not before.
Give us still strength of patience, not to wish,
a funeral honour unto all the world,
when we are perishing, we'l still believe,
those dangers worth our death we undergo,
whilst he, who's ours, is alike thy foe.
Should Fortune lose this day, when we are slain,
thou canst give hands, and strength, and men again;
on thee we trust then, and on thee bear,
scorning for Heaven's sake to shed a tear. *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scena 4.

A March within, excursions, alarum. Enter as Conquerors, Cairadin Bassa, Schahin, leading young men Christian, Prisoners.

Schah. Bassa, we thank thy valour and discretion,
in finding fit occasion to invade
the mutinous Christians! these Captives here
shall be good Presents to our worthy Master.

Bassa. General, now trust me these young slaves,
be full of Valor, they have metal in them.

Schah. Yes: and to his Highness shall perform
a Service

a Service which I long have thought upon,
and when his *Turkish* Majesty requires;
they'l fit to be a near attendant Guard,
on all occasions to the Emperour;
therefore they shall be called *Janizaries*,
by me first instituted, for our Princes safeties sake.

Bass. Their vigor & strong hearts becomes such service,
for to orecome them made our Soldiers sweat
much *Turkish* blood: the *Servians* kept the Fight
with stubborn hard resistance, The *Bulgarians*
left the right wing; there set I forward first,
and like a torrent roll'd destruction on,
raising huge storms of blood, as doth the Whale
puffe up the waves against a mighty Ship;
me thinks, I see the Rivers of their gore:
their Leaders trampled on by *Turkish* Horse,
the Body of their Army quite dispersst,
themselves all floating in Vermillian pools,
with their own weapons hasting to their death,
and such a slaughter did we make of them,
as Nature scarce can ere repair again.
One hastning t'others death, pulling to ground
him that held up, so they each other drown'd.

Schah. Still are they confident upon a power,
they know not what, who (as they think) can snatch
their precise souls from out the jaws of death.

Bass. Yes, such a superstition doth possess them;
for when they lookt for nothing but their fate,
and danger stood in sweat upon their brows:
they yet scorn'd *Mahomet*, and prophan'd his Rites,
and nought but horror made them to believe
so many men were fighting on his side,
as might have chang'd my seat, and part ith' world,
(though Nature stood against) to a new place:
or carry *Sestos* whereby *Abydos* stands,
or pull down *Atlas* with so many hands.

Adus

Actus 3. Scena 5.

Enter Amurath *with Embaſſadors from German* Ogly, *concerning* Bajazet, Amurath's *Eldeſt ſon, and the Mahometans Daughter.* Cairadin Baſſa *preſents* Amurath *with his Captives for Ianizaries. &c.*

Amurath. How like our Captaines the laſt Victory?
(if any can propheſie of future things)
me thought I did dream of this bleſſed hap.
How fortune did involve them in their ruin!
and flight from danger, brought them in their ruine.
each one aſtonied with a ſuddaine feare,
knew not the danger that was then moſt neare.

Baſſa & Schahin preſents Amurath With Captives for Ianizaries

Baſſa. To adde more tryumph, I preſent my Liege,
with theſe young Rebels, which you may bring up
in all the præcepts of our Mahomet.

Scah. And, (for great Emperor, your perſon wants
a thing which much ore-Clouds your light of ſtate,
attendant *Ianizaries* to a Prince:)
theſe may be ſo trained up, as to ſupply
the duty fit for ſuch a Majeſty. (ſaile

Am. Baſſa, we thank thy ſtrength, *Schahin* your coun-
and to that end, let them have ſafe protection.
But we muſt treat now of a marriage (Lords)
the German *Ogly*, he whoſe Scepter ſwaies
the *Phrygian* confines in ſtrong *Aſia*,
by Embaſſie intreats that he may joyne
his Daughter *Hatum* to our *Bajazet*.
Embaſſador, here to our Counſell ſpeak
your Maſters Meſſage.

Emb.

Emb. Pleaſe then your Maj. and theſe reverend heads
to be inform'd my maſters will by me ?
In wedlock if your prince may be combin'd
to the faire princeſſe his ſole daughter,
he freely gives the *Phrygian* territories,
and *Bythinia* to you for your dowry ;
Cutas, Simon, Egregios, Sanſale,
Abbettingon, the *Ottomans* eſtate ;
which *Ottomans*, becauſe he not endures,
the Noble *Zelzucciom* family proteſts,
to joyn with you in quelling their ambition

Sca. May't pleaſe your majeſty to like mine advice,
it's good to have alliance with ſuch friends ;
Kings that combine themſelvs are like to ſhafts,
the ancient Sage propos'd unto his ſonnes ;
which whilſt together they were cloſe compact,
armes, knees, and his whole ſtrength, could never break ;
take one by one, they with a touch were crack'd :
ſo Kings may be orecome that ſtand alone ;
but two ſuch princes, knit thus hand in hand,
ſhould Nations totter they would firmely ſtand.

Am. Yes *Schabin*, we'll approve what thou ſaieſt,
then from us carry the great Aſiaes Monarch
this our kindeſt greeting :
tell him, the gates of *Pruſa* ſhall ſtand ope,
and the glad ayre ſhall Eccho notes of joy,
to entertaine her who ſhall bleſſe our Land
with hopefull iſſue ; greedy thoughts expect
her ſoon arrivall ; and ſo (Embaſſador)
enforme thy princeſſe, when ſhe ſhall appear,
A laſting Starr ſhall ſhine within our ſpheare.

Scena

Scen 6. Actus 3.

Enter Safmenos, Lazarus, Cobelitz.

Saf. O *Servia* our Cities are turn'd flames;
each ſtrives to haſt his own and others death:
And as though heaven conſpir'd deſtruction too,
that rains down ſcalding Sulphure on our heads,
here one that lyes thick gaſping for his breath
is choakt with blood that runs from's fellows wounds;
whilſt others for the dead are making graves,
themſelves are made the corps that do fill them.
Nobles, and baſe, together periſh all,
and a drawn ſword ſticks faſt in every rib;
our ſtones are dy'd Vermillion with our blood:
old creatures that are creeping to the grave,
are thruſt on faſter.
Infants, but in the threſhold of their lives,
are thus kickt off: Oh moſt diſaſtrous times,
to love our deaths, and make our life our crimes!

Laz. See, ſee, the ruins of our goodly Walls,
our Cities ſmoak hinder the ſight of heaven:
The conqueror yet amaz'd meaſures out our Towns,
with eyes of terror, and doth ſcarce believe
he hath overcome us; yet among theſe fires,
our dead men are denyed their funeral flames:
And thoſe infectious carkaſſes do perform,
a ſecond murder on the reſt that live;
and all the hope of ſafety that we have,
is now to fix our flattering lips at's feet:
mercy(perhaps) may wearied ſlaughter meet.

Saf. Will you do ſo? ſpeak, for I am determin'd—

Cob. No (worthy General) heaven avert
and arm you with the proof of better thoughts!
What though a Tyrant ſtrives to terrifie

all

all Christendome, and would not be beloved;
let not your feares give impious rage such scope,
as for to bring Religion to prophaneneſſe:
fortune and heaven will scorn to try a man,
that hurles his weapons hence and runs away:
How is he worthy of heavens victory,
that, when it frownes, dares not look up and see?
Me thinks we three are now inviron'd round,
with hosts of Angels, and our powerful *Mars*
is putting bows of steel into our hands:
he doth suggeſt our wrath, and bids us on.
O what an army 'tis to have a cause
holy and just; there, there's our strength indeed!

——— *Tu mente Labantes,*
Direge nos, dubios, et certo Robore firma.

If we must dye, the narrow way to bliſſe
shall be made wide for us: the gate's wide ope,
and the spread Palace entertaines with joy.
Mean time, let's look like men upon our grief,
our frown fate Deſpot, *Bulgaria*, come.
Turk, once more at thee (Tyrant) mortals must
command heavens favour in a case so just. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Aladin King of Caramania, son in Law to Amurath, with Nobles, Embaſſadors from Amurath.

Alad. Sends our proud father-in-law this greeting to us?
was our sword sheath'd so soon to heare this answer?

Emb. My Lord, he bad me tell you that 'twas you
have made him leave off this great Prophets wars,
when

when he was hewing down the Christians;
therefore submission should not now appease him;
no, though your wife, his daughter, should her self,
upon her penitent knees be supplyant.
No sooner shall the *Tycian* splendid Sol
open heavens Casements, and inlarge the day,
but his horse hoofs shall beat your treacherous earth;
and that you may be warn'd of his approach,
murder and flames shall be his Prodromo's!

Alad. Confederate Princes, and my kind allyes,
shall his proud nostrils breath those threats on us?

Emb. Moreover, my Lord will, or win, or raze,
Iconium and *Larenda.*

Alad. Iconium and *Larenda*? I? No more?
had best look first, how safe his *Prusa* stands.
Lords, I am mov'd, and will forget my Queen
was ere the issue of his hated blood:
My splene is tost within, mine entrailes pant,
as, when the Sea is rais'd with Southern gusts,
the wind allay'd, yet still the waves will tremble,
Princes, now binde your selves with such strong chaines,
your faith and breaths can make; swear to me all,
to be as firm to me 'gainst *Amurath*,
as is the skin and flesh unto the Nerves;

They all kneel, and swear upon his sword.

Nobles. We all sweare we will.

Alad. Then all here kisse my sword,
which shall be steept within the head-mans throat:
We'l make him know those will not flie in war,
which may in policie intreat a peace!
Hast thy course (time) and soon reduce the year!
Lucan: ——— *Infestique obvia Signis*
Signa, pares aquilas, & pila minantia pilis.
Ensignes may Ensignes meet, *Carmania's* King,
great *Aladin*, scorns to avoyd a *Turk.*
Princes, and Neighbours, muster up your strength,

that

that we may meet him on his full Cariere;
and let it be *Carmanian's* pride to say,
to o'recome him we ask no second day.

Scena 2. Actus 4.

Enter Amurath *at one door with Nobles*, Bajazet; *Enter at th'other*, Hatum, *richly attended, they meet, salute in dumb shews*; Amurath *joynes the hands of the Prince and Princesse*; *whilst this is solemnizing, is sung to soft Musick, this Song following.*

SONG.

Thine O Hymen, *thine is she,*
Whose Beauties verse Calliope,
Sing to Marriage ties an Io;
Io *to* Hymen.

Chorus. *To thee* Apollo *is my sute,*
Lend me a while thy silver Lute,
O what a woe it is to bring,
A Bride to Bed and never sing,
Io *to* Hymen.

Ambo. *When she's old, still seemes she yong,*
When she's weake, to her be strong!
Be Cyprus, *both, and* Paphos *here,*
Love, sing with merry cheere,
Io *to* Hymen.

Amur. You Gods of Marriage, sacred Protectores of lawful propagations, and blest Love, be most propitious to these grafted stemmes; drop dewing showers of generation on them.

Think

Think (Son) this day so prodigal of blessing,
as, that had *Juno* taskt thee (like *Alcides*)
to grapple with *Stymphallides*, or cleanse
Augean stables: or like the Trojan Boy,
sit like a Shepheard on *Dardanias* hills,
such a reward as this fair Queen repayes.
O thou hop'd future off-spring, spare thy Parent!
Hurt not this tender womb, these Ivory worlds,
in which a pritty people yet shall live
when you are born; O be within your limbs
the Gransire, *Amurath*, and fathers strength;
line their faces (Nature) with their mothers dye:
And let the destinies make the ensuing night
in their Eternal Books, with notes most white.

All. Grant it great *Mahomet*.

Hat. Most awful father, and my honored Prince,
although it be enacted by the heavens,
that in these bonds of marriage, such curse
attends on Princes above private men,
that no affection, nor home-nourisht Love
but state and policy must elect their wives,
which must be fetcht from Countries far remot;
yet the protecting Powers have such a care,
both of their off-springs and their Kingdoms state.
That to what they ordain, they work in us
a suddain willingnesse to make's obey;
for in this breast, I do already feel
that there's a kindling a Diviner heat,
which disobedience never shall extinguish.
And if there be any felicity
from these united Loves to be derived
from the weak sex unto the husbands soul,
then may my Lord make his affection sure,
to be repaid with an untainted Love.
With soft and yeilding courtesie in all
he shall command, my willing arms shall still

be ope t'enfold within a wives embrace,
if any comfort elſe there be in ſtore,
(which modeſty keeps ſilent to it ſelf
cauſe only husbands and the night muſt know't)
my Loyalty ſhall ever all perform:
and though my Lord ſhould frown, Ile be the ſame,
green wood will burn with a continued flame:

Baja. Princeſſe, our ardour is already fired,
yet with no violent temerity;
ſuch as might feare it's ſhort and ſoon decaying:
thy vertue ſeems ſo to exceed thy Sex,
and wiſdome ſo far to out-pace thy yeares,
that, ſurely (Princeſs) ſoon maturity,
argues in them hidden Divinity.
Expected *Hymen* here hath bound our hands
and hearts, with everlaſting ligaments:
Fortunate both we are, and have one bliſſe,
the want of which for ever doth infect
with anxious cares the ſweets of marriage beds:
our parents benediction and conſent,
they are the trueſt *Hymens*, and ſhould be
to children the beſt marriage Deity.
Thus then attended with ſuch ſacred charmes
our laſt day of content ſhall never come;
till we muſt part by th'unreſiſted doome,
with a pleas'd error we will age beguile,
all ſtars on us, an equal yoke, muſt ſmile,

Amu. Now (Lords) who'le dance
a Turkiſh meaſure? Ladies our nerves are ſhrunk,
and you now fix the ſign of age on me,
you, who have blood ſtill flowing in your veines,
be nimble as an Hart: Caper t' the Sphæres:
O you are light, that want the weight of years! *Muſick.*
Here Amurath aſcends his Throne, the reſt ſet down to dance, Bajazet *with* Hatum, &c. *the end of the dance, all kneel,* Amur. *begins an health, a flouriſh with Cornets.*

Amu. And health to our Bride and her father:
O(Nobles)would this wine were Christians blood,
but that it would Phrenetique humours breed,
and so infect our braines with Superstition!

Enter Eurenoses with six Christian Maidens, richly attyred, their Haire hanging loose, in their hands Cups of Gold with Jewels, &c.

Eure. Auspicious fortunes to great *Amurath:*
to ope more springs to this full-tide of joy,
know (potent Emperor) I from Europe bring
six daughters of six several Kings,
whose Cities we have equall'd to the ground;
and of their Palaces did torches make,
to light their souls through the black cave of death.

Am. Describe(good Captain)how the dogs were wea-

Eure. So weary were they to indure our swords, (ried.
that by impetuous mutiny themselves
turn'd on each other, slew their Masters;
Childrens own hands tore out their fathers throats,
and each one strove who should be slaughtered first;
Here did a brother pash out a brothers braines,
some in stinking Quagmires, and deep Lakes
(which they had made t'avoide their excrements)
ran quick, and in the lake lay buryed.

Am. Good Executioner of our most just wrath!

Eur. Nor did it leave till death it self was wearie,
murder grew faint, and each succeeding day
shew'd us the slaughter of the day before.
'Mongst carcasses and funerals we stood,
denying those that liv'd such Ceremonies
as in their Temples to the Indian gods,
with prayers and vowes they daily offred:
Nor destiny, nor cruelty ere left,
till they had nothing for to work upon;

for,

for, of so many souls that breath'd of late,
these six are all remain: which as a Pledge
of my best service to your Majesty,
I here am bold to yeild an offer.

Amu. Nor shall this present be unrecompenced;
for thy true service, on thee Ile bestow
all the rich gifts, which all these *Asian* Lords
brought to adorn these happy Nuptials;
on you faire Bride, great Princesse, and our Daughter
do we bestow these Virgins (daughters to Kings)
for your attendance. (ther

Hat. We are two much bound unto our Princely Fa-

Amu. No(Daughter)no, we hope thou art the spring
from whence shall flow to all the world a King.
Captaines and Lords, to morrow we must meet,
to think of our rebellious son in Law.
Be this time all for comfort and delight,
short wedding dayes make it seem long to night.

Exeunt omnes.

Scena 3. Actus 4.

Enter Lazarus and Cobelitz, bringing the dead body of Safmenos.

Laz. Here set we down our miserable load,
O *Cobelitz*, with whom is't that we fight?
VVith *Lybian* Lyons? Or *Hyrcanian* Beares,
which grinde us daily in their ravenous teeth?
The Tyrant (as it were destructions Engineer)
helps Nature to destroy the worlds frame quickly.

Cob. Alas, my Lord, that needs not, every day
is a sufficient helper to decay:
Great workman, who art sparing in thy strength
to bring things to perfection: and to oreturn
all thy best works, thou usest suddaine force.

when mans an Embrio and firſt conceived,
how long 'tis ere he ſees his native light?
Then born, with expectation for his growth,
tenderly nouriſht, carefully brought up:
grown to perfection, what a little thing
ſerves to call on his ſuddain ruining?

Laz. Come *Cobelitz*, 'mongſt thoſe demoliſht ſtones
we'll ſit as *Hecuba*, at thoſe *Trojan* walls:
our teares ſhall be falſe glaſſes to our eyes,
through theſe we'l look, and think we yet may ſee
our ſtately Pinacles, and ſtrong founded holds:
that which one hour can delapidate,
one age can ſcarce repaire.

Cob. No ſir, for nothing's hard
to Nature, when ſhe meanes for to conſume:
A thouſand Oakes (which time hath fixt i'th earth,
as Monuments of laſting memory)
are in a moment turn'd to aſhes; all
things that riſe ſlowly, take a ſuddain fall.

Laz. What courſe now, *Cobelitz*? muſt we ſtil be yoakt
to miſery, and murder? We ſcarce have room
upon our bodyes to receive more wounds,
and muſt we ſtill oppoſe our ſelves to more?

Cob. Yes! We are ready ſtill; a ſolid mind
muſt not be ſhak't with every blaſt of wind.
Pollux, nor *Hercules*, had none other art,
to get them Manſions in the Spangl'd heavens
then a true firm reſolve; th' *Adriatike* Sea,
ſhall from his currents with tempeſtuous blaſts,
be ſooner mov'd, than vertue from its aime.
Let us but think (when we ſo many ſee
enjoying greater quiet than our themſelves)
how many have endur'd more miſery;
Ilion, *Ilion*, what a fate hadſt thou?
How fruitful wert thou in matter for thy foe?
Thus we'll delude our grief, make our ſelf glad,

to

to think of miseries that others had.

Laz. Ay, (Captain) ay; they that furnish thee
with sentences of comfort, never saw,
their Cities burnt, their Countries desolate.
'Tis easie for Physicians for to tell
advice to others, when themselves are well.

Cob. Tush, tush (my Lord) there's on our side we know,
one that both can, and will our weake hands guide,
one that will strike and thunder; Gyant then,
look for a dart! we must not appoint when;
mean while help to convey this burden hence.
Turk, though thy tyranny deny us graves,
corruption will give them spite of thee:
Nor do our corps, such Tombs and Cavernes need:
for our own flesh, still our own graves do breed:
And, whom the earth receives not when they die,
heavens vault overwhelms them, so their tomb's ith'skie.

Exeunt with a dead Trunk.

Actus 4. Scena 4.

Enter Aladin as flying, an arrow through his arm, wounded in his forehead, his shield stuck with darts: With him two Nobles.

Alad. Besieged on every side? *Iconium* taken?
Entrencht within my foes my self must lie
wrapt in my Cities ruine. Turks come on. (death?

1. *Nob.* Nay but my Lord, mean you to meet your
let's hast our flight, and trust more to our feet
then words, or hands ——

Alad. Why so much of our blood
is already spilt, as should the glittering Sun
exhale it upward, 'twould obnubulate
It's luster, else to fiery Metors turn.
some counsel (Lords) he that's amidst the Sea,

when every curled wave doth threat his death,
yet truſts upon the oares of his own armes,
and ſometime the ſalt ſome doth pity him.
A VVolf, or Lion, that hath fild his gorge
with bloody prey, at laſt will lie to ſleep,
and the unnaturalſt creatures not forget
their love to thoſe whom they do know their own:
My wife's his daughter; ſince we cannot ſtand
his fury longer, ſhe ſhall ſwage his wrath.
The boyſterous Ocean when no winds oppoſe,
grows calm: revenge is loſt, when't hath no foes.

2. *Nob.* VVhy then (my Lord) array your ſelf in weeds
of a Petitioner: take the Queen along,
and your two children; they may move his eyes;
for, deſperate ſores aske deſperate remedies.

Ala. Go (Lords) go: fetch ſome ſtraight. O heavens!
O fortune, they that leane on thy crackt wheel,
and truſt a Kingdomes power, and domineer
in a wall'd Palace, let them look on me,
and thee (*Carmania*;) greater inſtances
the world affords not to demonſtrate
the frail eſtate of proudeſt Potentates,
of ſturdieſt Monarchies: high Pinacles
are ſtill invaded with the prouder winds;
they muſt endure the threats of every blaſt;
the tops of *Caucaſus* and *Pindus* ſhake
with evey crack of thunder; humble Vaults
are nere toucht with a bolt: ambiguous wings
hath all the ſtate, that hovers over Kings.

Enter the 2. Nobles With a winding ſheet, Aladin puts it on.

I, I, this veſture fits my miſery!
this badge of poverty muſt now prevaile,
where all my Kingdomes power and ſtrength doth fail.
Why ſhould not a prophetick ſoul attend
on great mens perſons, and forewarn their ills?

Raging

Raging *Bootes* doth doth not so turmoile
the *Lybian* ford, as Fortune doth great hearts.
Bellona and *Erynnis* scourge us on;
should wars and treasons cease, why our own weight
would send us to the earth, as spreading armes
make the huge trees in tempest for to split.
For as the slaughter-man to pasture goes,
and drags that Oxe home first, whose Bulk is greatest,
the leane he still lets feed: disease takes hold
on bodies that are pampered with best fare;
so doth all ruine chuse the fairest markes,
at which it bends, and strikes it full of shafts;
ambition made me now that eminent Butt:
And I that fell by mine own strength, must rise
by profest weakness; Buckets full sink down,
whilst th'empty dance i'th' ayre and cannot drown.
Come (Lords) he out of's way can never range,
who is at furthest; worst nere finds ill change.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter at one door Amurath, with attendants; at the other door Aladin, his Wife, two Children, all in white sheets, kneel down to Amurath.

Am. Our hate must not part thus; I'le tell thee (Prince)
thou 'ast kindled violent *Etna* in our brest,
and such a flame is quencht with nought but blood:
His blood whose hasty and rebellious blast
gave life unto the fire; should heaven threat us;
know, we dare menace it; are we not *Amurath?*
(whose awful name is even trembled at)
so often dar'd by Pigmy Christians;
which we will crush to ayre? what haughty thought
buzz'd thy presumtuous eares with such vain blasts,

to puffe thee into such impetuous acts?
or what, durst prompt thee with a thought so frail,
as made thee covetous of so brave a death,
as this known hand should cause it? know, that throat
shall feel it strangled with some slave brought up
to nought but for an Hangman: thy last breath,
torn from thee by a hand that's worse than death.

Alad. Why then, Ile (like the Roman *Pompey*) hide
my dying sight, scorning imperious looks
should grace so base a stroke with sad aspect;
thus will I muffle up and choke my grones,
lest a griev'd teare should quite put out the name
of lasting courage in *Carmanias* fame.

Am. What? still stiffe necked? Is this the truce you beg?
Sprinkled before thy face those Rebel Brats,
shall have their braines, and their dissected limbes,
hurld for a prey to Kites; for (Lords) 'tis fit
no spark of such a mountain threatning fire,
be left as unextinct, least it devoure,
and prove more hot unto the Turkish Empier,
then the *Promethean* blaze did trouble *Jove*!
first sacrifice those Brats.——

All. Wife. (Deare father) let thy fury rush on me;
within these entrailes sheath thine unsatiate sword,
and let this ominous, and too fruitful womb
be torn insunder, for from thence those Babes,
took all their crimes; error made them guilty,
'twas Natures fault, not theirs: O if affection
can work, then now shew a true fathers love;
if not, appease those murdering thoughts with me:
For as *Jocasta* pleaded with her sons
for their deare Father, so to a Father I
for my dear babes and husband; husband, father,
Which shall I first embrace? Victoriors father,
be blunt those now sharp thoughts, lay down those (threats,
unclasp that impious Helmet; fix to earth
that

that monumental Speare, look on thy child
with pardoning looks, not with a warriers eye:
Else shall my breast cover my husbands breast,
and serve as buckler to receive thy wounds.
Why dost thou doubt? Feareſt thou thy daughters faith?

Amu. I feare, for after Daughters perjury,
all Lawes of Nature shall distasteful be;
nor will I trust thy children or thy self.

Wife. No Father, 'tis I: fear you him, he you,
I both, but for you both, for both you war;
so that 'tis best with him that's overcome.
O let me kisse (kind father) first the earth
on which you tread, then kisse mine husbands cheek.
Great King embrace these babes, you are the stock
on which these Grafts were planted——

Amu. True, and when sprouts do rob the tree of sap,
they must be prun'd.

Wife. Dear Father, leave such harsh similitudes:
By my deceased Mother, (to whose womb
I was a ten moneths burden:) By your self,
(to whom I was a pleasing Infant once)
pitty my husband, and these tender Infants.

Amu. Yes, to have them collect a manly strength,
and their first lesson that their Dad shall teach them
shall be to read my misery.

All. Stern Conqueror: but that thy daughter shews,
there once dwelt good in that obdurate breast,
I would not spend a teare to soften thee.
Thou seest my Countries turn'd into a grave:
my Cities scare the Sun with fiercer flames,
which turn them into ashes, and my self
so slickt and carved, that my amazed blood
knows not through which wound first to take it's way;
if not on me, have mercy on my babes,——
which, with thy mercy thou mayst turn to Love.

Amu. No sir, we must root out malicious seed:

nothing

nothing ſprouts faſter, than an envious weed!
We ſee a little Bullock, 'mongſt an Herd
(whoſe horns are yet ſcarce crept from out his front)
grows on a ſuddain tall, and in the Field,
frolicks ſo much, he makes his Father yield.
A little Twig left budding on an Elm,
ungratefully bars his Mother ſight from Heaven!
I love not future *Aladins*. (death,
Alad. Threat all a Conquerour can, canſt threat but
and I can die: but if thou wouldſt have mercy! ——
Wife. Let's ſee your feet, we're proud with this hands
The higher thoſe great powers have rais'd you, (kiſs!
preſs that which lyes below with gentler weight:
to pardon miſeries is Fortunes height:
alas, theſe infants, theſe weak ſinewed hands
can be no terror to theſe *Hectors* arms!
Beg (Infants) beg, and teach theſe tender joynts
to ask for mercy; learn your liſping tongues
to give due accent to each ſyllable:
nothing that Fortune urgeth to, is baſe;
put from your thoughts all memory of deſcent:
forget the Princely Titles of your Fathers:
if your own miſery you cannot feel,
learn thus of me to weep, of me to kneel.
Al. Do (boys) and imitate your Parents tears,
which I (like *Priam*) ſhed, when he beheld,
Hector thrice dragg'd about the *Trojan* Walls.
He that burſt ope the Gates of *Erebus*,
and rouz'd the yelling Monſter from his Den,
was conquer'd with a tear. Great Monarch learn,
To know how dear a King doth weeping earn.
1. *Ch.* Good Grandſire ſee, ſee how my Father cries!
2. *Ch.* Good Mother take my napkin for your eyes!
Wife. (Good father) hear, hear how thy daughter prays!
Thou that know'ſt how to uſe ſtern Warriers arms,
learn how to uſe mild VVarriers pity too.

Alas?

Alas? Can ere these ungrown strengths repair
their Fathers battered Cities? Or can these,
these orethrown Turrets? (*Iconium*) what small hopes
hast thou to lean upon? If these be all?
Not half so mild hath our misfortune been
that any can ere fear us: Be pleased ——

Am. Rise (my dear Child) as Marble against rain,
so I at these obedient showers, melt;
thus I do raise thy Husband: thus thy Babes:
freely admitting you to former State.
But *Aladin*, wake not our wrath again;
„ Patience grows fury that is often stirred;
when Conquerours wax calm, and cease to hate,
the conquer'd should not dare to reiterate.
Be thou our Son and Friend.

Alad. By all the Rites of *Mahomet*, I vow it.

Am. Then, for to seal unto you this our love,
your self shall lead a wing in *Servia*,
in our immediate VVars; we are to meet
the Christians in *Cassanoe*'s Plains with speed:
Great *Amurath* nere had time to breath himself,
so much as to have warring with new Foes;
no day securely to his Scepter shone,
but one VVars end, still brought another on. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scena 2.

Enter Lazarus, Cobelitz, Souldiers, all armed.

Cob. Let now victorious wreathes ingirt our brows,
let Angels 'stead of Souldiers wield our arms
'gainst him, who that our Cities might be his,
strives to depopulate, and make them none!
But look, look in the air (me thinks) I see
an Host of Souldiers brandishing their Swords;
each corner of the Heaven shoots thunderbolts,

to

to nail these impious forces to the Earth.

Laz. Souldiers stand to't, though fortune bandy at's,
let's stand her shocks, like sturdy Rocks ith' Sea,
on which the angry foaming Billows beat,
with frivolous rush, and break themselves, not them;
stand like the undaunted countenance oth' sky,
or, like the Sun, which when the foolish King,
thought to obscure with a cloud of darts,
out lookt them all, our lives are all inchanted,
and more invulnerate than *Thetis* Son.
We shall have hands and weapons: if the stone
of Fortune glide from under our weak feet,
and we must fall, yet, let all Christians say,
'Tis She, and not the Cause, that wins the day.
We must believe Heaven hath a greater care
of them, whom Fortune doth so oft out dare!

Cob. Gentlemen, Brothers, Friends, Souldiers, Christians,
we have no reason to command of Heaven
a thing denied to all mortality.
Nor should we be so impudently proud,
as in this weak condition to repute
our selves above the stroak of Lady Chance,
a caution must divine it, ever fixt,
that whilst her checks equally fall out,
community should ease their bitterness.
I could afresh now shed those Princely tears,
to think such suddain ruine should attend
Heroick spirits glittering in bright arms!
But if the *Grecian* (when he heard the dreams
disputed subtilly by Philosophers,
to prove innumerable extant worlds)
was struck with pensiveness, and wept to think
he had not yet obtain'd one for himself;
what terror can affright a Christians thoughts
who knows there is a world, at liberty
to breath in, when this glass of life is broke?

our Eoes with circling fury are intrencht;
Pelions of Earth and darkneſs ſhall orelade them,
whilſt we ſhall mount, and theſe our ſpirits light,
ſhall be yet ponderous to depreſs them lower.
Nay, my Enthuſiaſtick ſoul divines,
That ſome weak hand ſhall from the blazing Zone
ſnatch Lightning, which ſhall ſtrike the ſnarling Cur
with horror and amazement to the Earth,
which Hell cannot oppoſe! *Turk*, Tyrannize,
ſtand, yet at length to fall my ſacrifice.
Super-Olympick vigor will (no doubt)
ſqueez all thy ſupercilious rancor out!

Exeunt in a March.

Scena 3. Actus 5.

The Heavens ſeem on fire, Comets and blazing Stars appear, Amurath *ſpeaks.*

Am. Who ſet the world on fire?
How now (ye Heavens) grow you
ſo proud, that you muſt needs put on curl'd locks,
and cloth your ſelves in Periwigs of fire?
Mahomet (ſay not but I invoke thee now!)
command the puny-Chriſtians demi-God
put out thoſe flaſhing ſparks, thoſe *Ignes fatui*,
or i'le unſeat him, or with my Looks ſo ſhake
the ſtaggring props of his weak ſeated Throne,
that he ſhall finde he ſhall have more to do
to quell one *Amurath*, than the whole Gyant brood
of thoſe ſame Sons of Earth, than ten *Lycaons*.
Do the poor ſnaks ſo love their miſery
that they would ſee it by theſe threatning lights?
Dare ye blaze ſtill? I'le toſs up Buckets full
of Chriſtians blood to quench you: by thoſe hairs
drag you beneath the Center: there put out

all

all your preſaging flames in *Phlegeton*.
Can you outbrave me with your pidling Lights?
Yawn earth with Caſements as wide as hell it ſelf.
Vault opens.
Burn heaven as ardent as the *Lemnian* flames,
wake pale *Tiſiphon*, ſpend all thy ſnakes;
Be *Eacus*, and *Minos*, as ſevere
as if the Goale delivery of us all
were the next Seſſions. Ile pull *Radamant*
by his flaming furres from out his Iron Chaire.

Whilſt he is in his fury, ariſe four Fiends, framed like Turkiſh Kings, but black, his ſuppoſed Predeceſſors daunce about him; to a kind of hideous noyſe, ſing this Song following.

1. Fiend.
Horror, diſmal cryes, and yells
Of theſe thy Grandfires thee fore-tels,
Furies ſent of thee to learn
Crimes, which they could nere diſcern.
All. Furies ſent, &c.

2. Fiend.
O Amurath *thy Father's come,*
To warn thee of a ſuddain doome,
Which in Caſſanoe's *fields attends*
To bring thee to thy helliſh friends.
All. Which in Caſſanoes, *&c.*

3. Fiend.
Megæra *and* Ennio *both do ſtand*
Trembling leſt when thou art damn'd,
Chief of Furies thou ſhouldſt be,
And they their ſnakes reſigne to thee.
All. Chief of Furies, &c.

4. Fiend.

4. Fiend.

Terror, we a while will leave thee,
Till Cocytus *Lake receive thee.*
Cerberus *will quake for feare*
Where he a new Turks fate shall heare.
All. Cerberus *will, &c.*

Amu. Now who the divel sent my Grandsires hither?
Had *Pluto* no task else to set them too?
He should have bound them to *Ixions* wheel,
or bid them roule the stone of *Sysiphus*:
Beshrew me, but their singing did not please me!
Have they not been so drunk with *Lethe* yet,
as to forget me? They can portend no ill;
for, should the fates be twining my last thread,
yet none durst come from hell to tell me so.
Shall I be scar'd with a Night-walking Ghost;
or what my working fancy shall present?
Why, I can look more terrible then night,
and command darkneſſe in the unwilling day:
Make *Hecate* start, and draw back her head,
to wrap it in a swarthy vaile of clouds.
Drop sheets of Sulphure, you prodigious skyes,
Cyclops, run all thy Bullets into *Ætna*,
then vomit them at once; should Christians
couch to the bottomleſſe abyſſe of *Styx*,
or hide themselves under *Avernaes* shade,
this arm should fetch them out. Day must perform
what I intend, wrath raines a bloody storm:
And now, 'gins rise the Sun, which yet not knows
the misery it shall see on *Amuraths* Foes!
Lords, Leaders, Captaines ——

Enter Schahin and others.

Scha. Your Highneſſe up so soon?
Amu. He small rest takes,
that dreames on nought but bloody broyles and death.

Sch.

Schah. Your Grace seems much distempered: Beds of
bedew your brows with never-wonted paleness (sweat
Am. Why, see you not? The heavens are turn'd Court
and put on other Hair besides their own: (Ladies,
canst guess (learn'd *Schahin*) what these flames portend?
Schah. My Lord, such things as these, we men must see,
and wonder at, and yet not search the reason;
perchance unwholsom fogs exhailed by th' Sun
are set a blazing by his too neer heat:
but 'tis not lawful that a mortal eye
should dare to penetrate Heavens secrecy.
Am. Doth it not bode a Conquest?
Schah. Yes, 'gainst the Christians:
for, unto them it bends sinister looks,
and frowns upon their Army more than ours.
Amur. So, so: come on, ere *Phosphorus* appear
let's too't, and so prevent that sluggard *Sol*.
If we want Light, we'll from our Whinyards
strike fire enough to scorch the Universe;
Mine Armour there!

Some go for his Armour.

Now (*Mahomet*) I implore
thy promist Aid for this auspicious day:
toss me aloft, and make me ride on Clouds:
If my Horse fail me, those fire breathing jades,
(which the boy *Phaëthon* knew not how to guide)
will I pluck out from out the flaming Team,
and hurle my self against those condense Spheares,
on which I'le sit, and stay their turning Orbs;
the whole vertigious Circle shall stand still,
but to behold me: *Mine Armour, ho!*

They bring his Armour.

So, help on here; now like *Alcides* do I girt my self
with well knit sinewes, able to stagger Earth,
and threaten Nature with a second Chaos:
If one impetuous broyl remain to come

in

in future ages, set on foote this houre.
How well this weight of steele befits my strength!
Me thinks the Gods stand quivering, and doe feare
(when I am arm'd) another *Polegra's* neare.
Chiron shall see his *Pindus* at my feet;
And ile climbe up to heaven, and pull it downe
and kick the weighty burden of the world,
from off the Babies shoulders that supports it.
for I am safer Buckled 'gainst my foe,
then sturdy *Jason*, who by th' inchanted charmes
Medea gave, encountred Unicornes,
Queld Lyons, struggl'd with fire-belching Buls,
obtain'd a glorious prize, a Fleece. A Fleece
dipt deepe in tincture of the Christ'ans bloud
shall be my spoyle; nay should they hide their heads
in their Gods bosome, here's a sword shall reach them.
Come they shall know no place is free from wrath,
when boyling bloud is stirr'd in *Amurath*.

Exeunt.

An alarme, excursions: fight within. Enter at one doore a Christian, at another a Turke; fight, both kild, so a new charge, the Turkes kill most. Enter Lazarus, Schahin *kils him. Enter* Eurenoses, Cobelitz, *they fight*, Cobelitz *faints, falls for dead. A shout within, a token of Victory on the Turkes side, a Retrait sounded.*

Scena 4. Actus 5.

Enter above Amurath. Bajazet, *Nobles, to see the spoyle.*

Schah. Here, mighty Prince, take view of Victory, and see the field too narrow for thy spoyles.
Erynnus hides her head as if afraid,

to see a slaughter she durst never hope for.
Earth hath the Carkasses: and denies them Graves,
and lets them ly and rot, and fat her wombe,
scorning to be unto the slaves a Tombe.

Am. Where are become those ominous Comets now?
What? are those pissing Candles quite extinct?
leave their disasterous snuffes no stench behind them?
'tis something yet, that their God seeth their slaughter,
lending sulphurious Meteors to behold
the blest destruction of these Parasites.
I knew the Elements would first untye
the Nerves of th' Universe, then let me dye.

Here Cobelitz *riseth as awakt, amazed, leaning on his Sword, stumbling ore the dead bodies, lookes towards* Amurath.

(confesse

Euren. See (King) heres's one worme yet that dare
he breaths and lives, which once this hand crusht downe.

Amur. Ha,ha,by *Mahomet*, and we are weary now:
Some Mercy shall lay Victory asleepe.
It will a Lawreat prove to this great strife,
'mongst all these murdred to give one his life,
so we'll descend. *He goeth from aloft.*

Cob. From what a dismall grave am I awak'd,
entomb'd within a Golgatha of men!
Have all these Soules prevented me in blesse,
and left me in a dreame of happinesse?
But soft! me thoughts he sayd he would descend!
Then, Heavens, one minutes breath, that's all I aske,
and then I shall performe my lifes true taske.

Amurath descends on the Stage, Cobelitz staggers towards him.

Amur. Poore slave, wouldst live?

Here Cobelitz is come to him, seeming to kneele, stabs him with a pocket Dagger.

Cob.

Cob. Yes *Turke* to see thee dye.
Howle, howle, grim *Tartar*, yel (thou grisly Wolfe)
force forth the bloud from out thy gaping Wound!

Dii tibi non mortem, quæ cunctis pœna paratur,
Sed sensum post fata, tuæ dent (impie) morti.

Amur. My spirit makes me not to feele thy weapon!
Hold, you crackt Organs, of my shattered life,
I'm not toucht yet; can I not mocke my death,
and thinke 'tis but a dreame tells me I'm hurt?
Dar'st thou then leave me (bloud?) Canst be so bold
as to forsake these veynes to flow on Earth?
And must I, like th'unhappy *Roman*, dye
by a slaves hand?

Cob. Tyrant, 'tis knowne
He's Lord of others lives that scornes his owne.

Am. I that could scarce ere sleepe, can I ere die?
And will none feare my life when I am dead;
Tortures and torments for the murderer.

Cob. Ha, ha, ha! *Leaningon his sword.*
I thanke thee (great omnipotent) that I
shall here laugh out the lag end of my life! (Dagger.

Am. Villaine, thy laugh wounds worse then did thy
Are you Lethargick (Lords) in cruelty? (rage:

Cob. Nay, heare me (*Turke*) now will I prompt their
Locke me up in the Bull of *Phalaris*,
cut off these eye-lids, bid me then out-gaze
the parching Sunbeames; flea this tender skin,
set nests of Hornets on my rawest flesh,
let the Siconian Clouds drop brimstone on me,
powre boyling Lemnos on my greenest wounds,
put on my shoulder *Nessus* poyson'd shirt,
bind all these bloudy faces to my face,
Racke me, *Procrastes* like ——

The Lord that holds up Amurath *offers to touch his wound.*

Amur. Hell, oh! I cannot brooke your smallest touch.

Cob. Ha, Ha! each groane is Balsome to my wounds:
I am perfect well. Bajazet *offers to kill* Gobelitz;
a Nobleman holds his hand.

Schah. Rascall, dar'st deride us?

Cob. Yea? and while your witty furies shall invent
for me some never heard of punishment;
I see a guard of Saints ready to take me hence.
Take then free flight my new rewarded soule,
and seate thee on the winged Seraphims,
haste to the Empyreum, where thy welcome
shall be an *Haleluia*, anthem'd forth
By the *Chorus* of the Angell-Hierarchy.
Pierce with swift plumes, the concave paths oth' Moone
Where the black aire enlightened is with starres.
Stay not to wonder there at wandring Signes,
at bi-horn'd *Gemini*, or *Amphions* Harpe,
at *Arctos*, or *Bootes*, or the Beare,
(Which are to please wizard Astrologers:)
Soare higher with thy pitch, and then looke downe
to laugh at the hard trifles of the world;
Perchance some oft have knowne a better life,
Never did one ere leav' it more willingly.

Am. Feare your death (Gods!) for I have lost my life,
and what, I most complaine, my tyranny.

Cob. Soule, to detaine thee from thy wished rest!
were but an envious part! arise, farewell:
To stay thee to accuse or fate or man,
would shew I were unwilling yet to leave thee.
But deare companion hence: cut through the ayre
let not the groseneese of my Earth ore-lime
thy speedy wings, fly without weight of crime.
He dyes.

Am. O, now have I and Fortune try'd it out.
With all her best of favours was I crown'd
and suffred her worst threats, when most she frown'd.
Stay (Soule! a King, a Turke, commands thee stay.

Sure

Sure I am but an actor, and must strive
to personate the Tragicke ends of Kings.
And so (to winne applause unto the Scene)
with fained passion thus must graspe at death.
O but I see pale *Nemesis* at hand:
Art thou dull, fate, and dost not overspread
Cimmerian wings of death throughout the world;
What? Not one Earthquake? One blazing Comet
T'accompany my soule t' his Funerall?
Is not this hour the generall period
to nere returning time! Last breath command
a new *Deucalions* deluge, that with me
the world may swim to his Eternall Grave.
Cracke hindge that holds this globe, and welcome death.
Wilt thou not stay Soule? Friend, not stay with Kings?
Sinke then, and sink beneath the Thracian Mount.
Sinke beneath *Athos*, be the *Brackish* Waves
Of *Acheron* thy Tombe; Ile want a Grave;
So all parts feare, which first my Corps shall have;
For in my Grave, Ile be the Christians foe,
here like a massie *pyramide* ile fall,
Ile strive to sinke all the whole fabricke with me:
quake *pluto*, for 'tis I that come
a *turke*, tyrant, and a conquerour.
and with this groane, like thunder will I cleave,
the timerous earth, whilst thus my last I breath.

He dyes.

Bajaz. O easie powers, to give us all at first,
but in their losse, they make us most accurst.

Here all the Nobles kneele to Bajazet.

Schah. The Taper of your Fathers life is spent;
We must have light still and adore a Sunne.
that next is rising; therefore mighty Prince,
upon your shoulders must the pondrous load
of Empire rest.

Bajaz. Why (Lords) we have a Brother,
who, as in the same bloud he tooke a share,
so let him beare his part in Government.

Sch. My Lord, within the selfe-same Hemisphere
It's most prodigious when two Sunnes appeare.
One body by one soule must be inform'd.
Kingdomes like (marriage beds) must not indure
any corrivall. *Rome* was nere secure
whilst she contain'd a *Pompey*; and a *Cæsar*.
Like as one Prophet we acknowledge now,
so of one King in state we must allow.
You know the *Turkish* Lawes, Prince be not nice
to purchase Kingdomes, whatsoe'er the price.
He must be lopt, send for him he must dye.

Bajazet. O happy *Bajazet*, that he was borne
to be a King when thou wast Counseller.
Call in our Brother *Jacup*. *Some goe for him.*

Here fixe men take up Amuraths Trunke on their shoulders.

Baj. Why (Lords!) is *Amurath* so light a weight?
Is this the Trunk oth' *Turkish* Emperor?
Oh what a heape of thoughts are come to naught?
What a light weight is he unto fixe men,
who durst stand under *Ossa*, and sustaine 't?

Euren. My Lord, these Meditations fit not you:
You are to take the honour he hath left,
and thinke you of his rising, not his fall!

Enter Jacup.

Let your decree be suddaine, here's your Brother.

Baj. Brother, I could have wished we might have met
at times of better greeting! Our father hath
bequeath'd to the Grave these ashes, to us his State.
Nor have we leysure (yet) to mourne for him.
Brother, you know our state hath made a Law,
that, he that sits in a Majestick Chayre,

must

must not endure the next succeeding heyre.

Jac. Yes, we doe:
And, Brother, doe you thinke 'tis crime enough
to dye, because I am sonne to an Emperour?

Scah. My Lord, we know there breathes in him that
of true affestion, that he doth much desire (ayre
you should be equall in his Kingdome with him:
But still when two great evils are propos'd;
the lesse is to be chosen.

Euren. My Lord, your life 's but one:
Kings are the threads whereto there are inweaved
millions of lives, and he that must rule all
must still be one that is select from all.
Although we speake, yet thinke them not our words,
But what the Land speakes in us! Kings are free;
And must be impatient of equality.

Jac. And is't e'ne so?
How have these Dogs fawn'd on me, lickt my feet
when *Amurath* yet lived! Felt all my thoughts,
and soothed them to the sight of Empyrie!
And now the first would set their politique hands
to strangle up that breath, a blast of which
their nostrils have suckt up like perfum'd ayre.
Well brother well, by all men this is spoke,
that heart that cannot bow, may yet be broke.

Bajazet. Brother, you must not now stand to upbraid;
They which doe feare the vulgars murmuring tongue,
Must also feare th' authority of a King;
For rulers must esteeme it happinesse,
that with their gov'rnment they can hate suppresse:
they with too faint a hand the Scepters sway,
Who regard love, or what the people say:
To Kindred we must quite put off respect,
when 't is so neare it may our Crowne affect.

Jac. Then name of Brother doe I thus shake off,
for 't is in vaine their mercy to implore,

when impious Statists have decreed before.
Yet King, although thou take my life away
see how I le dye in better state then thou!
Who like (my Father) after his greatest glory
May fall by some base hand: The Minister.
To take my breath, shall be thy selfe a King.

Here Jacup takes a Scarfe from his Arme, and putting it about his neck gives one end to Bajazet.

Yet give me leave a while to Propheſie.
You that so Puppet-like delude your hopes,
and Wyer-draw the ancestry from Kings,
thinking, that fates dare not aproach your bloud
till they doe seize you, then you leave this Earth,
Not as you went, but by compulsion dragg'd;
Still begging for a morrow from your Grave,
and with such shifts you doe deceive your selves,
as if you could deceive mortality,
No (Brother King) not all the Glow-worme state,
which makes thee be a Horse-leach to thy bloud,
Not all the Parasites' Minions thou maintainst,
nor the restorative Dishes that are found out.
Not all thy shifts and trickes can cheat mortality,
or keepe thee from a death that's worse then mine.
Should all this faile, age would professe it selfe
a slow, but a sure Executioner.
O 'tis a hard thing well to temperate
decaying happinesse in great estate.
But this example by me may you gaine,
that at my death I uot of Heaven complaine.
Pull then, and with my fall pull on thy selfe
Mountaines of burdenous honor, which shall curse thee.
Death leades the willing by the hand
I ut spurs them headlong on, that dare command.

Here himselfe pulls one end, Bajazet *the other*, Jacup. *dyes.*

Baja-

Bajazet. Take up this Trunke, and let us first appoint
our Fathers, and our Brothers Funerals.
the sense lesse body of that Caitiffe slave,
hurle to a Ditch. Posterity shall heare
Our lesse ill Chronicled, but time shall heare
these minutes rather, then repeate their woe.
Now Primacy, on thee lle mediate,
Which who enjoy thee, are in blest estate.
Whose age in secure silence fleets away,
Without disturbance to his funeral day;
Nor ponderous nor unquiet honours can
Vexe him, but dyes a primare ancient man.
What greater powers threaten inferiour men,
a greater power threatens him agen:
And like to wasted Tapers Kings must spend
their lives to light up others: So all end.

Exeunt bearing out solemnely the bodies of Amurath *and* Jacup.

FINIS.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

ORESTES,

Written by THOMAS GOFF *Master of Arts*, and student of Christ-Church in OXFORD,

AND

Acted by the STUDENTS of the same house.

The second Edition

LONDON,
printed for G. BEDELL and T. COLLINS, at the middle Temple Gate *Fleet-street*. 1656.

The Prologue.

THe huſh'd contentment of two ſilent howres,
Breath pleaſing ayres on theſe attentive eares;
And ſince Wee ſee in this Well furniſh'd roome,
All our beſt neighbours are ſo kindely met,
Wee would deviſe ſome pleaſing talke, to ſpend
The lazie houres of the tedious night:
But for our oWne invention, 'twas too weake,
Whereon our young Muſe durſt not wholly leane.
We here preſent for the revive a tale,
Which once in Athens *great Eurypedes*
In better phraſe, at ſuch a meeting told
The learn'd Athenians *with much applauſe:*
The ſame we Will retell unto your eares;
Whoſe Atticke judgement is no leſſe then theirs,
We here as builders which doe oft take ſtones,
From out old buildings, then muſt hew and cut,
To make them ſquare, and fitting for a new;
So from an old foundation We have ta'n,
Stones ready ſquar'd for our ædifice,
Which if in pleaſing our weake skill offends
In making corners diſproportionate,
Some roome too narrow or ſome loft too high;
Yet we well hope, if the Whole ſtructure fall.
Your hands, like props, Will ſerve to beare up all.

Spoken by the Authour himſelfe:

The Names of the Actors.

Agamemnon, *King of Greece.*
Clytemneſtra, *The Queene.*
Tyndarus Clytemneſtra's *father.*
Strophius; *Father to* Pylades.
Oreſtes, *ſoon to* Agam. } Two deare friends.
Pylades, *ſoon to* Stroph. }
Electra *Daughter to* Agamemnon.
Ægyſtheus, *Adulterer with* Clytemneſtra.
Myſander, *A Favorite; and Paraſite.*
A young Childe of Ægyſtheus.

Nurſe.
Two Lords.
Chamberlaine.
A Boy.
Attendants.

THE

THE TRAGEDIE. OF ORESTES.

Actus 1, Scena 1.

Enter as from warre, Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, Orestes, Pylades, Ægysteus, cum cæteris.

Agam.

NOw a faire blessing blesse my deareſt earth,
and like a Bride adorne thy royall brow,
with fruits rich Garland; a new married Bride
Unto thy King and Husband, who too long
Hath left thee widdowed: O, me thinks I see
Turnes to the spectators:
how all my Grecians with unsatiate lookes
and greedy eyes doe bid mee welcome home:
Each eare that heares the clamour seemes to grieve,
it cannot speake, and give a (welcome King:
Come *Clytemnestra*, let not anger make,
his wrinkled seat upon my loves faire brow;
I have too long beene absent from thy bed,
Chide me for that anon, when arme in arme

I shall

I ſhall relate thoſe projects in love termes,
which when they firſt were acted, made *Mars* feare
to ſee each man turn'd to a God of warre.

Clyt. O my deare Lord, abſence of things wee love,
thus intermixt, makes them the ſweeter prove:
That your departure pierc'd my tender ſoule,
witneſſe thoſe Chriſtall floods which in my eyes
did make a ſea, when you ſhould goe to ſea,
thoſe ſtreames, which then flow'd from the veines of greife.
at your returne doe overflow the banks.
But 'tis with joy. *Agam.* Now theſe eares inde ed
have chang'd their place: they which were wont to heare
no muſique but the ſummoning of warre
blowne thorow diſcords brazen inſtrument,
are bleſſed now with accents that doe fill
my age-dry'd veynes with youthfull blood againe.
Theſe eyes which had no other object once,
but *Hector* twixt the armes of *Greece* and *Troy*,
hewing downe men, and making every field
Flow with a ſea of blood, now ſee's blood flow.
In my *Oreſtes* cheekes: heaven bleſſe this plant
Oreſtes kneeles.
ſprung from the ſap of this juiceleſſe oake;
Now be thy branches greene, under whoſe ſhade
I may be ſhadowed from the heat of warre.
Riſe young *Oreſtes*, Oh how it glads my ſoule,
to ſee my *Queene* and *Sonne*, my *Sonne* and *Queene*.

Clyt. But come my Lord, true love ſtill hates delayes,
let no eares firſt be bleſſed with your breath,
till on my breſt reſting your wearied head,
You tell your warre, where that the field's your bed.

Aga. My *Queen* ſhal have her wil, ſee how times change.
I that laſt night thought all the world a ſea,
As if our common mother earth, had now
ſhot her ſelfe wholly into *Neptunes* armes,
and the ſtrong hindges of the world had crackt,
letting

letting the moone fall into th' ſwelling waves,
ſuch watry mountaines oft did ſeeme to riſe,
and quite o'rwhelme us, all the winds at warre,
banded the ſea on to the others coaſts,
Jove thinking *Neptune* gan to ſtrive for heaven,
ſent a new ſea from thence, and with his thunder,
bad ſilence to the waves; they uncontrold,
kept on their noyſe, and let their fury ſwell,
turning heaven, earth, ſea, clouds, and all to hell.
Each Trojan that was ſaved then 'gan cry,
happy were they that did with *Priam* die.
It glads mee now to thinke, that that night was
no ſtarre, no, not *Orion* there appear'd;
But this night's turnd to day, and here doth ſhine,
for a good *Omen*, my embraced *Queene*.
With whom her *Agamemnon* ſtill will ſtay,
till age and death ſhall beare him quite away.

Exeunt Agamemnon, Clytemneſtra, cum cæteris.

Scena 2.

Manet Egyſtheus.

Ægyſt. And that ſhal be ere long. Tuſh, ſhall be's ſlow,
my vengefull thoughts tell mee thou now art dead.
Fie faint *Apollo*, weakling infant-God,
why wouldſt thou let lame *Vulcan's* hammers beat
downe thoſe brave Turrets which thou help'dſt to build?
Venus, I ſee thou art a woman now,
which here are like to take a double foyle;
for we, that whilome revel'd in thy campe
in the ſweet pleaſures of inceſtuous ſheets,
muſt leave our lov'd unſatiate deſires:
But now begin, thou blacke *Eumenides*,
You hand-mayds of great *Dis*, let ſuch a flame
of anger burne mee, as doth *Etnas* forge,

on fury, on, our hate ſhall not die thus:
I'll draw my poyſonous arrow to the length,
that it may hit the mark and fly with ſtrength. *Exit*

SCEN. 3.

Enter Oreſtes: Pylades.

Oreſt. Come now my deareſt friend, my other ſelf,
my empty ſoul is now fild to the top,
brimful with gladneſſe, and it muſt run o'r
into my deare friends heart: thoſe ſilver haires,
which time hath crown'd my Fathers brow withal,
do ſhine within mine eyes, and like the Sun,
extract all droſſie vapors from my ſoul.
Like as the earth, whom froſt haſt long benumb'd,
and brought an Icie drineſſe on her face,
her veines ſo open, at a ſudden thaw,
that all plants, fruits, flowers, and tender grafts,
kept as cloſe priſoners in their mothers womb,
ſtart out their heads, and on a ſudden doth
the ſad earth count'nance with a ſummer look.
So in this breſt, here in this breſt deare friend,
whiles *Annus* ten times circled in the world
ten clumzie winters, and ten lagging ſprings
hath (with my fathers abſence) frozen beene
all thoughts of joy, which now ſhall make a ſpring
in my refreſhed ſoul.
" Things that we daily ſee th'affections cloy,
" hopes long deſired bring the greateſt joy.

Pyl. Nay, but dear Couſin, give not the reines too much
to new received joyes, leſt that they run
with ſo much ſpeed, that they out-breath themſelves:
your Father is come home; but being come,
ſhould now ſome woful afterclap of fate
(which *Omen Jove* forbid ſhould come to paſſe)

but

but take him hence again, and croſſe your joy;
each ſpark of gladneſs which you now conceive,
would turn a flame for grief: ſtill one extreame,
altering his courſe, turns to the diverſe theame.

Oreſt. Tuſh *Pylades*, talk not of what may be,
we may, indeed i'th' cleareſt afternoone
expect a ſtorm. *Pyl.* Yes, and ſuch ſtormes oft come,
and wet ſhrewd too, before we get at home.

Oreſt. O, but I'll be above all fatal power:
I that have ſuch a Father new come home,
I that have ſuch a friend, ſuch too rare gifts;
who gave me theſe gifts thought, no ſcowling frown
of angry fortune e'r ſhould throw me down.

Pyl. Call them not gifts *Oreſtes*, th'are but lent,
meere lendings friend, and lendings we muſt pay,
when e'r the owner ſhall appoint his day.

Oreſt. True, *Pylades*, but owners uſe to warn
their debtors when they muſt bring in their ſumms:
but heavens tell me with favouring aſpects,
I ſtill muſt keep their lendings, and poſſeſs,
with frolick joy, all their lent happineſs. (ſmile,

Pyl. Truſt not the heavens too much, although they
good looks do mortal hearts too oft beguile:
the heavens are uſurers; and as oft 'tis ſeen
a full poucht churle give a moſt faire good e'en
to his poor Creditor: who, truſting that,
hath ſlackt this payment: on the morrow next
he hath been rooted out by th' tuskey boare,
which gave the faire good e'en the day before:
The heavens can do thus too——

Oreſt. Tuſh: mortals muſt
lean on the ſacred heaven with greater truſt;
but it grows far in night, come let us in
to morrow ſhall our joyes afreſh begin. *Exeunt.*

Scen. 4.

Enter Ægyſtheus, Clytemneſtra; with naked daggers: Agamemnon lying in his bed.

Egyſt. O Night, now only ſpread thy ſable wings
over this climate, gather all thy fogs
that they may meet, and make thy face more black:
let horrid murder take thee by the hand
and come along: I have a prodigie
equall to all the murders, all the blood
that hath been ſhed in all Troyes ten yeeres ſiege.
He draws the curtain.
So, ſnore returned King; good *Morpheus* hang
thy leaden weight upon his drowſie eyes,
let him not wake till he ſhall ſee himſelf
drencht in a ſea of his vermilion goare:
Thou do'ſt no Trojan, now, no *Hector* feare,
but yet I'll ſhew thee a new *Hector* here.

Clyt. See, I'll turn man too now, and to the hate
which women beare, I'll add a manly ſtrength:
my minde does tremble, what I meane to do.
Breath forth your vapor's, O ye Stygian powers!
and liſten to a hateful womans prayers.
Pluto ſtand by me for to aide my hand,
I may ſtrike home now, and perform an act
may make *Medea* bluſh ſhe thought not of:
Could the old dry bon'd dotard ever dreame,
now he had drawn forth all his ſtrength abroad,
he could be welcome to lie bed-rid here,
and ſupple his numb'd joynts in my freſh armes?

Egyſt. Spoke like a queene, ſpoke like *Ægyſtheus* love!
Now great *Thyeſtes Genius*, which didſt prompt
me to this act; Come, be ſpectator now!
and ſee revenge for Athens bloody feaſt.

And

And thou wrong'd *Clytemneſtra* call to mind,
how his unſatiate, luſtful loath'd deſire,
doted on every female face he ſaw,
rap't the Prieſts daughter, and ſo brought a plague
on all the Grecian hoaſt: *Clytem.* Yes, yes, *Egyſt.* yes.
And rap't young *Briſeis* from *Achilles* bed.
Crowd all revengful thoughts into this houre,
now let thy ſword let out that luſtful blood.

Egiſtheus ſtabs him.

Wound him *Egyſtheus*, kill him not at once,
wee'll be true Tyrants, let him feel he dies.

Aga. Help *Clytemneſtra*, help me, my deare Queen.

Clyt. Yes dotard, I will help thee, thus, yes thus:

She ſtabs him.

Remember the Prieſts daughter: this for her,
and this for *Briſeis*: *Agam.* See, my Grecians, ſee,
your King which you ſo gladly entertain'd.
Sol, hide thy ſelf in everlaſting night,
or when thou riſeſt, let thy bluſhing face
make theſe to bluſh. *Clytem.* Ay, ſo, curſe on, curſe on:

Agam. O *Clytemneſtra*, O my once deare wife,
is this the entertainment that thou giv'ſt
thy new come husband? gratulates thou thus
my ten yeares abſence? See theſe froſty haires
would even move *Hecuba* to pity me;
Look on theſe aged armes which in this bed,
thought to have been bleſſ'd with thy kind imbrace.

Clytem. Yes, mine or *Caſſandra's*, old adulterer.

Agam. Kinſman *Ægyſtheus*; O my deareſt wife
whom ſhall I call? me thinks you both are mine.
What *Titius*, what *Megæra* hath put on
Ægyſtheus and my *Clytemneſtra's* ſhapes?

Ægyſt. Calſt thou us friends?

Stabs him againe.

Agam. O be not ſo, and I'll not call you ſo:
Let not your coward weapons wound this head,

that earſt did ſcorne to ſhrink at *Priams* blow.
O hew me not down thus for my ſons ſake,
deare *Clytemneſtra*, for *Oreſtes* ſake.
Is this the Trojan tale! how I ſhould tell,
that here great *Hector* ſlew *Antiochus*,
and here that *Meontiades* was ſlaine,
and poor *Protheſilaus* deare to *Laodamie*:
I thought to tell how theſe men loſt their blood;
and ſee my blood is thus let forth at home. (do.

Ægy. Is your hot blood yet cold! *Clyt.* breath dotard,
you ſhall have gaps enough to let your ſoul
finde a free paſſage to his deſerved flames.

Agam. No pitty yet? O then, no pitty light
on you, nor yours, but let dire revenge
come learn how ſhe may after handle you:
O, I am drown'd in blood, and now muſt yeild
to murderers weapons; treaſon win's the field.
Alas this coming home hath had ſmall joy;
Argos hath worſer foes then ever Troy. *Moritur.*

Clyt. Now I am *Clytemneſtra* right, now I deſerve
to add one more to the three Furies, now
do I count this more then my nuptial night;
'Tis mine, tis thine, *Egyſtheus*, and none elſe
ſhall ſhare a minute of this right, but we.

Egyſt. Me thinks I now go equal with the ſtarrs,
and my proud head toucheth the higheſt pole;
Hark, hell applauds me, and me thinks I heare *A noiſe*
Thyeſtes tell me, I have done enough:
And now I kiſſe my hands, whilſt yet they beare
this tincture on them, and embrace my Queen,
now made my love; lets in, this night the Fates
have amply fed us with revengeful cates.

Exeunt

SCEN.

Scen. 5.

Enter Oreſtes, *as from his Bed, unbutton'd in ſlippers, a Torch in his hand.*

What horrid dreams affright me? I ſee nought
that I ſhould fear, and yet me thinks I fear.
Mine eyes ſcarce clos'd, my buſie Fancy ſaw
a ſight that daſht all comforts of the day:
me thought my Father lying in his Tent,
hateful *Achylles*, for his wronged love
comes in with *Briſeis*, and they two let forth
ſtreams of freſh blood from out his aged ſide,
with that his Eccho'd ſchrich did make me wake;
but I remembred then he was come home,
and yet I'll ſee him, ſtill me thinks I quake.
Do I ſtill dream? Are not mine eyes unclos'd?
He draws the Curtain.
Is this a Torch? yea, 'tis, it burns, I ſee
I am awake, do not delude me Night!
Now ſtand on tip-toes *Atlas*, lift heaven higher,
I may have air enough to breath my woes in,
O let me yet recal thy poſting Soul!
if *Charon* have not hurried thee too faſt,
if yet thou haſt not drunk on *Lethes* Pool,
come back, and tell me who it is this night,
hath done this deed far blacker than the night?
Ah! Art thou fled paſt call? Why, thou wert old,
me thinks thou ſhouldſt not haſte ſo faſt away!
VVas it for this thou ſwe'tſt ſo oft in Arms!
Was it for this that the froth ſwelling foam,
when thy Ships top toucht heaven, and deep plac'd hell;
that thou muſt yet eſcape curl'd *Neptune's* waves,
to be a *Palinurus* in thy ſhoar,
there drown thy aged locks in Crimſon gore?

O, if one ſpark yet of thy Princely Soul
remaine within this trunk, now let it ſhine
and light mine ignorant eyes to reade the names
of theſe night vultures, whoſe devouring bills
have made a *Titius* of thy royall corps:
who did not feare great *Agamemnons* ſleep?
Arm, arm your ſelves all you all-potent Gods,
you which we term juſt Miniſters of heaven!
ſhoot forked lightning from the marble poale,
let the all-ſeeing eye of heaven ſhoot flames
which may parch up the marrow from their bones,
ſhould they lie coucht i'th breſt o'th' Thunderer,
or be entrencht with guards of furies fierce,
heaven, earth, nor hell, ſhould keep them from my ſword.
Doſt thou ſleep *Jove*! O, couldſt thou ſnore ſo faſt,
and let thy great vicegerent thus be torn?
Some of th'immortal powers have had fathers,
and know what 'tis to have them murdered thus.
But I turn woman now: O, I rave out
my paſſions; do, grief, pour out thy ſelf,
that thou mayſt make room in my empty heart,
to fill it with revenge.

Scena 6.

Enter Clytemneſtra, Ægyſtheus, in night-robes.

Clyt. How now? what ayles our ſon, how now *Oreſtes*!

Oreſt. O ſome are come now to help me to grieve:
See, mother, ſee, your husband and my father,
the King of Greece, great Shephard of his Land,
ſee, ſee him here:

She faines her ſelfe to ſwoun, Egy. catcheth her falling.

Clyt. O help me now good heaven to keep my ſex,
let me diſſemble. *Ægyſt.* Help (my Lords) the Queen.
Clyt. Why hinder'd you my ſoul, that whilſt he liv'd,

was

was linkt to his, and would too now have fled
with wing'd deſire to have been with him !
What doe I live for ! *Agamemon* ſlain!
My Lord, my King, husband, wake my Lord,
what bloody Trojan followed thee from thence
to kill thee here ? could he not one night
have let me reſted in thy ſweet embraces ?
Muſt he for ſureneſſe make ſo many holes,
for thy ſweet ſoul to fly to be a God ?
O let my teares be balm to theſe thy wounds,
let my lips kiſſe, and warm thy gellid lips ;
let my haire wipe theſe clots of blood away
from thy age-honor'd ſide : O dry your teares,
joyn knees and prayers with me, awake ye Gods,
They both kneele.
and ſend our vows, ſince we can ſend no wounds :
Come ſon, we women ſtill know how to curſe.
Let him that did it be an Adulterer.

Ægyſt. Faith ſhe begins well, ſure ſhe knows the man.
aſide.

Clyt. Let him be conſcious, he hath don a deed
deſerves revenge, whether it fall or no :
Let him for ever beare in mind this night,
and who 'twas helpt him in this bloody act.

Ægiſt. Yes, hee'll remember how you curſe him now.
aſide.

Oreſt. If ever he have children, let them be
murdered before his face, that they may know
how nature binds a father and a ſon.

Ægyſt. Now hands I thank you, now my ſoul grows (glad,
had not he griev'd thus, I had loſt revenge.

Clyt. But come my ſon, now let us talk of graves,
of Epitaphs, and tombs, and's ſoul being fled,
Draw the curtaine and carry him away.
let's lap his Trunk up in a ſheet of lead.

Exeunt Clytemneſtra, and Ægyſthus. Manent Oreſt.
Oreſt.

Oreſt. Methinks I ſee a Tragedy at hand,
to which this night hath as a Prologue bin;
I'll make a prayer now worthy *Atreus* grandchild,
let the foul Adder ſting me as I walk,
the poyſonous toad belch her black venom forth
in my deſpiſed face, let it be thought
I never had a father, but ſome monſter
bred by a ſlimy exhalation,
If my revenge fly not with ample wing:
till then reſt ſoul, hate told, may loſe his ſting.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Caſſandra ſola as a mad Propheteſſe.

Caſſ. O ye dead Trojans leape within your graves!
O mother that thou hadſt lived this night!
Now thou'ldſt be glad t'have loſt ſo many ſons:
the Grecians are reveng'd upon themſelves,
I thank thee ſoul, that thou keeptſt here till now
to let me ſee Greece overcome it ſelf;
I live, I live, I'm here, I live to ſee't:
I do not dream on't, no, I ſaw the blood
run from his ſide, whole Cataracts, all Greece.
Apollo, how am I bound now for this
that I do only ſee this happineſſe?
Hecuba, *Priam*, young *Aſtianax*.
Look *Hecuba*, Greece now doth act your woes,
laugh *Hecuba*, for now *Electra* weeps:
and *Tyndarus* he knows not what to do:
Come little Cuz, come my *Aſtianax*,
Oreſtes is in a worſe caſe then thou.
Still I had others for to weep with me,
but none are left to laugh now, but my ſelf:

What

What ſhould he feare at home? A conqueror feare!
Tis done, 'tis done, leave fighting *Hector*, leave,
the Grecians meane to fight againſt themſelves,
from *Tyndarus* the firſt brand took fire
which burnt down Troy: and now an other here
kindles from him, to ſet a fire Greece,
Graia juvenca venit, quæ ſe, patremque virumque
Perdidit, Io lætor, Graja juvenca venit.
Hellen, thy ſiſter *Hellen*, nay ſhee's thine:
who could have thought that *Hector* being ſlaine,
old *Priam* made a ſacrifice to death,
Troy turn'd to cinders, poor *Andromacha*
dragg'd by her hair to death; *Aſtianax*
ſent out o'th world before he well came in,
Ha, ha, who could have thought after all this
Caſſandra ſhould have ever laught againe?
One hour of laughter following many yeares
of diſcontent, doth help to ſweeten teares *Exit.*

Actus 2. Scena 2.

Enter Ægyſtheus, Clytemneſtra.

Ægy. Fair morning to my Queen, nay more, my love,
how likes my ſweet her change of bed-fellow?
Clyt. Look as an hallow leafeleſſe failing oake,
to whom, for that h'hath bin her weight too long,
the earth denies to lend him moyſture, ſo
his ſap failes, and he ſtands on a green
'mongſt ſprouting Elms, that they may ſeeme more freſh
whilſt hee's but held a monument of years.
Such one ſeem'd *Agamemnon*; a dry tree:
thou like a ſprouting Elme, whom I embrace
like twining Ivy, with theſe now bleſt armes,
bleſt whilſt this treaſure in them they hold lockt.

Ægyſt.

Ægyſt. O who'd not do a murder for a woman!
Heaven had but two things for the Gods reſerv'd,
fire, and women: when with Giant ſtrength
Promotheus had tane one, *Jove* in his rage
threw him the to'ther, bad him keep 'em both.
O th'are rare creatures, they have ſuch *Meanders*,
Their teares will come and go with ſuch brave art!
Come now my Queen, one ſweet Ambroſian kiſſe;
O *Nectar*! prethee hadſt thou taught thy teares
how they ſhould flow before? *Clyt.* No, truſt me love,
I knew my teares would ſoon be at command,
and faith the boy had almoſt made me weep
really once. Were not my curſes rare?

Ægyſt. Yes, all was woman-like: but yet that boy
he took it deeply; would he were with his father,
ſo gon, it skills not how; were he away,
we would act freely all our luſtful play.

Clyt. O but my love! hee's mine: Nor can the raven
dig her ſharp beake into her own birds breſt:
He will forget his father: woe will breake;
'tis not the greateſt griefe that moſt doth ſpeake.

Ægyſt. O, but hee'll beare ſtill a ſuſpicious eye;
and who in bloody Scenes doth act a part,
thinks every eye doth penetrate his heart.
Nor can we ere be free, or I enjoy
true pleaſures, we muſt be but theeves at moſt,
cloſe in delights, and have a Pander ſtill
to be a Factor 'twixt thy bed and mine:
this we could have before, what now we do,
the world ſhould ſee done, and applaud us too.

Clyt. Why my deare Love, I that would ſet my hand
to ſtain my marriage ſheets with husbands blood,
would let theſe hands, inſtructed now in ill,
not leave one arm of that uprooted tree;
Could but *Ægiſtheus* give me any hope,
that from this top there ſhould one ſpreading branch

grow

grow up and flouriſh. *Ægyſt.* Now thou art thy ſelf;
yes, yes my love, there ſhall one ſpring from us
ſhall be a lofty Pine, let this be cropt;
murder muſt murder guard, guilt add to guilt,
after one drop, whole ſtreams of blood be ſpilt.
walks away.

Scen. 3.

Enter Pylades, Oreſtes, Electra, Strophius.

Pyl. Dear friend, what mean you, to o'rwhelm your ſelf
in ſuch a ſea of grief? *Oreſt.* Father! deare *Agamemnon!*
Pyl. Nay ceaſe this tempeſt, thou haſt loſt a father,
why, 'tis but change, my father ſhall be thine,
I'll be thy brother, nay, I'll be thy ſelfe,
weep when thou weep'ſt, and where thou go'ſt I'll goe,
and bring thee on thy pilgrimage of woe.
Elect. Brother, look up; have not I loſt a father?
yes, yes, and would a river of freſh teares
turne *Lethes* ſtream, and bring him from the wharf,
with a North gale of windy blowing ſighs,
I would expire my ſoul, become all teares.
Stro. Come, you have loſt a father, I a brother,
the Queen a Husband, all the Land a King;
yet all this but a man; therefore muſt dye:
Our woes may all be in one balance poys'd.
His book of life the Fates had over-read,
and turn'd the leafe where his laſt period ſtood.
Now an immortal wreath circles his brow,
and makes him King in heaven, who was before
at moſt a God on earth: Hence difference ſprings,
Kings are earths Gods, and Gods are heavenly Kings.
Oreſt. Let us joyne words then now, and Swan-like ſing
the doleful dirge to a departed King:
Thou friend didſt of this miſery divine,

there-

therefore the burthen of the ſong is mine:
words Orators for woe, which plead the cauſe,
when griefe's the judge, and ſighs are all the laws,
each one a ſob for *Diapaſon* beares,
our tunes ſhall drown the muſick of the ſpheares:
O what *Hirudo* with unſatiate thirſt,
could draw the blood from out thoſe Princely veines,
from whence flow'd comfort to ſo many ſouls!

Spies his mother, goes to her.

Mother, when wept you laſt? here take a ſcarf
dry your eyes: now by——you need none,
what ſhine of comfort hath dry'd up your teares?

Clyt. Our ſon's too ſawcie with his mother Queen:
Why, Sir, ſhall you tell us a time to weep?

Oreſt. Us? good: Who is't makes the plurality?
'Twas wont to be my father: does he live?

Clyt. Sir, curb this laviſh ſpeech, or I'll forget
you are my ſon, and make you but a ſubject.

Ægyſt. Good Couſin add not diſobedience
unto your mothers griefs. *Oreſt.* My mother, no,
ſhe is not here, no, ſhe hath hid her ſelf
in ſome odd nooke, or angle unperceiv'd,
ſhe might not ſee this impious ſtygian world. (ſheath?

Cly. *Ægyſtus*, canſt thou ſtill ſuffer thy dull ſword i'th
Take the rank head from this o'r-growing weed.

Stro. Remember *Clytemneſtra*, he's your ſon.

Clyt. He is ſo, and I'll learn him to be ſo:
Had I a brazen bull, it ſhould be heat
hotter then for the Tyrant: Diſobedient!
More harſh then Adders hiſſes is thy voyce,
Sir, you ſhall dye, but with a living death,
he ſtill ſhall live, but live to know he dies;
who ſtrait threats death, knows not to Tyranize.

Exeunt Ægyſtheus, Clytemneſtra.

Stro. What temper's grown on the diſtracted Queen?
Hath grief, conceiv'd for her late husbands death,

brought

brought her ſo far, ſhe hath forgot her ſelf?

Oreſt. No Uncle, no, by —— I do ſuſpect.
O, my prophetick ſoul divines much ill!
Well, I will flie. But hear this ſtratagem,
it ſhall be rumor'd i'th eare of the Court
I was found dead, I'll put a new ſhape on,
and live alone, to heare how things go here.

Pyl. Nay, not alone *Oreſtes*, whilſt I live,
ſhouldſt make thy bed upon the rigid Alps,
or frozen *Caucaſus*, wrapt in ſheets of ſnow,
I'd freeze unto thy ſide; we will tell tales
of Trojan warriers, and depoſed Kings.
Tell of ſtrange ſhipwrack, of old *Priams* fall,
how mad *Andromacha* did teare her hayre,
when the wild horſes tore brave *Hectors* limbs:
Wee'l think they all do come, and weep with us;
grief loves companions, and it helpeth woe,
when it heares every one groane forth his, Oh!
it eaſeth much, and our plaints fall more ſweet,
when a whole conſort in one tune do meet.
The half-dead ſhip-man, which hath ſhipwrack borne,
ſeeing many drown'd, it makes him leſſe to mourn:
It made *Deucalion* care the leſſe to die,
when he had all the world in company.
Thus we will ſit, and our teares turnes ſhall keep,
thou for thy father, I for thee will weep:
If actors on the Stage having no cauſe,
but for to win an hearers hands applauſe,
can let fall teares, wee'l think we Actors be,
and only do but play griefs Tragedie.

Oreſt. O, but deare friend, ſhould we but act a part,
the play being ended, paſſion left the heart,
and we ſhould ſhare of joy: but my whole age
muſt never move from off this woful Stage:
But we muſt take our leave; Uncle, farwel,
remember what I ſpake; and Siſter, you

muſt

muſt tarry here, my thoughts ſhall buſied be,
to finde the man that let my father blood.
Can I but finde *Ægyſtheus* did conſent,
to ſpill one drop, O, I would pierce his heart
with venom'd daggers, and ſo butcher him,
that all *Apollos* skill in phyſicke hearbs,
nor *Æſculapius* th' *Epidaurian* God,
ſhould keepe his ſoule out of *Enio's* hand;
Come my deare friend; to all the reſt farewell;
If heaven relate it not, I'll know't from hell.

Exeunt Pylades, Oreſtes.

Scena 4.

Enter Ægyſteus, Clytemneſtra, Myſander, Strophius, Electra another way.

Ægyſt. What, is *Oreſtes* fled? ſure there's ſome plot,
if you deare Queen, but ſearch *Electra* well,
you'll finde ſhe knowes whither her brothers gone.

Clyt. If in her heart there be but lodg'd a thought
unknown to mee, this hand ſhall rip her breſt,
and ſearch her inparts, but I'll finde it out.
Myſander, call *Electra.* (beams,

Ægiſt. O, were that moat tane from our comforts
no cloud e'r then could overſhade our joyes,
his life muſt be cut off without delay,
miſchiefe, by miſchiefe findes the ſafeſt way:
But here's *Electra.*

Cly. Why! how now Minion! what a blubbering ſtill!
Huſwife, pray where's your brother, wher's my ſonne?

Elect. Mother, pray where's my father, wher's your husband?

Enter Stropheus, and ſpeaks.

Haile to my my gracious Queene, here's one at doore.
brings you a meſſage, hee will not relate
to any, but your ſelfe, he ſaies tis ſad.

Clyt.

Clyt. Why, the more diſmal, the more welcome 'tis.
But as for you——*Elect.* Good mother do your worſt,
no plague can ever make me more accurſt,
nothing is worſe then death, that I'll not flie.

Clyt. Yes, life is worſe to thoſe that faine would die.
But where's the meſſenger?

Scena 5.

Enter Nuncius.

What whirlwinde riſing from the womb of earth
doth raiſe huge *Pelion* unto *Oſſa's* top,
that both being heapt, I ſtand upon them both
and with an hundred *Stentor*-drowning voice,
relate unto the world the ſaddeſt tale
that ever burdned the weak jaws of man?

Ægyſt. Why, what portentous newes? Amaze us not,
tell us what e'r it be.

Nun. Were my mind ſettled, would the gellid feare,
that freeſeth up my ſenſe, ſet free my ſpeech,
I would unfold a tale which makes my heart
throb in my intrals, when I ſeem to ſee't.

Clyt Relate it quickly, hold's not in ſuſpence.

Nun. Upon the mount of yonder riſing cliffe,
which th'earth hath made a bulwark for the ſea,
whoſe peareleſſe head is from the ſtreams ſo high,
that whoſoe'r looks down, his brain will ſwim
with a *vertigo*: The ſpace remov'd ſo far
the object from the eye, that a tall ſhip
ſeem'd a ſwift flying bird: upon this top
ſaw I two men making complaints to heaven,
one's voyce diſtinctly ſtill cry'd, Father, King,
great *Agamemnon*, whoſe diviner ſoul
fled from thy corp., exil'd by butchers hands:
his friend ſtill ſought to keepe his dying life

with words of comfort, that it ſhould not ruſh
too violently upon the hands of Fate.
He deafe as ſea, to which he made his plaints,
ſtill cryed out, *Agamemnon*, I will come,
and find thy bleſſed ſoul where e'r it walk;
in what faire Temple of *Elyſium*
ſo e'r it be, my ſoul ſhall find it out.
With that his friend knit him within his arms,
ſtriving to hold him, but when twas no boot,
they hand in hand, thus plung'd into the maine;
ſtrait they aroſe, and ſtriv'd (me thought) for life,
but ſwelling *Neptune* not regarding friends,
wrapt their embraced limbs in following waves:
Until at laſt their deare departing ſouls
haſtned to Styx, and I no more could ſee.

Stro. O 'twas *Oreſtes*, 'twas my *Pylades*,
which arm in arm did follow him to death.

Elect. O my *Oreſtes*, O my deareſt brother!
'Tis he, 'tis he, that thus hath drown'd himſelf.

Ægyſt. Why, then if *Agamemnon* and his ſon
have brought their leaſe of life to the full end:
I am *Thyeſtes* ſon, and the next heire,
to ſit in *Argos* Throne of Majeſty.
Thanks to our *Alpheus* ſea, who as 't'ad ſtriv'd
to gratifie *Ægyſtheus*, rais'd his force,
and gathered all his waters to one place,
they might be deep enough to drown *Oreſtes*:
But come my Queen, let us command a feaſt.
To get a kingdome, who'ld not think it good,
to ſwim unto it through a ſea of blood?

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter Tyndarus, Miſander.

Tynd. Our daughter ſends for us? how fares ſhe? well? ſhe mournes I'm ſure for her husbands death.

Miſ. My Lord, ſhe took it ſadly at the firſt: But time hath leſſen'd it. *Tind.* I, grief ſoon ends that flows in teares; they ſtill are womens friends: But how is't rumord now in *Argos*, though, that *Agamemnon* died? *Miſ.* Why, he was old, and death thought beſt to ſeize on him at home.

Tynd. 'Twas a long home, he got by coming home: Well, well, *Miſander*, I like not the courſe, the peoples murmure makes my cheeks to bluſh.

Miſ. My gracious Lord, who truſts their idle murmur, muſt never let the bluſh go from his cheek; They are like flags growing on muddy banks, whoſe weak thin heads blown with one blaſt of winde, they all will ſhake, and bend themſelves one way: Great minds muſt not eſteem what ſmall tongues ſay. All things in ſtate muſt ever have this end, the vulgar ſhould both ſuffer, and commend, if not for love, for feare; great Majeſty ſhould do thoſe things which vulgars dare not ſee.

Tynd. O, Sir, but thoſe that do commend for feare, do in their hearts a ſecret hatred beare. Ever learn this; the trueſt praiſe indeed, muſt from the heart, and not from words proceed. I feare ſome foul play: doth *Ægyſtheus* meane, then totally for to inveſt himſelf in *Agamemnons* ſeate? Where's young *Oreſtes*?

Miſ. Why my Lord, he for the great grief conceiv'd

being young, not knowing well to rule himſelfe
with ſway of reaſon, ranne upon his death
and threw himſelfe with my lord *Strophius* ſonne,
into the midſt of *Alpheus*, ſo was drown'd,
Ty. How took my daughter that? *Myſ.* Why, wiſely too,
and like her ſelfe; not being in deſpaire:
her royal wombe will bring forth many more,
ſhall be as deare as e'r *Oreſtes* was.
Tynd. I feare heaven cannot look with equall eyes
upon ſo many deaths, but meanes to ſend
plague after plague; for in a wretched ſtate,
one ill begets another diſmal Fate:
But go and tell my daughter I will come,
and help to ſolemnize her nuptial night:
Her haſty wedding, and the old Kings neglect,
makes my conjectural ſoul ſome ill ſuſpect.

Exeunt.

Scen. 2.

Enter Oreſtes, and Pylades.

Oreſt. If ever God lent any thing to earth,
whereby it ſeem'd to ſympathize with heaven,
it is this ſacred friendſhip: Gordian knot
which Kings, nor Gods, nor Fortune can undoe.
O what Horoſcopus, what conſtellation,
held in our birth ſo great an influence,
which one affection in two minds unites?
How hath my woe been thine, my fatal ill
hath ſtill been parted, and one ſhare been thine!
Pyl. Why, deareſt friend, ſuppoſe my caſe were thine,
and I had loſt a father, wouldſt not thou
in the like ſort participate my grief?
Oreſ. Yes, witneſſe heaven I would.

Pyl.

Pyl. So, now thou haſt loſt a father.
Oreſt. True, *Pylades*, thou putſt me well in mind,
I have loſt a father, a dear, dear father,
a King, a brave old King, a noble ſouldier,
and yet he was murdered! O my forgetful ſoul!
Why ſhould not I now draw my vengeful ſword,
and ſtrait-way ſheath it in the murderers heart?
Minos ſhould never have vacation,
whilſt any of our progeny remain'd.
Well, I will go, and ſo maſſacre him,
I'll teach him how to murder an old man,
a King, my father, and ſo daſtardly
to kill him in his bed. *Pyl.* Alas, *Oreſtes*!
Grief doth diſtract thee: wh o is't thou wilt kill?
Oreſt. Why, he, or ſhe, or they that kill'd my father.
Pyl. I, who are they? *Oreſt.* Nay, I know not yet,
but I will know. *Pyl.* Stay thy vengeful thoughts,
and ſince thus long we have eſtrang'd our ſelves
from friends and parents, let's think why it is,
and why we had it noiſed in the Court,
we both were dead; the cauſe was thy revenge,
that if by any ſecret private meanes,
we might but learn who 'twas that drench'd their ſwords
in thy deare fathers blood, we then would rouze
black *Nemeſis* in flames from out her cave,
and ſhe ſhould be the umpire in this cauſe.
Mans ſoul is like a boiſtrous working ſea,
ſwelling in billows for diſdain of wrongs,
and tumbling up and down from day to day,
grows greater ſtill in indignation,
turns male-content, in pleaſeleſſe melancholy,
ſpending her humours in dull paſſion, ſtill
locking her ſenſes in uncloſed gins,
till by revenge ſhe's ſet at liberty.
Oreſt. O, now my thirſty ſoul expects full draughts
of *Ate's* boyling cup: O, how twoul'd eaſe

my heart to ſee a channel of his blood
ſtreaming from hence to hell, that kill'd my father.
Pyl. I, but deare friend, thou muſt not let rage looſe,
and like a furious Lion, from whoſe den
the forreſter hath ſtole away his young,
he miſſing it, ſtraight runs with open jaws
on all he meets, and never hurting him
that did the wrong: Wiſe men muſt mix revenge
with reaſon, which by providence will prompt,
and tell us where's the mark, whereat we aym.
Till then, in Cinders wee'l rake up our grief:
fire thus kept, ſtill lives, but opened dies;
from ſmalleſt ſparks great flames may one day riſe.
Oreſt. True, friend, but, O, who ever will reveale
this hideous act! what power ſhall we invoke?
Pyl. Yes, harken friend, I have bethought a meanes;
not diſtant far from this place where we live,
there ſtands a cave hard by a hollow oake,
in a low valley, where no Sun appeares,
no muſick ever was there heard to ſound;
but the harſh voyce of croking ominous ravens,
and ſad Nyctimine the bird of night:
There's now a ſhed, under whoſe ancient roofe
there ſometimes ſtood an Altar for the Gods,
but now ſlow creeping time, with windy blaſts
hath beaten down that ſtately Temples walls,
defac't his rich built windows, and until'd
his battlemented roofe, and made it now
a habitation, not for God, nor men:
Yet an old woman, who doth ſeem to ſtrive
with the vaſt building for antiquity,
in whoſe rough face time now hath made ſuch holes,
as in thoſe uncouth ſtones ſhe there hath made
her ſelf a cell, wherein to ſpend her age.
Her name's *Canidia*; great in Magick ſpells,
at whoſe dire voice, the gods themſelves would quake
to

to heare her charm the ſecond time pronounc't.
One that can know the ſecrets of the heavens,
and in the ayre hath fiying miniſters,
to bring her news from earth, from ſea, from hell:
which, when thick night hath compaſs'd in the world,
then doth ſhe go to dead mens graves and tombs,
and ſucks the poyſonous marrow from their bones,
then makes her charm, which ſhe nere ſpent in vaine:
Nor doth ſhe come as ſupplyant to the gods,
but making *Erebus*, and heaven to quake,
ſhe ſends a ſpell drowning infernal thunder,
by which all ſecrets that were ever done,
in faire white parchment writ in lines of blood,
lockt in the inmoſt room of hell it ſelf
is brought unto her: and by her we may
have leave to look in *Pluto's* regiſter,
and reade the names of thoſe moſt loathed furies,
which rent thy Fathers ſoul from out his trunk:
But ſhe muſt ſee thy fathers dead bones firſt,
them we muſt bring her, for by them ſhe works:
This if thou dar'ſt aſſay, I'll go along.

Oreſt. If I dare aſſay! yes, yes, deare friend,
were it to burſt my fathers ſepulcher,
and wake his *Manes*, ſhew them *Radamanth*;
their iterated ſight will burn my ſoul
with ſuch a ſparkling flame of dire revenge,
as *Neſſus* ſhirt did burn great *Hercules*:
If that the ſcrowle which did conteine their names,
were in a lake of flaming brimſtone drencht,
I'de take it out, or fech't from *Pluto's* arms:
But come; if earth hath ſuch a creature as can tell,
twill ſave a journey (for this once) from hell.

Scena. 3.

Enter Ægyſtheus, Clytemneſtra, Tyndarus, Myſander, Strophius, Electra, cum cæt. with a crown. Ægyſtheus aſcends the throne, Myſander crowns him; Clytemneſtra great with child.

Myſ. All years of happy dayes, all hours of joy
ſo circle in thy ſtate, as doth this crown
wreath and combine thy princely temples in,
All ſpeak, Jove ſtill protect *Ægyſtheus.*
Ægyſt. Thanks to my fathers ſubjects:
Now *Argos* ſwell up to the brim with joy,
and ſtreams of gladneſſe flow on *Tyndarus*,
Now made our father; ſee old King, ſee here's
my Queen doth mean to make thee a grandfather,
ſee how thy royal blood ſhall propagate,
whoſe Kingly drops like heaven diſtilling dew,
ſhall add freſh life unto thy withered root.
Tynd. Yes, but *Ægyſtheus*, there were armes before
grew on this tree; but the Fates envious axe
hath cut them off before th'ad time to ſprout.
Clyt. O Sir, the Fates needs muſt have leave to make
wayes for themſelves to manage what they do:
Had *Agamemnon* and *Oreſtes* liv'd,
they could not then have bleſt me with theſe gifts:
Still when the heavens and Fates do work their will,
they intend good, though ſometimes there come ill.
Tynd. O but pray *Jove* the Fates now were not forc't,
but deeds like words no man can e'r recal,
be't good or ill; once done, we muſt bear all.
Ægyſt. Come father ſit we down, and make a feaſt,
They ſet to the feaſt.
to glad our hearts; Heaven ſtill doth for the beſt.

Stroph.

Stro. O let my latter age not live to ſee
Ægyſtheus wear great *Argos* diadem.

Elect. Feare not good uncle, there will be a time,
to pull him down, although he yet doth climbe.

Tynd. Who ever truſted much on fortunes gifts,
on wife, on ſtate, on health, on friends, on lands,
may look on *Agamemnons* coming home:
Fortune me thinks ne're ſhew'd her power more,
how quickly could ſhe turne her Fatall ſword
upon his breſt, that thought himſelfe paſt harme?
ſhe that had us'd death like an angry dogge,
holding him up, when that he ſhould have bit,
when all the game was paſt, and's fury laid,
the king being paſt all danger, ſafe at home,
then he ſlip's coller, never untill then,
and fortune ſhe ſtood hiſsing of him on,
till he had torne the good kings ſoule away.

Clytemneſtra ſeemes to weep.

Ægyſt. Nay but good father let paſſe elegies,
you draw freſh teares now from your daughters eyes,
who ſhed enough before at's funeral:
let's talk who are to live, not who are dead;
and think what progeny ſhall ſpring from us
may beare your Image ſtampt upon the face,
this we muſt talk of now, not what griefs paſt
but of the joy to come. My Queen not well!

Clytemneſtra riſeth from the table.

Now good *Electra* look unto your mother,
Lucina be propitious to the birth;
why, will not now a young *Ægyſtheus* be,
as grateful as an old *Oreſtes* was?
Thou times good lengthener, age, poſterity,
ſpread thy ſelf ſtill upon *Ægyſtheus* line,
help me to treaſure up antiquity,
and from *Thyeſtes* loynes let ſpring an heire,
ſhall ever ſit in great *Thyeſtes* chaire. *Exeunt.*

Scena

SCEN. 4.

Enter Pylades and Oreſtes, with his arms full of a dead mans bones, and a ſcull.

Pyl. Neare to this ſhady grove, where never light
appeares, but when 'tis forced with ſome charm,
Canidia dwells, in ſuch a dusky place,
that the night goblins feare to come too neare it.
Here let us knock. *Oreſt.* Nay, *Pylades*, ſee here,
O give me leave to diſcant on theſe bones:
This was my Fathers ſcull; but who can know
whether it were ſome ſubjects ſcull, or no?
Where be theſe Princely eyes, commanding face,
the brave majeſtick look, the Kingly grace?
Where's the imperious frown, the God-like ſmile,
the graceful tongue, that ſpoke a ſouldiers ſtile?
Ha, ha, worms eate them! could no Princely looke,
no line of eloquence writ in this booke,
command, nor yet perſwade the worms away?
Rebellious worms! could a King beare no ſway?
Injurious worms! what could no fleſh ſerve
but Kings for you? By——you all ſhould ſterve,
had I but known't: What muſt my father make
a feaſt for you? O ye devouring creatures!

Pyl. Now ſome *Archilocus* to help him make
vengeful Iambicks, that would make theſe worms
to burſt themſelves: Paſſion muſt pleaſe
it ſelf by words, grief told, it ſelf doth eaſe.

Ore. You cowardly bones, would you be thus uncloth'd
by little crawling worms! by—— I never thought
my fathers bones could e'r have been ſuch cowards:
O you ungrateful worms! how have you us'd him?
See their ingratitude! O ambitious creatures,

how

how they still domineere o're a Kings carcasse!
Pyl. How could they think when thou cam'st to'the crown
that thou shouldst bear, that these should eat thy father?
Orest. True, *Pylades*, should I not rend their maws,
devise new tortures? O most horrible treason,
that worms should come unto a great Kings face,
and eate his eyes! why, I would undertake
but at one stamp to kill a thousand of'em:
and I will kill these:

Stamps upon them.

Goe you King-eating creatures: I will mar
all your digestion. *Pyl.* Alas, where be his wits?
He stands declaming against senseless worms,
and turns more senseless then the worms themselves:
where's now the oracle you should consult?
The great Magician? now the *Centaurs* thought
shall be example to all future years;
and now transcend *Proserpina's* invention.
Ha, hast thou found them out? ha, were they worms?
Orest. O prethee laugh not at me, call her, call her;

Pylades knock.

whilst I stand gathering up my fathers bones,
his deare dissected bones; O, I remember, here
ran the strong sinews, 'twixt his knitting joynts,
here to this bone was joyn'd his princely arme,
here stood the hand that bare his warlike shield,
and on this little joynt was plac't the head,
that *Atlas*-like bare up the weight of Greece:
here, here betwixt these hollow yawning jaws
stood once a tongue, which with one little word
could have commanded thousand souls to death:
Good hands indure this your weighty task,
and good eyes strive not to make moist his bones
with weeping teares:
What *Scinis* or *Procustes* ever could
have hackt a King into such things as these?

Alas

Alas here's every part now ſo deform'd,
I know not which was his, yet all was his.

Sound infernal Muſick.

Scena 5.

Enter Canidia, like an Enchauntreſſe.

Oreſt. Protect us O ye Miniſters of heaven,
ſtand neare me my good *Genius*, my ſoul hath loſt
his humane function, at this helliſh ſight.

Can. Who is't diſturbs our cave? what meſſenger
hath *Pluto* ſent, that would know ought from us?
what are you? ſpeak; *Canidia* cannot ſtay.

Pyl. Prompt us ſome Ghoſt.
Great feare of earth, and governeſſe of nature,
in whoſe deep cloſet of that ſacred heart
are writ the characters of future Fate;
and what is done, and what muſt be thou knowſt:
Whoſe words make burning *Acheron* grow cold,
and *Jove* leave thundring, when he hears thy name:
to thee we come: O turn thy ſecret book,
and look whoſe names thou there ſhalt ſee inſcrib'd
for murderers, reade o'r all the catalogue,
untill thou findeſt there engraven thoſe
which kill'd the King of Greece, great *Agamemnon.*

Oreſt. Yes, he that did owe thee bones which worms
it is not now one of the meaner ſort (have eate;
that craves this boone, but 'tis the heire of Greece,
heire only now but to my fathers grave;
I not command, but my aſtoniſht ſoul
entreats to know.
If in thy book it be not yet put down,
command the gods t' unlock the gates of heaven,
and fetch forth death, command him to relate
who 'twas put *Agamemnon* in his hands,

this

this is our buſineſſe, this, great propheteſſe,
made us approach to thy moſt hallowed cell.

Can. Ho, ho, ho, I tell thee fond young prince,
a leſſer power thou mightſt have implor'd,
which might have urg'd th'unwilling fiends to this;
our dire enchantments carry ſuch a force,
that when the ſtars, and influence of heaven,
have ſuckt the lively blood from out mens veines,
I at my pleaſure bring it back again;
I knew each hour in the Trojan fight,
what Grecian, or what Phrygian ſhould die,
and fierce *Achilles* had no ſooner pierc't
great *Hectors* ſide, but Fate did ſend me word:
Earth, Sea, deep *Chaos*, all the ſtony hills,
will ope themſelves to ſhew me prodigies;
Night will unmask her brow, to let me ſee
what black conceptions teem within her womb.

Oreſt. O then relate, great Miſtreſſe of thy Art,
the things we crave: *Can.* What time of night is't?

Pyl. Upon the ſtroke of twelve.

Can. Strait when a cloudy even clappeth the Ayre,
and all light's drench't in miſty *Acheron*,
when the black palpheries of the full cheekt moon,
have got behind this part o'th' Hemiſpheare,
and dark *Aldebor*, and is mounted high
into the ſable *Caſſiopeias* chaire,
and night full mounted in her ſeate of jet,
ſits wrapt within a cabinet of clouds,
when ſerpents leave to hiſſe, no dragons yell,
no birds do ſing, no harſh tun'd toads do croake,
the Armenian Tyger, and the ravenous woolf,
ſhall yeild up all their tyranny to ſleep,
and then none walk but hells diſturbed ſpirits,
children of night, ſuch as belong to me,
I'll ſhew thee thy deſire; give me theſe bones.

Oreſt. Here, take them Mother, uſe them gently,

they

they were a Kings bones once. O not ſo hard.

Can. Why ſenſeleſſe boy, doſt think that I reſpect a Kings dead bones, more then another mans? O they ſmell rankly; I, this ſent doth pleaſe,

Smells to them.

but I muſt now to work: why *Sagana.*

Pyl. Looke here thou King of Greece, fond *Menelaus*, thou which didſt bring ſo many goodly ſhapes into ſuch things as theſe, and all for *Helen*:

Takes up the ſcull.

Which when the worms bred of her dainty fleſh, ſhall have knaw'd off her tender rubie lips, and left her gumleſſe, looke upon her then; and thou wouldſt even diſgorge thy ſelf to ſee, ſuch putrid vermine to lie kiſſing her.

Oreſt. This head had once a royall diadem, now knock it, beat it, and 'twill ne'r cry treaſon.

Can. Why *Sagana.*

Oreſt There was a player once upon a ſtage, who ſtriving to preſent a dreery paſſion, brought out the urn of his late buried ſon, it might the more affect him, and draw tears: But I, as if I had no paſſion left, not acting of a part, but really in a true cauſe having my fathers bones, his hollow ſcull, yet crawling full of worms, I cannot weep, no not a teare will come. (time?

Can. Why *Sagana, Veia, Erictho*, know you not your

SCEN.

Scen. 6.

Enter Sagana, Veia, Erictho, three witches.

Sag. What would you, Beldam?

Can. Hath not triform'd *Hecate* put on
her Styx-dyed mantle, is't not now fit time
to work our charms in?

Veia. We here are ready 'gainſt thy ſacred charm.

Can. You two, ſit by, and beare in minde this charge;
Who e'r you ſee, who ever I preſent,
let your tongues be perculiſs'd in your jaws;
ſtir not, nor ſpeak not, till the charm be done.

Pyl. Fear not, it ſhall be chain'd with ſilence.

Can. Night, and *Diana* ſacred Queen,
Which ever hath ſpectator been
Unto our baleful hideous rights,
Ne're acted but in darkeſt nights,
Now in this fatal hearſ-bred hour,
Shew to my rites the greateſt power.
Erictho when my torch ſhall twinkle,
A vernal water thou ſhalt ſprinkle
About the room, now let us kneele,
Our heavy burthen hell ſhall feele:
Lets all coyn words, now we may ſee
Who 'twas did work this prodigie.
Omnes. Pluto, great *Pluto*, we command,
Thou ſend unto us out of hand,
The ſhapes of them that kill'd the King,
Great *Agamemnon.*

Infernal Muſick.

Enter in a dumb ſhew, Ægiſtheus and Clytemneſtra, with their bloody daggers, look upon the bed, go to it, and ſtab, and then make a ſhew of gladnes and depart.

Or. O'tis above my bearing! were I linkt here with chains,

I would like *Cerberus* draw *Alcides* back:
Stay, ſtay, by —— revenge ſhall take you here;
nay, I will follow you, ſhould they take their cave,
where *Etna* vomits fire, I would in:
my mother! *Clytemneſtra*! *Ægyſtheus*! was it they?
Nay, I will o'rtake them.

Can. O ſon, remember what I told you, ſon,
many a rockie hill and ſtoney mount,
many a ſea, and vaſt *Charybdis* gulf,
ſtands betwixt them and thee, though they ſeem near.

Oreſt. O piety! O moſt prodigious nature!
What creatures haſt thou made to live on earth?
How haſt thou cloath'd black darkneſſe with a ſcarf
of unſtain'd purity, and put a godly face
upon portentous devils? Oh, how my mother wept!
How *Clytemneſtra*! how that *Hyena* wept!
No more my mother, I abjure the name,
ſhe did not bring me forth, I know ſhe did not:
But I'll o'rtake 'em; ſhew me (*Canidia*) where,
which way they went, where have they hid themſelves.
Should they mount up to the chariot of the Sun,
and in his Car fly to the *Antipodes*,
or in the fartheſt nook of yonder ſphear,
get up and place themſelves 'twixt *Taurus* horns,
the fire-breathing bull, or *Lerna's Hydra*,
were there no entrance but ten Lions jaws,
I'd run through all, and make my way my ſelf:
I'd fix them to the Axel-tree of heaven,
where their infectious carcaſſes ſhould hang
a bait for flying ſpirits in the Ayre.
Canidia, I thank thee for thy pains,
ſtill may thy ſacred Art reveale ſuch deeds,
ſtill keep the gates of *Orcus* yawning ope,
make the dark powers ready at command.

Pyl. But let us haſt deare friend, this vaſt worlds roome
allows us none, but thy dead fathers Tombe:

Here's

here's nought but ayres of death, no bed but ſtones,
our pillow's a dead ſcull, companions bones,
this's all our comfort, if we needs muſt die,
we have a Grave prepar'd wherein to lie.

Oreſt. Now pale *Teſiphone*, O for thy Snakes!
O that renowned ſpirit, that more than man,
whom all the Trojan hoſt could not o'rwhelm,
murdred! But what brave warrier wore a crown,
by guilding a dire ſword in his dear blood?
Hector, nor *Priam*, no, nor *Mars* himſelf,
onely his Wife was his *Bellona* now.
O miſerable valour, to ſcape foes,
and come for to be murdred of his friends!
O ſhameful conqueſt! O moſt coward Fate!
that a weak Woman was competitor
in *Agamemnons* death: had it been any, yet
it ſhould have been a Goddeſs at the leaſt;
and yet ſhe's but a Queen, a mortal Woman.
Were ſhe a Goddeſs, I would make her mortal.
Dull coward that I am, and worſe than all,
after ſo many wrongs, yet unreveng'd:
their Palace now ſhould fire o'r their heads,
and the huge beams daſh out their guilty brains:
The roof, ſhould fall on me, ſo't fell on them.
Begin revenge, and now perform an act,
may give a theam to all poſterity,
ever to talk of, fraught ſo full of horrour:
Ægyſtheus and my Mother, may wiſh their's,
yet none was ever greater: yes, my deed.
Revenge is loſt, unleſs we do exceed.

Pyl. But a bad mother, friend, thou ſhouldſt not hurt,
the Law of Nature doth forbid ſuch thoughts.

Oreſt. Nor Gods, nor Nature, ſhall keep me in awe:
why towards my mother, by heavens Parliament,
who is moſt guilty, is moſt innocent.

Can. Shall I thus by ſome Magick Art, my ſon,

take both their pictures in pure virgin wax?
And wound the place where that the hurt ſhould ſtand,
and ſo wound them? *Oreſt.* Tuſh, this is too little.

Can. Shall I breed them hate? *Oreſt.* Too little too.

Can. Shall I conſume their children? *Oreſt.* All this (too little:
Hell and the Furies ſhall ſtand all amaz'd,
Alecto ſhall come there for to behold
new kinds of murthers, which ſhe knew not yet:
and Nature learn to violate her ſelf.
I'll inſtantly to th'Court, and what I do,
my ſelf will ſee done, yes, and act it too.
Thanks great *Canidia*, this black night being done,
Revenge now knows her game whereat to run.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter in ſtate, Ægyſthens, Clytemneſtra, Tyndarus, Strophius, Electra, Nutrix; cum novo partu.

Ægyſt. NEver but when a royal off-ſpring comes
from a Kings loyns, can he be truly King.
Then doth he ſit firm, rooted in his ſtate,
then is he truly man, and then the gods
he knows do love him, which when Kings do want,
the curſe of Nature doth deny them fruit,
and brands their bed with loath'd ſterility.

Tynd. *Ægyſthens*, ſince the gods have bleſs'd you ſo,
have care their bleſſings turn not to your wo.
Your joy, my daughters joy, and my joy too,
have care it be preſerv'd, and brought up well:
And take heed, ſon, of *Agamemnon*'s blood,
Pierce not with envie the Babes tender heart.

Ægyſt. Tuſh Father, now, not without gr. ſI ſpeak,

all

all brooks which from the Princely Ocean ran,
are quite dry'd up, only *Electra* here,
our dear *Electra*, whoſe great weight of love
is in our balance equally ſo poys'd,
that ſhe ſhall ever think her Father lives,
our heart ſhall be ſo parallel with hers.

El. Yes, great *Ægyſtheus*, wer't but our mothers will,
what ſhe thinks good of, I muſt not think ill:
Beſides, your love e'r ſince my fathers death,
as if it came from his departing ſoul,
and forth-with had reviv'd again in you,
hath held a proſpective for me, to ſee
his care redoubled, though the objects chang'd:
And, for I loſt a brother, if you pleaſe,
that I may challenge in your royal blood,
here do I tie with all affections bands,
my ſelf unto this Babe, which is as dear
unto my ſoul, as were *Oreſtes* here.

Clyt. Daughter, your heart now with obedience ſtrung,
makes a ſweet muſick ſounding from your tongue.
Nurſe, Bring the Babe. Give it *Electra*; ſo,
you daughter ſhall have overſight of it. (Nurſe, no,

Nutr. O, ſhall I part from't then? *Cly.* No good
Electra with her care, you with your pains.

Nutr. Now by *Lucina*, had it gone away,
I ſhould have ſit, and ſob'd away my heart;
'Tis the ſweeteſt Babe that ever Nurſe did kiſs.

Ægyſt. Look here good father, look my nobles here,
upon this Babe ſcarce crept yet out of earth,
for you ſhall grow an Autumn of ripe years,
when time hath brought it to maturity.
Look on thy grandchild, *Tyndarus*, ſee, 'tis thine,
this came from thee, old-man; ſee how it ſmiles
upon the Grandſire, as if wiſe Nature had
taught him his kindreds Names 'fore he came forth.

Tynd. I ſee't *Ægyſt.* & my ag'd blood grows warm,

as if my self were a new father made,
and all the blessings I can render it,
shall drop like golden showers on the head:
Me thinks it doth recal my sliding age,
and makes swift time retire back again:
It doth unfold those wrincles in my face,
which grief and years had fixed as their signes
upon my brow, and now it shall be seen,
although my hairs are gray, my joyes are green.

Clyt. Long may our Father his opinion hold,
and you, our daughter, let not sinister thoughts
wrong your suspicious minde, though this being young,
it makes our Lord, and me to speak our joyes;
yet our affection, and our natural love,
is not a whit to you diminished.
A Mother can be Mother unto many,
and as from one Root hid within the ground,
springs many flowers, that lends sap to all;
So from a Parents heart run veins of love,
which, though to many they without do flow,
yet from one heart, one Root, they all do grow.

Elect. I hope our gracious Mother cannot think
we do suspect her love; witness this charge,
which you have bless'd my arms and soul withal:
and as your love committed it with care,
my care shall still defend it with my love.

Ægyst. We thank our daughter, come Lord *Strophius*, (come,
grief still sits heavie on your sighing heart.
Be frolike, learn of us; in all the grace,
and pleasure our Court extends, you shall have place.

Stroph. I thank my gracious Lord, time hath by this,
almost eate out the memory of our son,
and since the heavens let fall their dew on you,
and watred *Argos* with such springing hopes,
I will not seem a stock uncapable
of such a general comfort, but revive

my

my buried thoughts, and for my Sovereign's ſake,
old *Strophius* will a young mans perſon take.

Ægyſt. We thank old *Strophius*, and if honour can
keep thee ſtill young, our Princely hand is wide,
and freely ſhall extend all Graces on thee,
and you all our Subjects, which bear part
thus in our joy. And here I do proclaim,
and perſonally from my own Mouth pronounce,
ſealing it with the Signet of my State,
A general immunity to all
Murders, Rapes, Treaſons, Thefts, Conveyances,
which have been from the birth of our dear Childe,
in all the Confines of our Empire done;
nor ſhall your licence date be quite expired,
till the ſlow year ſeven times runs out his courſe.
Our ſelf thus ſpeak it; until then all's free,
Kings win their Subjects by immunity.

Exeunt omnes.

Manent Strophius, & Electra.

Stroph. *Electra*, you are happy in your charge.

Electr. Yes, Uncle, and you happy in your favour.

Nur. Madam, Shall I ſtay here until you come?

Comes back.

Electr. Yes, Nurſe, ſit down and ſing, look to the Babe,
I'll only with my Uncle change a word.

Nurſe ſings.

Lullaby, lullaby Baby,
Great Argos *joy,*
The King of Greece thou art born to be,
In deſpight of Troy.
Reſt ever wait upon thy head,
Sleep cloſe thine eyes,
The bleſſed gaurd, tend on thy bed,
Of Deities. *n!*
O, how this brow will beſeem a Crow
How theſe locks will ſhine!

Like the rayes of the Sun on the ground,
Theſe locks of thine.
The Nurſe of heaven ſtill ſend thee milk,
Maiſt thou ſuck a Queen.
Thy drink Joves Nectar, *and cloaths of ſilke,*
A God mayſt thou ſeem.
Cupid *ſit on this Roſean cheek,*
On theſe rubie lips
May thy minde like a Lamb be meek,
In the vales which trips,
Lullaby, Lullaby Baby, &c.

Elect. You never heard from my brother, Uncle, nor from your ſon! they have been long away!

Stroph. In troth, *Electra*, I am in deſpair, almoſt of ever ſeeing them again; Sure if *Oreſtes* live, and ever hear, unto what paſs *Ægyſtheus* brings his ſtate, ſeated him in the throne, and's mothers bed, and like to leave *Argos* hereditary to his Poſterity, it cannot e'r be born, *Oreſtes* ſpirit will endure no ſcorn.

Elect. Uncle, his long delayes make me ſurmiſe, or he will never come, or come with prize; He, if now come, he muſt not ſhew himſelf, but live unknown, unnam'd, or change his name.

Str. His name, *Electra*, yes, and's nature too, which I do fear me he will hardly do. But if we hear not from them now e're long, I'll liſten by ſome means about the land, to hear of them; mean time you to your charge, officious duty muſt our lives enlarge.

Elect. Come Nurſe. *Exeunt.*

Scen.

Scen. 2.

Enter Oreſtes, and Pylades.

Oreſt. O, here's the Palace under whoſe kind roof
My tender years were gently foſtered:
But now the ſight on't ſeems to ſtrike my ſoul,
when I but think it holds within the walls,
the patrons of ſuch luſt, incarnate devils,
meer Pythoniſts, that facinate the world.

Pyl. Nay, but *Oreſtes*, think now of your ſelf,
complain not of your wrongs, but ſeek to right them.
We might have liv'd i'th woods ſtill to complain,
and to that purpoſe we may turn again.
Whet up your former thoughts, and ſpend not time,
to rave, but to revenge this odious act.
We know they were their ſhapes, and no Chymera's.

Oreſt. O, *Pylades*, know I thou art my friend?

Pyl. I hope you think it. *Oreſt* I do, I dare ſwear it,
ſo I dare ſwear it was *Ægyſtheus*, and
the dumbe Witch, the —— O, what thing's enough
to be an attribute to term her by?
The *Clytemneſtra*, O, we ſaw her do't.

Pyl. 'Twas a black deed indeed, and paſt all thought.

Oreſt. O, Hell it ſelf has not the pattern to't:
Some ſtench, ſome fogs, and vapours ſtop their breath,
exhald from out the dampiſh wombe of Styx.
Did ever foul, diſaſtrous, fiendlike hands,
caſt up ſo huge a heap of hell-bred miſchief?
Were I to dive to'th depth of *Phelgeton*
or fetch young *Ganimed* from the arms of *Jove*,
to rend *Proſerpina* from *Pluto*'s bed,
or take the vulture from off *Titius* heart,
and ſet it on my Mothers, I would do't;
I'll break ope doors, and nail 'em to their bed;

heark, revenge calls me, I come, I come.

Pyl. Nay, ſtill outrageous friend, good now contain
your heady fury in wiſdoms reyn:
hearken to my advice. *Oreſt.* I will, dear friend,
thou haſt plaid muſick to my doleful ſoul;
and when my heart was tympaniz'd with grief,
thou lav'dſt out ſome into thy heart from mine,
and kepſt it ſo from burſting; thou haſt tide
with thy kind counſel, all theſe looſned ſtrings,
they ſhould not crack aſunder with their weight.

Pyl. Then liſten now, the beſt plot I can think,
is this: We here will live a while unknown:
Oreſtes, thy Profeſſion ſhall be Phyſick,
I as your friend t'company you at Court;
carry it neatly, learn a few ſtrange words,
palliate your woe a while, and coope up grief,
you may in time ſo miniſter to the King;
Phyſicks occaſion fit revenge may bring.

Oreſt. Rarely invented, I'll ſpeak Aphoriſms,
ſublim'd Purgations, Quinteſſence diſtill'd,
each Doſe I give ſhall make a heart to bleed,
and prove a true Phyſician ſo indeed.

Enter Myſander, having o'r-heard their talk.

Myſ. 'Twas my good Genius guided me here now,
to hear Conſpiracy; wherefore I'll attach them.
Save you Gentlemen. *Ore.* Save you too, if you pleaſe.

Pyl. Sir, 'twas ſmall manners to interrupt our talk,
and give no warning of your being neer.

Myſ. Warning? you ſhall have warning, yes, I know
I heard you both, and underſtood your plot,
you'll turn Phyſician, Sir, and give rare Clyſters,
ſhall work like *Stibium*, to purge our hearts:
You thought to act well true Phyſicians parts.

Oreſt. Therefore on thee our Medicine firſt ſhall work.

Stabs him.

Myſ.

Myſ. Help, murder. *Oreſt.* Nay Paraſite, I'll gag you,
you ſhall not fawn again, or wag your tayl,
when the King nods. *Myſ.* O help me, I am ſlain.
Pyl. Stop his breath quickly, if but he be dead,
we may eſcape the danger of the treaſon.
Oreſt. Nay he is ſilent; O, but we are beſet.

Scena 3.

Enter a Lord and others at the out-cry.

Lor. Look out, me thought I heard one cry out murder,
ſome voice I am ſure did diſturbe the Court,
it was *Myſanders* voice, me thought that cried,
Spies him dead.
and ſee, hee's ſlain; one whom the Kings eſteem
did rank among the beſt; there are the Murderers:
Fellows, how durſt you thus abuſe the Court?
Go, haſte to' th' King, tell him the men be here.
Pylad. Gentlemen, we as lovers to the Court,
came here as ſtrangers, for to ſee the King,
this man being coming out, too ſoon for us;
and for himſelf us'd us uncivilly;
we have been Gentlemen, though our Fortunes now
have put on Beggars weeds upon our backs:
who anſwering in the ſame ſort he propos'd,
he ſtruck us, and men cannot endure blows:
ſo thinking much to be ſtruck again,
he grew ſo hot, he drew and made a Stab;
at which enconnter both incloſing him
'twixt us, he took a wound worſe than we thought
to give, for we did think to have given none;
But ſince 'tis thus, we muſt appeal to th' King.
Lor. Yes; and here comes his Majeſty in perſon.

Scena

Scena 4.

Enter Ægyſtheus, with a Guard.

Ægy. A Guard there on us, here is murder done.
What, is *Myſander* kil'd, our truſty ſervant ?
Where are the vilians ?
Oreſt. O hold good heart, hark, hark, he calls us villains.
Ægy. What is the matter ? ſpeak, how came he dead ?
They ſhall die two deaths, that did cauſe him one.
Oreſt. O I am now undone ; he muſt ſit judge,
to condemne us, that ſhould maſſacre him.
Pyl. Nay, keep a temper, hold good friend a while.
Lord. My gracious ſovereign, theſe two be the men,
which have confeſs'd the deed :
Ægyſt. Are you the men which thus abus'd our ſtate?
Was't one or both ? if both, you both ſhall die ;
if one, that one : w're juſt in our Decree.

Scen. 5.

Enter Clyt. Tynd. Strophius, Electra.

What, is my Queen come here, to hear the Cauſe ?
We'll then aſcend, and judge them inſtantly.
Aſcends the Throne.
Or. O crack my ey-ſtrings, let theſe balls drop out,
or the quick ſights like darts fly to their ſouls,
and pierce their entrails ; he King, my mother Queen !
The *Briſeis* and *Achilles*, that in my dream.
We come to be condemn'd amongſt our friends.
I will ſpeak to them, *Electra*'s there,
And *Storphius*, your old Father, *Pylades*.
Pyl. Shew thy ſelf valorous, o'recome thy ſelf :

If

If we be known, we ſurely are condemn'd.
Ægyſt. Father, Lord *Strophius*, ſit and hear the cauſe.
Clyt. Why, my Lord, what is't makes the buſineſs thus?
Ægyſt. My Queen ſhall ſtraitway know; Bring them away.
Although it is not fallen out of our minde,
of a free act of pardon of all faults
commited in the date of ſuch a time,
our hand of mercy muſt not be ſo ſoft,
to cover o're with gentle lenity,
ſuch ulcerous ſores as theſe; there is no place
for mercy left; murder muſt not finde grace:
Therefore our doom is paſt, one needs muſt die,
blood ſtill for blood unto the gods will cry. (ſtands;
Oreſt. Then, if thy doom be ſpent, great King here
the man that did it, ſhewing his guilty hands.
Pylad. O hold thy doom a while; it was not he,
His ſerious ſtudies in the learned Arts,
hearing acute Philoſophers diſpute
'twixt life and death, and of a future ſtate
would fain haſte to it; but the man was I:
beleeve not him, 'twas his deſire to die.
Oreſt. No King, 'tis he which in his deſperate thoughts,
would looſe the bands betwixt his ſoul and him;
ones ſelf againſt ones ſelf is witneſs ſtore,
my ſelf confeſſes, what wouldſt thou have more?
Pyl. Believe him not, upon my knees I vow,
Kneels.
theſe hands are only branded with the guilt,
and for ones blood, let not two lives be ſpilt.
Oreſt. And on my knees I the like Oath do take,
I gave the ſtab, my Dagger's bloody yet.
Pyl. That was my Dagger, King, he took't from me.
Or. He do's me wrong, by ——, 'twas ever mine.
Ægyſt. This doth amaze us, I ne're yet ſaw two
turn Rhetoricians ſo to plead for death.
Would not the pardon of this odious fact,

Like

like a foul ſtench, or an unwholſom air,
ſend an infectious vapour through the Land,
and choak up Juſtice; this fidelity
ſhould for this one time ſet two murderers free.
Cly. Now good my love, methinks I pity them,
and prethee for my ſake (I know them not)
abate thy edge of Juſtice for this once.
Oreſt. O what ſhe ſpoke! to damne it had been better.
Ægyſt. My love, thou knowſt I never look too ſtern
upon a fault that could ask lenity.
But this is ſo tranſcendent, and ſo great,
it muſt not be ſlipt with impunity.
To do a heynous murder, and i'th'Court,
i'th place of Juſtice, where the King might hear,
upon a chief attendant of the Kings!
Murder it ſelf is paſt all expiation,
the greateſt crime that Nature doth abhor:
not being, is abominable to her;
and when we be, make others not to be,
'tis worſe than beſtial: and we did not ſo,
when only we by natures ayd did live
a Heterogenious kind, as ſemibeaſts,
when reaſon challeng'd ſcarce a part in us;
but now doth manhood and civility
ſtand at the Bar of Juſtice, and there plead,
how much they'r wronged, and how much defac't
when man doth dye his hands in blood of man.
Judgement it ſelf would ſcarce a Law enact
againſt the murderer, thinking it a fact
that man 'gainſt man would never dare commit,
ſince the worſt things of nature do not it.
Oreſt. O how his words now rail againſt a ſin,
which beat upon his Conſcious thoughts within!
His tongue ſpeaks fair, his inparts, look on them,
and they like Jury-men himſelf condemne: *Aſide.*
Pyl. But O great King, if juſtice muſt have right,
tel

let me ſtand only guilty in thy ſight.

Oreſt. No, 'tis not, King, 'twas I that did the deed,
and for my action, let no other bleed.

Ægyſt. In troth this makes my Doom it cannot fall:
Will none of you confeſs? *Strophius weeps.*

Oreſt. Yes, I confeſs. *Pylad.* No King, 'tis I confeſs.

Ægyſt. How now Lord *Strophius*, what affects you ſo,
that makes your tears bewrayers of ſome paſſion?

Stroph. My gracious Sovereign, this ſtrange ſpectacle
renews the Memory of my once great loſs,
and my dear Queens, we once were bleſt with two,
which ſo had link'd themſelves in bands of love,
as theſe men now do ſeem to me they have.
One ſtream of love did in two hearts ſo glide,
one with the other liv'd, with th'other di'd.
And would my Queen be my competitor,
for our Sons ſake my ſuits ſhould joyn with her,
ſince Juſtice craves but one, and both will go,
even ſave them both, and right wrong'd Juſtice ſo.

Clyt. I, good my love, let Juſtice come and look,
if ſhe can finde in all her Statute Book,
two men for the ſame crime ſhould rightly die;
ſhe will not ſay ſo, Juſtice cannot lie.
And ſince they both will die, let ones love ſave
the others life, and ſo both life ſhall have. (mov'd.

Ægyſt. In troth my Queen, and my old Lord have
Well, ſince your loves are both ſo ſtrongly tyed,
and friendſhip like an old acquaintance ſends
to her friend Juſtice that ſhe ſhould be milde,
and looks with eyes of Mercy on your fault,
conſidering our immunity proclaim'd,
and ſuch Petitioners as you both have got,
Death in our Sentence, now ſhall have no part;
whilſt who ſhould have done worſt, confeſſion ſtrives,
too much confeſſion thus ſaves two mens lives:
But now we muſt demand, what you made here?

what

What buſineſs or condition you profeſs?

Pylad. Great King, our duty owes to thee our lives,
and were we men that ſtriv'd to ſet a cloud
before theſe gifts, Art hath inſtructed us,
or we have purchac't at a moſt dear rate,
of coſt and labour; yet thy clemency
commands us to lay open all to thee:
yet for my ſelf I rather count my ſtate
bleſt, that I lighted on this honeſt man;
whoſe accurate and watchful indagation,
hath taught him for to heal the wounds of Nature,
by his exceeding skill in wholſom herbs;
one, that when I did think my thred of life
had been quite cut, did tie it up again,
and make it laſt: recall'd my youthful dayes,
and made me *Æſon*-like, become thus young;
for which great practiſe I did owe my life,
and thence proceeded our late pious ſtrife.

Æg. Nay then I'm glad our mercy did extend
on men whom ſuch rare vertues do commend;
our love ſhall then grow greater, & our Court
ſhall entertain you, and't may chance we will,
my Queen and I, make tryal of your skill.

Oreſt. My gracious Sovereign, words muſt not have (wings,
to paſs and to out-flye the bounds of truth,
only to win the *Elixar* of opinion;
but for my friend, I here profeſs ſo much,
and for my life do ſtand ſo deeply bound,
that all my Art can ne're make recompence.
Pleaſe but your Graces ſelf, and your dear Queen,
appoint the ſecrets of the ſafeſt room,
to let me ſhew my ſelf to none but you;
though Nature dried up with too much time,
deny to ſpring in fruit from forth your loins,
or any other ſtrange impediment;
our Art preſerves from ſickneſs ruining.

And

And 'twill be bleſt to ſhew it to a King.

Ægyſt. Ha, prethee let me ſpeak with thee apart.
Thou ſtrik'ſt on tunes now, make me glad to hear,
we will commit our ſecreſie to thee.
Can'ſt water barren Wombs with ſuch a dew,
ſhall make 'em flouriſh and wax green with fruit?
Although we cannot altogether blame,
that Nature hath been too unkind to us;
yet we would plant each corner of our Realm
with ſpringing Branches of our Royal ſelf,
to compaſs in our ſelves, and we ſtand in the midſt.
Kings in their Children do great bleſſing finde,
and great men love to Propagate their kinde.

Oreſt. Great Sovereign, boaſting words ſhall ne're out-weigh
the things I will perform, I ſpeak not fame,
but what I have ſaid, I will do the ſame.

Ægyſt. We like thy temper well, and we will truſt;
therefore this night we will appoint it ſo,
thou ſhalt be guided to our ſecretſt room,
and there ſhalt uſe thy skill; which if it take,
our love ſhall honour thee for Phyſicks ſake.

Exeunt Ægyſt. Clyt. Tynd.

Oreſt. Good heavens I thank you, your effectual power
hath ſhewed your juſtice in this bleſſed hour.
Now is occaſion put; thus murder layes
the trap wherein it ſelf, it ſelf betrayes.

Pyl. Old Lord, a word with you. *Oreſt.* and with you (Lady.

They take Stroph. and Elect. back.

Pyl. Had not you once a Son lov'd the young prince?

Stop. Yes Sir, but Fates envied my happineſs,
and holds both Prince and Son away too long.

Oreſt. And had not you a brother (Lady) once?
When heard you of him laſt? He went to travel.

Elect. In truth I had, but I can hear no news.

They diſcover themſelves.

Stro.

Stro. O ſee! my ſon! welcome my deareſt boy.
Elect. Our brother, our *Oreſtes* is come home.
Stroph. 'Tis they indeed; O how my blood revives!
Let me embrace them; O ye'r welcome home,
now is the Autumne of our ſorrow done.
Elect. What ſilent place hath ſmothered you ſo long?
Of what great Powers have you counſel ta'ne,
concerning the great Plot you had in hand?
Oreſt. Uncle, and Siſter, we muſt not ſtand now
embracing much, and bidding welcome home;
you ſee before I come, how things do ſtand:
My buſineſs haſtens; and my friend, and I,
have yet a greater Project to perform:
Only *Electra*, we muſt have your ayde,
to help us with their Child, for now's the time,
when bleſt occaſion ſtrives to help revenge.
Elect. Why Brother, is the Child in any fault?
that was unborn when that our Father died:
And 'tis a luſty boy: O hurt not that.
Oreſt. Tuſh, I muſt have it, it ſhall have no hurt,
worſe than my Father: *Elect.* Shal't not, indeed.
Oreſt. Believe me, no worſe hurt; but let's be gone.
I'le be a tripode *Paracelſian*.

Exeunt.

Scen. 6.

Enter a Chamberlain, and a Boy to ſweep the Room.

Cham. Boy, ſweep the room, ſet each thing in his place;
the King and Queen take Phyſick here to night.
Boy. Sir, and you'll help me, I am ready here,
They ſet a Table.
Cham. Fetch them two Chairs. *Boy.* Yes, Sir.
What Carpet mean you ſhall be ſpread a'th boord?

Cham.

Cham. That of red velvet, ſet the ſilver cups, there may be uſe of them to take the potion :

Sets two bowles.

So, now all's well, the room is well prepar'd.

Enter Oreſtes, like a Doctor of Phyſick.

Oreſt. Is this the room, friend, where the King muſt be?

Cham. Yes, this is the room Sir, 'tis the privat'ſt, this.

Oreſt. You muſt avoyd it then, and tell his Grace, that I ſtay here provided 'gainſt he come.

Cham. His Grace ſhall know it. *Exit.*

Scena. 7.

Enter Pylades, with a little boy in's hand.

Pyl. I faith *Oreſtes*, prethee ſpare the child, it hath no fault, but 'tis too like thy mother.

Oreſt. Like my mother, O moſt execrable! hadſt rank'd the confus'd *Chaos* of all ſins, thou couldſt not have found out a fault more black, more ſtinking, more infectious to my heart. Art like my mother, O tranſcendent crime!

Child. Some ſay I'm eyd like her, but in the face I do reſemble moſt the King my father.

Pyl. Poor babe.

Oreſt. The King thy father! yes, too like them both.

Child. Electra ſays, I'm ſomewhat like *Oreſtes*, her brother that is dead.

Oreſt. How, like *Oreſtes*! when didſt ſee him child?

Child. Indeed I never ſaw him, but I love him.

Pyl. Alas, dear friend, ſee the pretty knave.

Ore. Would thou wert not my mothers, I could weep, but ſee, O ſee now my relenting heart, muſt now grow flinty, ſee my father, ſee, now to ſhew pity were impiety.

Enter Agamemnons ghoſt, paſſing o're the ſtage all wounded.

Ghoſt. Why flaggs revenge? ſee thy now yeelding ſoul,
made me burſt ope my ſtrong jaw'd ſepulcher,
and rip the ſeare-cloth from my wounded breaſt.
O can a child ſmile blanke the memory
of all theſe horrid wounds, that make me groan,
in the darke caverns of the uncoucht earth?
from whence I come for to infect thy ſoul
with ayre of vengeance, may make *Acheron*,
yea, and our ſelves, at the performance quake.
Fruit of our loynes, firſt vigor of our youth,
look on theſe wounds, as on the *Gorgons* head,
and turn thy heart to ſtone: hovering revenge
is ſalne into thy hands, O graſp her cloſe
by her ſnake knotted front, and make her do
things may incite a horror to her ſelf.
Forget all mother, in that diſloyal witch,
whoſe damned heate raging in ſtrumpets blood,
ſo ſoon did condeſcend to murther me.
By all the rights of Father I conjure thee:
By *Atreus*, *Atreus*, he whoſe revengeful ſoul
is eccho'd through the world ſuperlative;
do thou make *Nemeſis* as great a feaſt,
and be enthroniz'd in her fiery chaire,
in her triumphant chariot ever ride,
in which, Beares hurry her from the womb of hell,
and bear this Title as thy deſerved hire,
the brave revenger of thy murdred ſire.
Think on me, and revenge. *Exit.*

Oreſt. Stay, ſtay, and ſee't,
ſtay Sprite, thou ſtrik'ſt no terror to my ſoul:
For unamaz'd I now would dare out-look
ranks of *Meduſa's*, and the grim aſpect
of the moſt frowning object hell affords.
Think on me and revenge! yes, thoſe two words

ſhall

ſhall ſerve as burthen unto all my acts,
I will revenge, and then I'll think on thee:
I'll think on thee, and then again revenge,
and ſtab, and wound, and ſtill I'll think on thee:
I have a dropſie now to ſuck up fumes,
and drink the reaking ſtreams of vengeance ſome:
Great *Agamemnons* Ghoſt, I will bedew
thy hearſe with blood in ſtead of briniſh tears,
and build a pile up of their murdered trunks,
to burn thy marrow-leſſe conſumed bones.
Arrows of forked lightening never flew
more ſwiftly from the awful arms of *Jove*,
then *Nemeſis* black Scorpions from me.

Pyl. 'Twas a ſtrange ſight. *Ore.* I, didſt thou ſee't friend?
all of thoſe wounds will I ſtick in his breſt.

Pyl. Alas, one will be enough for him?

Oreſt. I, but ſhe ſhall have more. Awhile go by:
Pylades takes the child aſide.
Were all the world their lives, the world ſhould die.
Now Tragedy fetch out thy crimſon robes,
and buckle ſure thy purple buskins on,
ſteep't ten grains deeper in their ſcarlet die;
this night ſhall give me now a deep carouſe,
of *Clytemneſtra's* and *Ægyſtheus* blood,
and *Cerberus* himſelf ſtand by to pledge me,
whileſt to hells fire I ſhall ſacrifice
three Hecatombs; it doth the furies good,
when e'r we wet their Altars with ſuch blood.
And now ye fiends of hell, each take a place,
as 'twere ſpectators at a firſt dayes play;
raiſe all the helliſh winds to expel nature:
Great Goddeſſe give me leave now to forget
all ſtrains of duty; all obedient thoughts
die in me quite: a mothers memory,
pious affections take no hold on me.
Be all my ſenſes circled in with Fiends,

and let *Erynnis* hold her flaming brand
to guide my murderous ſword; for all lights elſe,
vaniſh from out this Center, be this room fraught
ſo full of miſchief, may make the Fabrick crack,
and let no time now come into my thoughts,
but that dire night wherein my father dy'd.
I'll only be a Doctor now in word,
each potion that I give ſhall be my ſword.
But I muſt change.

Scena. 8.

Enter Ægyſtheus and Clytemneſtra, in their night-robes.

Ægyſt. O Doctor, you are buſie for our coming.
Oreſt. My gracious Lord, I had no cauſe to fail.
Oreſtes looking on the cups.
Clyt. Nay, but is this fit time for phyſick, Doctor?
Oreſt. Firſt, Madam, for the phyſick that I give,
now the diaſtal fabrick of your pulſe,
ſhews all your paſſions moſt hyſterical.
Pleaſeth your Grace ſit down? on at each end o'th table.
Ægyſt. Yes, muſt we ſit? ſit there my Queen.
Oreſt. Yes, now is *Saturn*, governour of nature,
in free conjunction with the planet *Venus*:
And juſt at this time *Jupiter* begat
great *Hercules*: *Sol*, *Luna*, *Mercury*,
in that Diameter, now favour propagation,
and now will my *Alexipharmacon*
ſtir the *Analeptick* veines and arteries:
If you out-live this night, you'll live to ſee
a royal, ſtrange, and Princely progeny.
Ægyſt. Think'ſt thou ſo, Doctor?
Oreſt. Think it, nay, I know't.
Hem.
Clyt. Surely he means to work rare Art upon us.

Ægy.

Ægy. Pray God thy phyſick take. *Ore.* Yes, it ſhall take. Hem.

Pylades binds Clytemneſtra to the chair: Oreſtes Egyſtheus: Pylades brings in the child.

Egy. Treaſon, we are betraid. *Ore.* Nay, tis your privat'ſt
View me wel mother, ha, do you know me yet? (room.

Puts off his gown.

Here, here's the drugs my Art hath thought upon;
be pitileſſe now *Pylades*, be my friend.

Child. O help me father, elſe theſe men will kill me.

Egyſt. O my boy, my boy. *Oreſt.* O ye'r faſt bound.
Yes, he is thine, thy face, thy eyes, thy heart,
and would I knew where Nature had couchd moſt,
of thy damnd blood, I thus would let it out,

Stabs the child.

and thus't ſhould ſprit in thy moſt loathed face.

Egy. O now the heavens rain vengeance on our heads.

Child. O mother, mother, ſave me, ſave me father.

Oreſt. Hold *Pylades*, be ſteadfaſt, for by——
he wounds me, that perſwades me not to wound.

Clyt. O turn thy bloody weapon on my breſt,
'twas this womb that brought forth this babe and thee,
If that be guilty, I have made it ſo.
Rip up this place which firſt did bring thee forth,
'tis I intreat thee, 'tis thy mother, ſhe
which gave thee houſ-room here within this breſt,
upon whoſe dugs thy infant lips did hang.

Oreſt. It was my father, he intreated you,
who many a time had clipt you in his arms,
who made you Queen of Greece, yes, it was he,
good *Agamemnon*, he did plead for life.

Egyſt. Bath not thy hands in a poor infants blood,
nor in thy mothers, I deſerve to die:
and yet remember how my doom ſav'd thee,
how eaſily mercy did obtain her ſuit.

Oreſt. Nay, but *Egyſtheus*, you can aggravate,

to doe a haynous murther, and i'th Court;
I'th place of Juſtice, where the King might hear,
upon a chief attendant of the Kings.
Murther it ſelf is paſt all expiation,
a crime that nature moſt of all abhors,
and look how manhood and civility,
ſtand at the bar of Juſtice, and there plead,
how much they'r wrong'd, and how much defac'd,
when man doth dye his hands in blood of man.
Now hearken King, I'll uſe thy Rhetorick,
thou didſt a haynous murther in the Court,
not which the King did hear, but which he felt;
when no petition could (good man) prevaile,
therefore this dies, this firſt ſhall have his due,

Stabs it againe, that the blood ſpirts in his face.

this miſchief done, revenge ſhall prompt anew.

Æg. O, the gods bluſh, and heaven looks pale at this,
a fathers face beſmear'd with his childs blood!

Oreſt. My haſt deceives my will; tuſh, all this yet,
may be call'd piety; you ſhall taſt too, mother.

Turns it to her.

Clyt. O, why dos't baniſh nature from his place?
Look on thy mothers tears, worſe then thoſe groans,
and pangs ſhe had, when ſhe firſt brought thee forth.
When of thy friends or parents thou haſt wrong,
patience, not fury doth to thee belong.
Is this the bleſſing that thy knee ſhould ask?
Repay'ſt thou thus my kiſſes and my tears,
which flow'd from me to thee in tender years?

Oreſt. O why did you ſo baniſh woman-hood,
when you and this damn'd villain, baſe adulterer,
made in my fathers ſide ſo many wounds,
and brought a brave old King into this ſtate?
See here's his bones, my pocket can contain

Pulls bones from his pocket.

great

great *Agamemnon*; and repayd you thus
his kind embraces? all his loving ſigns?
Ægyſtheus, you are thirſty, you ſhall drink,
Fills two cups with the childs blood: gives it them
yes, you ſhall clear your throat, by —— you ſhall.
Ægy. O miſchief above miſchief! what *Heniochus*
bred on a ſtony rock, could e'r endure
to ſee a fathers thirſt quench'd with ſuch blood?
Haſt thou no meaſure, hath revenge no end?
Ore. Who firſt doth miſchief, may keep mean i'th deed,
but who revengeth, muſt all mean exceed.
Nay mother wee'l not bar you of your draught.
Gives one cup to her.
Clyt. O Nature, ſee here all thy law infring'd,
a mothers prayers prevail not with her ſon.
Oreſt. Pray with *Thyeſtes*, it ſhall never move me:
But firſt *Ægyſtheus*, Do thou haſte revenge.
Stabs him.
Ægyſt. O, I am wounded, O when doſt thou end?
Oreſt. Nay, I have ſcarce begun. Now mother, you.
Sabs her
So now, I'll ſtand and look, and on hell call,
nay, my revenge muſt not be uſual:
One more for thee *Ægyſtheus*; only let out
the blood you drank before. *Ægyſt.* O, my heart feels it.
Oreſt. Now mother you, and your love the ſame.
Clyt. O kill me quickly, time prolongs my wo,
and ſince I muſt die, let me quickly goe.
Oreſt. You know your ſentence; *Let him feel he dies*,
who ſtrait threats death, knows not to tyrannize.
Ægy. This brings ten deaths. *Or.* Would twould an too
one death's too little to revenge a King. (bring,
Hence, hence, adulterous ſoul to *Tantalus*,
and let hell know who 'twas ſent thee thither: *he dies.*
Now, mother, you ſhall follow: but he firſt,

leſt that like Lovers you go hand in hand.

Clyt. Why ſon, whoſe death is it thou doſt revenge?
thy fathers? but on whom? upon thy mother!
On her which brought thee forth, which took moſt care,
to bring thee up, from whom thou tookſt thy ſelf?
thou'rt ſure thou art mine, but doſt not know,
who 'twas begate thee. *Oreſt.* Wil't Baſtardize me?
Yes, mother, yes, I know I was his ſon:
Alas! why, what are you? a ſenſeleſſe peice
of rotten earth can do as much to corn,
as you to me, bear it, and bring it forth;
but *Agamemnon*, he that ſeed did ſow,
and only unto him my ſelf I ow:
and for him thou ſhalt die. *Clyt.* O, I confeſſe,
my conſcience tells me, I deſerve no leſſe:
and thus thy mother from thee doth depart,
leaving vexation to torment thy heart.

She dies.

Oreſt. Now friend, I ſee my father live again,
and in his royal ſtate at *Argos* Court:
This is the night in which he firſt came home,
O bleſſed powers of hell, divine *Canidia*,
Now am I ſatisfied, now hath revenge perfection;
and nothing grieves me, but that *Tyndarus*,
my mothers father, did not ſee her die.
He in and tell him, my thoughts muſt reveale
thoſe acts I do: this night who would conceale?
Now ſoul triumph, whilſt that my deed ſhall ſhine,
I'th face o'th Court, and all the world know't mine

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter Oreſtes in his gown: Tyndarus, Strophius, Electra, Pylades, two Lords.

Ore. MyLord, your daughters potion works moſt rarely;
the King's aſleep, God bleſſe his Majeſty.
O, do not wake him, faith 'tis pity, la.

Tynd. What do I ſee? ha, blood, the little child
dead! my daughter bleed? *Ægyſtheus* kill'd?

Oreſt. Your Lordſhips eyes do fail, 'tis but ſpilt wine.

Tynd. Lay hands o'th villain, 'tis the Phyſicians deed.

Oreſt. Nay friends, hands off, 'tis no Phyſician now:
Diſcovers himſelf.
See, ſee, old *Tyndarus*, doſt thou know me yet?
Fetch me my Crown and robes, nay, I'll aſcend:
Is not *Atrides* eldeſt ſon your King?

Tynd. What haſt thou done, foul Viper, to eat out
thy mothers bowels? what, was this thy deed?
Thy ſilence ſayes 'twas thine. What *Tanais*,
Tygris or *Rhenus*, or what flowing ſea,
ſhould waſh thee in the ſalt *Meotis* ſtreame?
Or *Tethis* at full tide o'rflow thy banks,
ſtill would the ſpots of murder ſtick on them.

Oreſt. Why Grandſire, I go not about to waſh,
by ——'twas all the fruit I thought to win,
to think all miſchief here could be no ſin.

Tynd. See, ſee, thy mother, look upon her now,
on her, whoſe eyes thou haſt for ever clos'd,
which eyes have often wakned at thy cry,
and huſh'd thee with a lullaby to ſleep:
See, ſee, theſe hands, which oft with ſo much care,
wrapt gently up thy unſet tender limbs.

See,

See, ſee, this face, wont at thy ſignes to ſmile,
when nature gave not leave unto thy tongue
to utter thy childs meaning.

Oreſt. See, ſee theſe bones, theſe naſty rotten bones,
which had ſo often lock'd his hands in hers;
here ſtood the tongue, which oft had call'd her ſweet,
dear *Clytemneſtra*, and then ſtopt his ſpeech,
and told his love in a more ſpeaking ſigne.
Here ſtood thoſe eyes, which fed upon her face,
and made her of thy daughter, a great Queen,
and ſhe made him a diſh for loathed worms.

Tynd. Suppoſe ſhe did, there was but one yet dead,
and with ones death again ſhould be repaid.

Oreſt. No, *Tyndarus*, had I deſir'd but one,
I ſhould have thought I had deſired none.
Why, methinks, I ſhould too have kill'd thee,
the number is too little yet of three.

Tynd. Into what land, what country wilt thou fly?
all earths, all lands, all countries will fly thee:
the heavens will look with a more chearful brow
on *Cerberus*.

Oreſt. Why, let heaven look as 'twill, tis my crown,
that I have done an act ſhall make heaven frown.

Tynd. O, what earth loves ſo much a guilty ſoul,
that it can bear thee? *Oreſt.* Why, Sir, this is mine,
and this ſhall bear me. Am I not right heire?

Tynd. Thou heir to kingdoms! thou a ſubject rather,
to help to make a Players Tragedy.

Ore. Why, that will make me ſwell with greater pride,
to think my name ſhall drop in lines of blood,
from ſome great Poets quill, who well ſhall paint
how bravely I reveng'd my fathers death;
that is the thing I wiſh'd, and 'tis my glory,
I ſhall be matter for ſo brave a ſtory.
But where's my Crown?

1. *Lord.* No murderer, wee'l rather joyn with him,
this

this old man here, to take away thy life,
then ſuch a homicide ſhall frame us laws,
who hath himſelf rac'd out the laws of Nature.

2. *Lord.* Yes, and wee'l ſet here *Argos* crown on him,
who ſhall enact ſome puniſhment for thee;
which although none can equalize this deed,
yet what our griefs can think, all ſhall be done,
and wee'l forget thou'rt *Agamemnons* ſonne.

Ore. Why, think you on your worſt, I ſcorn to crave:
I had three lives, you but my one ſhall have.

Tyn. Then ſince vile wretch, thou haſt committed that,
which while there is a world, throughout the world
will be pronounc'd for the moſt horrid deed,
that ever came into the thought of man;
a thing which all will talk of, none allow:
I here diſclaim that name of Grand-father,
and I muſt quite forget that in thy veynes,
my blood doth flow, but think it then let out,
when thou letſt out my daughters. And ſince you,
kind Lords, commit the ſtate unto my years,
years too unfit, heavens know, to beare a ſtate:
My mind, methinks, contends for to decree
ſomewhat, which to my ſelf I dare not tell.
Juſt conceiv'd wrath, and my affection ſtrives,
hate forbids pity, pity forbids hate,
and exile is but barren puniſhment:
Yet let me baniſh thee from out theſe eyes,
O never let thy ſight offend me more,
all thy confederates, and all thy friends.
You, *Pylades*, which did ſo ſmoothly cloake,
the dam'nd profeſſion he did undertake:
You, *Strophius*. *Strop.* My Lord, I know not ought.
Yet ſince one foot is now in *Charons* boat,
if it pleaſe you, ſet tother too aflote.

Tynd. Not ſo, but I will baniſh you the Court,
and you *Electra*; come, I muſt forget

affe-

affection too towards you, you gave the child,
which you had charge of, to the murtherers ſword.

Elect. Why Grandſire, I herein no wrong do find,
ſince all theſe go, I would not ſtay behind.

Tynd. Nay, but no one ſhall company the other,
hence thou *Cocytus*, ſtream of this offence,
Strophius and *Pylades*, *Electra*, hence.

Exeunt Strophius, Pylades, Electra.

Oreſt. Why farwel Grandſire, ſince thou bidſt, I flie,
and ſcorn companions for my miſery.

Exit Oreſtes.

Tynd. Unto this puniſhment this one more I add,
that none ſhall dare to give *Oreſtes* food,
and this decree ſhall ſtand; I ſpeak with grief,
and here pronounce *Oreſtes* no relief.
Hence with theſe corps; poor child, what hadſt thou don?
thy Nurſes prayers, that there might ſpring a roſe,
where e'r thou trod'ſt could not keep back thy foes.
Some plague he hath; but ſuch a matricide
ſhould never die, although he ever dy'd.

Scena 2.

Enter Electra and Strophius.

Elect. Thus never leſſe alone, then when alone,
where to our ſelves we ſweetly tell our woes.
Thou Uncle, chief companion to our griefs,
and ſoul partaker of our miſeries,
why do we live, when now 'tis come to paſſe,
it is ſcarce known that *Agamemnon* was?
He dies far eaſier, who at firſt doth drown,
then he which long doth ſwim, and then ſinks down.

Stroph. Nay Neece, me thinks I now do ſee the haven
where my ag'd ſoul muſt leave this toſſed bark,
made weak with years and woes: yet I commend'

unto

unto my ſon the heart of a true friend,
that's all the will I leave, and let him know
friendſhip ſhould ever be, but moſt in woe.
And ſo I leave thee Neece, I firſt muſt die,
to haſt a period to this Tragedie.

He dies.

Elect. O envious Fates could you not uſe me thus?
have I not grief enough to burſt my heart?
Was my life's thread twiſted and knit ſo ſtrong
that the keen edg of all theſe miſeries
can never cut it off? muſt I bear more?
'Tis all my ſafety now not to be ſafe.
Are there ſo many wayes to rid ones life,
and can I hit on none? They ſay that death
is every where, and yet I find him not:
Tuſh, but I ſeek him not: why my own hand
might graſp him to me, if I did but ſtrive.
Now hand help eaſe my heart, and make a way
to let out grief, that hath ſo long dwelt here;

Stabs her ſelf.

Now knife thou'ſt done good ſervice, there lie by,
heaven well decreed it, nothing life can give,
but every thing can make us not to live.

Scena 3.

Enter Caſſandra.

Now *Priams* Ghoſt, haſte, haſte I ſay, to look,
with chearful eyes on the ſiniſter book,
and there to *Hecuba* my mother ſhew
the tragick ſtory of thy conquered foe.
And let *Andromecha* my ſiſter ſee,
what *Agamemnons* race is come to be.
Now Troy may gratifie that moſt ſad doom,
conquered by thoſe that thus themſelves orecome.

Let

let Greece ſo flouriſh ſtill, let *Argos* be
puſt with the pride of their great victory.
Let it bear Souldiers, ſo withal it bear
Oreſtes too; now mother, never fear
Argos makes me to laugh, which made thee weep;
the Trojans in the grave now ſweetly ſleep;
their ſorrow hath the end, now theſe begin
to overflow themſelves with mutual ſin:
And after all, *Oreſtes*, we may ſee,
hath loſt his reaſon, mans ſole propertie.

Scena 4.

Enter Oreſtes furens.

Oreſt. By——you ſhall not, nay, I am decreed:
do, tear, tear me; yes, I have deſerv'd it.
Caſſ. O brave, O brave, he's mad as well as I;
I'm glad my madneſſe hath got company.
Oreſt. Mother, why mother, will you kill my father?
Then I'll kill you; tuſh, I have don't already.
Much patience will grow fury in time:
follow you me, you, beaſt, you damn'd *Ægyſtheus*.
I'll hew thee piece by piece, look off my mother.
Caſſ. I am ſhe, or one loves thee well.
Ore. Out you witch, you witch. *Ca.* Murderer, murderer.
Oreſt. Doſt whiſper with the devils to torment me?
O how they laſh me with their ſnaky whips!
Why *Megæra*, *Megæra*, wilt not hold thy hand?
Are you there too, *Erynnis*? hey, all hell!
my Grandfier *Atreus* he ſtands fighting there,
but hee'll ha'th better on't; keep *Cerberus*, keep,
keep the gates faſt, or all hell breaks looſe.
Mother, I ſee you; O you are a whore.
Did I kill you, witch, doſt thou laugh, doſt thou?
Caſſ. Why this is fine, my very looks do whip him.
Oreſt. Could I but get the ſtone from *Syſiphus*,

I'de

I'de daſh thy brains out; O, are you there I faith,
Spies Strophius and Electra dead.
a bed ſo cloſe with your adulterer?
I'll ſtab your luſtful ſouls with your own knives.
Stabs them with Electra's knife.

Caſſ. O clap, clap, O rare beyond expectation:
hold good heart, do not burſt with laughter.

Oreſt. Will you not wake, ſleep, ſleep then your laſt.
Look how they fly i'th ayre. *Caſ.* I ſee them, ſee them.

Oreſt. Why *Jove*, doſt mean to let them into heaven?
O th'art come down, and gone to hell;
Pluto, ſee *Pluto*, hee's afraid of them,
O ſpare my ſides, my ſides, my ſides, the blood!
O now you touch my ribs.

Caſſ. Hey, how he skips! O excellent, whips himſelf!
O ſweet Cataſtrophe, do's non ſee't but I?
Clap, clap, again, would all *Priams* ſons
and daughters were here now to help me laugh.

Oreſt. Laſh on, laſh on. *Canidia*, art thou there?
why grandſire, would it were to do again:
nay *Æacus* I feare no whipping poſts,
lavgh'ſt thou, thou witch? I'll follow thee to hell.
Exeunt currentes.

Scen. 5.

Enter Pylades alone.

Pyl. Thus ſeeking others, I have loſt my ſelf,
my friend and father baniſht, and whilſt I
wander to ſeek them for to eaſe their woe,
I here more grief proclaim'd againſt my friend,
that none muſt ſuccor, none muſt give him food,
and yet I'll ſeek him; and ſhould all the laws,
that tyranny ſhould think upon, reſtrain,
I'de draw my blood forth for to let him drink.

But O what's here? O I have found too ſoon,
one which I ſought, my fathers wearied ſoul
Spies Strophius dead.
in ſighs hath now expired out it ſelf.
Now, O ye ſiſters, your great task is don,
you ne're untwine what you have once begun.
Thus obvious to our Fates, t'our ſelves unkind,
we haſte to ſeek, that which too ſoon we find.
Alas, why do our ſouls too greedy burn,
to haſten thither whence we nere return?
We run to't of our ſelves, 'sif death were ſlow;
ſhould he come tardy, we too ſoon ſhould go.
For the firſt day that gives us our firſt breath,
doth make us a day nearer unto death.
All this huge world, which now on earth ſo ſtrive,
to morrow this time may not be alive.
Great Troy is down, ſince *Agamemnon* fell,
ſince my dear father, which but now was well.
O art thou come dear friend, for thee I ſought,
Enter Oreſtes.
here's ſome food yet, in ſpight of all the laws.

Oreſt. Wilt bid me to dinner *Pluto*? ha, with what?
Give me no ſnakes, I, I go, I go,
up to *Cytharus* top, I hate thy meat.

Pyl. Heavens! he's diſtracted, now doth fury right,
when thus againſt her ſelf, her ſelf doth fight.
'Tis I (man) here, 'tis *Pylades*, not *Pluto*.

Oreſt. Ha, *Pylades*, I, they have baniſht him,
but grandſire look too't, I'll tear out your maw,
Pylades, *Pylades* I come.——

Pylad. Why I am he, look friend, doſt not know me?

Or. Yes, yes thou wert with me when I kil'd my mother,
and ſee, the Furies now would whip thee too.
Alecto! look, look, here's *Alecto* too.
O *Clytemneſtra*, hay, how the Lion skips,
and *Taurus* he would toſſe me on his horns.

Look

Look on the Ram, ſee the Beare roars at me,
and *Charon* he would fling me into *Styx*.

Pylad. He fears the heavenly ſigns, nay then now time
hath brought true puniſhment on every crime.

Oreſt. Daſh out the puppets brains, the little boy,
the baſtard, my mothers baſtard: ſo blood ſpin,
my mother kild my father, kild the King,
but ſhe got little by't, look on her breſt,
it bleeds, it bleeds; ſo, ſo *Ægyſtheus*, ſo.

Pylad. O what a ſtrange diſtemper ſtirs his brain!
Thou gentle *Somnus*, in whom care doth reſt,
kind father of cold death, and ſon of peace,
which comes to Kings and poor men all alike,
bind his diſturbed brain, tie up his ſenſe;
let him but live to die, now tis not long
before we both ſhall ſing our funeral ſong.

Oreſt. Ha! muſt I ſink? can I not keep aloft?
What is the ſtream ſo ſtrong? why then I'll dive,
Falls a ſleep.
and come to hell the ſooner. *Pylad.* So gentle ſleep,
thou gather'ſt up his wandring brains again,
this is but half dead, yet half dead he lies,
but tis not long, before he wholly dyes. *Muſick within.*
Heark they play Muſick; O theſe ſounds do harm,
enticing wo with their melodious charm.
Theſe pleaſe not men in woe, theſe time do keep,
but miſeries beſt falling is to weep.
Our ſtops are nought but ſobs, our hearts we bring,
whereon we prick the ſol-fa which we ſing.

A ſong Within, together with the Muſick.

Weep, weep you Argonauts,
Bewail the day
That firſt to fatal Troy
You took your way.

Weep Greece, weep Greece,
Two Kings are dead,
Argos, *thou* Argos, *now a grave*
Where Kings are buried.
No heire, no heire is left,
But one that's mad,
See Argos, *haſt not thou*
Cauſe to be ſad?
Sleep, ſleep wild brain,
Reſt rock thy ſence,
Live if thou canſt
To grieve for thy offence.
Weep, weep, you Argonauts, &c.

Pyl. Peace Muſick, peace, our plaints have louder cries,
a heart that's ſad can never harmonize.
Grief cannot keep his time, all time's too long,
ſighs are beſt ſem-briefs to his doleful ſong.
My ditties mournful, though thou ſweetly play,
thus do we all even blow our lives away.

Oreſtes Wakes.

But doſt thou wake, *Oreſtes*? is reſt fled?
ſleep ne'r dwels long in a moleſted head.

Oreſt. Hark, hark, the Furies entertain my mother,
Orpheus would fetch *Euridice* from hell,
ſee, he looks back, wouldſt venture ſo, thou fool?
I'de ſee my mother burnt before Idé goe,
why ſhouldſt thou bring her? ſhe would ſtifle thee,
ſtifle thee in thy bed as my mother did.

Pyl. Still harping on thy mother? *Oreſt.* Harping, no,
let *Orpheus* harp: O, I, ſhe was, ſhe was,
a very, very Harpie. *Pyl.* Thus madneſs playes,
and keeps a certain meaſure in his words.

Oreſt. O I ſuckt out my mothers deareſt blood,
I did indeed, O ſhe plagues me for't now,
O I muſt goe lie down in *Tytius* place,

Ixion

Ixion too, he Sir would fain reſign.
I ſcorn your petty plagues, I'll have a worſe,
O the vulture, the wheel, the vulture.

Pyl. See how his conſcious thoughts, like fiends of hell,
do arm themſelves, and laſh his guilty ſoul!
He ſee's no vulture, nor no Scorpion ſtrikes,
yet doth his conſcience whip his bloody heart;
he needs no witneſſes, he hath within
a thouſand thoughts which teſtifie his ſin.
No puniſhment ſo ſtrict, no deadly ſmart,
as private guilt, that ſmiteth on the heart.

Oreſt. I did, I do confeſſe I did, I killd them all,
ript up the womb that bear me; nay I did.
O *Tantalus* thy plague, ſome meat, ſome meat;
who pulls thoſe apples hence? let them alone,
nay ſink to the bottom, I will follow thee,
Lies down to drink.
the rivers dry, my mother hath drunk all.

Pyl. Alas, come, go with me, we will find drink.

Oreſt. Is *Pluto's* buttry ope; his drink's too hot,
I doubt 'twill ſcald me, but I'll taſt on't yet.
Th' *Eumenides* ſtand to whip me as I go:
Nay I will paſſe you, I will out-ſlip them all.
Exit currens.

Pyl. See in his conſcience lies hells puniſhment,
our own thoughts judges, none are innocent. *Exit.*

Scen. 6.

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lor.* We that have here been born to ſee this change,
may leave the Court, and tell our children tales,
of the dier fall of *Inachus* great houſe,
the young Prince mad, the Princeſs kill'd her ſelf,
old *Strophius* dead for grief; and murder heapt,

corps upon corps, as if they ment t'invite,
all hell to ſupper, on ſome jovial night.

2. *Lord.* Nay but my Lord, this is moſt pityful,
that the young Prince ſhould thus from door to door,
beg for his food, and yet none dare to give.
I ſaw him wandring yeſterday alone,
flying from every Crow, or pratling Pie,
crying out mother, and as if there had
tormenting furies followed him with fraud;
and truth, I thought to tell old *Tyndarus*,
to move his ruthful years to pity him:
and will you joyn petitioner with me,
we'll tell the caſe, 'tis good t'eaſe miſery.

1. *Lord.* My Lord I like your motion, and will joyn,
for *Agamemnons* ſake my honour'd Maſter.

Exit.

Scena 7.

Enter Oreſtes, Pylades, with naked rapiers.

Oreſt. My fury leaves me, now I'm at my laſt,
and now me thinks thou truly art a friend:
now with undaunted ſpirit prevent my grief,
and let thy rapier drink blood greedily,
as if it lov'd it 'cauſe it is thy friends,
now rid me of my woe, thy friendly vow
never did truly ſhew it ſelf till now.

Pyl. Why then dear friend, I thus erect this arm,
and will be ſtrong to thee, as thou to me,
we'll look upon our deaths with better face
then others do on life; come *Tyndarus*, ſee,
we ſcorn to live when all our friends are dead,
nor ſhall thy fury make baſe famine be
the executioner to my deareſt friend,
whilſt I can kill him, therefore ſpight of thee,

wee'll

wee'll free our ſelves paſt all calamity.

Oreſt. Yes *Pylades*, we will beguile our time,
and make him ſearch through every nook o'th world,
if he in all his race can ever ſpie,
two that like us did live, like us did die:
But we delay our death, now bravely come,
and the laſt parting word ſhall be, ſtrike home.

They run at one another.

Pyl. O bravely ſtrook dear friend, yet once again.

Run again.

Oreſt. Yes, at one thruſt two friends muſt not be ſlain.
O, how I love theſe wounds! heaven dropping ſhowers,
when the outrageous dog makes clouds of duſt
upon the thirſty earth, come not more ſweet,
then the bleſt ſtreams of blood thy rapier raines.
Hence weapon; for my loyns now ſcorn all props,
but my friends arms, O, bear good legs a while;
the weight of murder ſits upon my ſoul,
and bends my ſtaggering joynts unto the earth.

Pyl. Haſte, haſte, I faint, but O, yet let my ſtrength
be *Atlas* to ſuſtain the falling world;
Breathe, breathe ſweet vapors of two truſty hearts,
and let our breaths aſcend to heaven before,
to make a room hard by the frozen pole,
where that our winged ſouls ſhall mount and ſit,
more glorious then the Concubines of *Jove*,
wreath'd with a Crown of rich enamel'd ſtars,
leaving all ages to deplore our death,
that friendſhips abſtract periſht with our breath.

Oreſt. Fly thou beſt part of man, where *Hecate*
born on the ſwarthy ſhoulders of the Even,
ſits in a grove of oakes, till gray ey'd morn
bids her to throw off nights black Canopie.

Pyl. Wil't die before me? Stay, ſtay, I come.

Oreſt. O graſp me then, our names like *Gemini*,
ſhall make new ſtars for to adorn the sky.

Is thy breath gone? *Pyl.* O yes, 'tis almoſt paſt,
then both together, thus wee'l breath our laſt.

They fall down dead, embracing each other.

Scena 8.

Enter in haſt Tyndarus, Lords, With others.

Tyn. Went they this way? my Lords, you move me much,
could I find him now, I would ſeat him new,
in his right Kingdom, which doth weigh down me.

1. *Lord.* I ſee my Lord, *Oreſtes* and his friend,
without your leave, have made themſelves an end.

Tynd. Then now is *Argos* Court like to ſome ſtage,
when the ſad plot fills it with murdered Trunks
and none are left alive but only one,
to ask the kind ſpectators *plaudite*,
all elſe have bid *valete* to the world,
the man reſerv'd for that, is *Tyndarus*,
who thus hath ſeen his childrens childrens end,
his Grandchild, a bad ſon, a moſt deare friend;
the Scene muſt now be overflow'd with grones,
each man ſits downe to waile his private mones.
one for the Queen doth weep, one for the King,
all taſte the bitter waters of this Spring:
the Nurſe bewails the child, that part ſhe beares,
all have their ſubiects to bedew with teares;
each one yet have but one; but all of me,
challenge a part in griefes ſad ſympathy.
Oreſtes, *Clytemneſtra* I muſt call,
theſe all for mine, thus muſt I weep for all:
let none believe this deed, or if they doe,
let them believe this puniſhment then too.
'Tis vile to hate a Father, but ſuch love,
as breeds a hate to'th Mother, worſe doth prove.
Our life conſiſts of ayre, our ſtate of wind,

all

all things we leave behind us which we find;
ſaving our faults; witneſſe *Oreſtes* here,
who was his own tormentor, his own fear;
Who flying all, yet could not fly himſelf,
but needs muſt ſhipwrack upon murders ſhelf:
and ſo his breſt made hard with miſery,
he grew himſelf to be his enemy.
Thus griefe and gladneſſe ſtill by turnes do come,
but pleaſure leaſt while doth poſſeſſe the roome.
Long nights of grief may laſt, but lo, one day
of ſhining comfort ſlideth ſoon away.
He, whom all fear on earth, muſt fear a fate,
for all our powers are ſubordinate.
Three hours ſpace thus well can repreſent,
vices contriv'd and murders puniſhment.
A Monarchs life can in this little ſpace,
ſhew all the pomp that all the time doth grace.
His riſings and his falls, and in one ſpan
of time can ſhew the vanity of man.
For none of us can ſo command the powers,
that we may ſay, to morrow ſhall be ours.
Now fortunes wheele is turn'd, and time doth call,
to ſolemnize this friendly funerall.
No force ſo great, no ſo diſaſter wrong,
as can unknit the band which holdeth ſtrong
united hearts: who ſince they thus are dead,
one room, one tomb ſhall hold them buried.
And as theſe friends joyn'd hands to beare their Fate;
ſo we deſire you them to imitate.
Who ſince they all are dead, we needs muſt crave,
your gentle hands to bring them to their grave.

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